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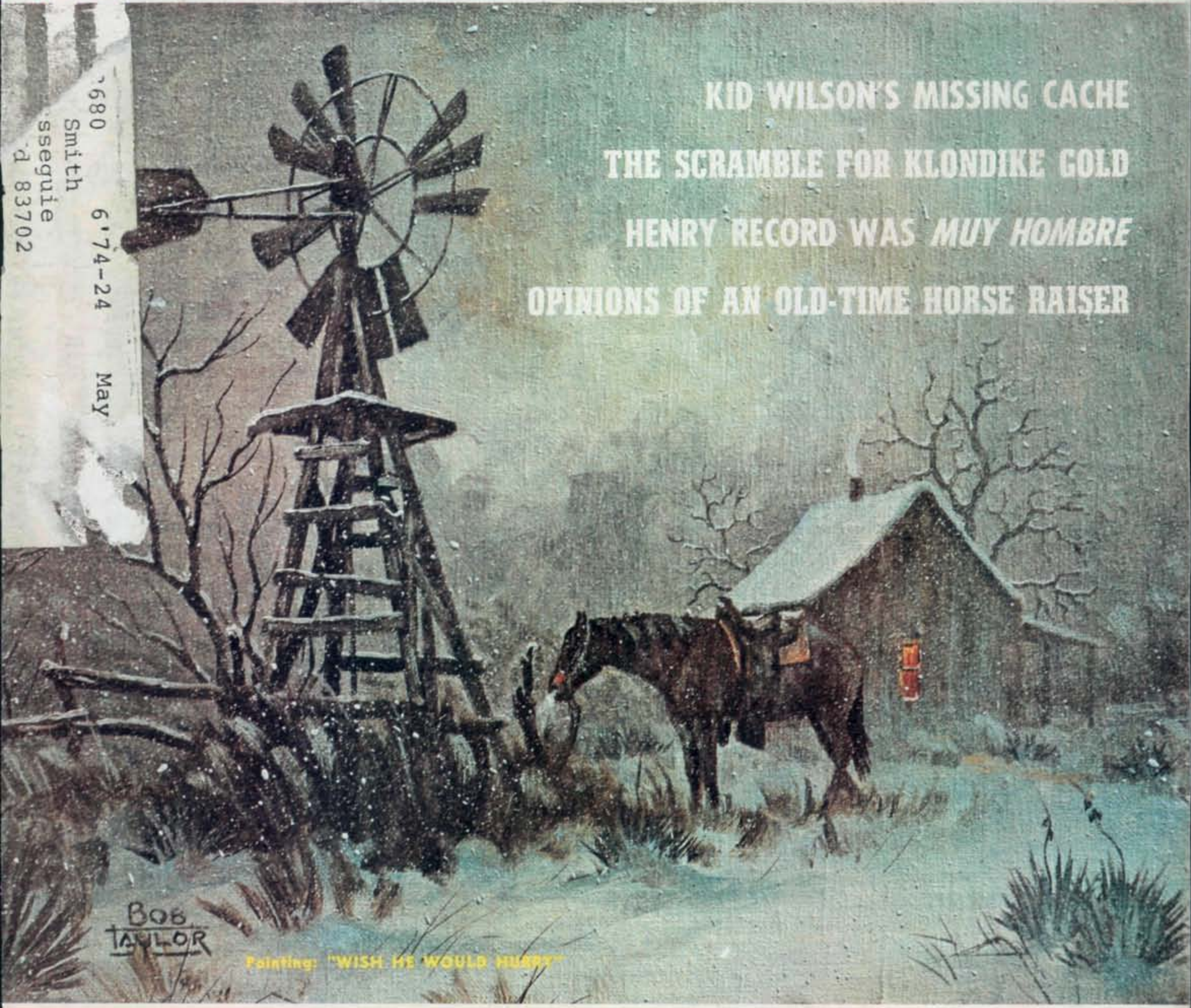

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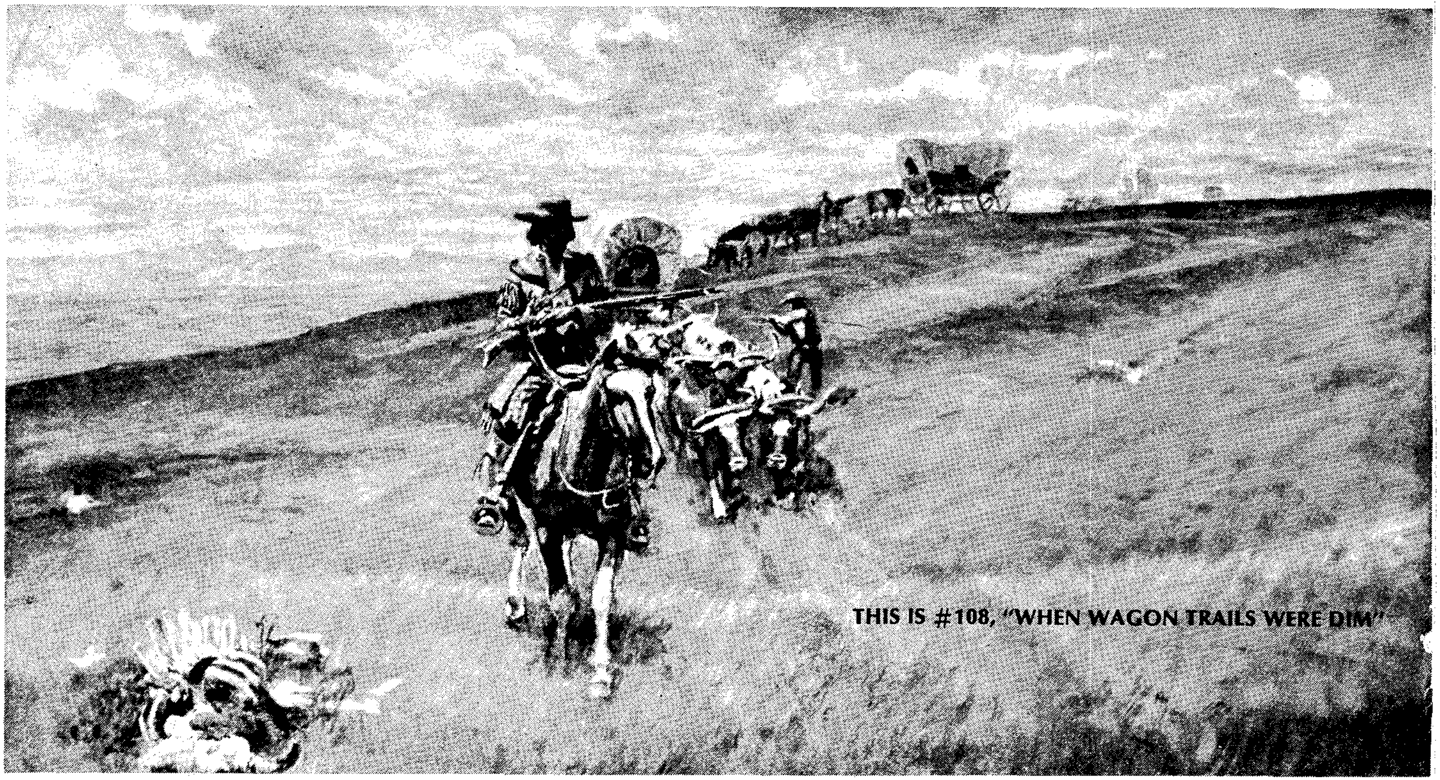

THIS IS #108, "WHEN WAGON TRAILS WERE DIM"

CHOOSE FROM SELECTIONS BELOW. LIST NUMBERS ON A SHEET OF PAPER.

PICTURE SIZE IS WIDTH BY DEPTH

1—Ambushed, 11x14
2—A Tight Dally & Loose Latigo, 13½x9½
3—A Loose Cinch, 11x8
4—A Wounded Grizzly, 8½x11
5—Buffalo Hunt (spears), 11x7½
6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 8x10½
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½
8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½x8
9—Bucking Bronco, 8x11½
10—Better Than Bacon, 11x8½
11—On the Move, 13½x9½
12—Buffalo Hunt (arrows), 12½x8½
13—On the Trail, 11x7½
14—The Pony Raid, 10½x8
15—At Close Quarters, 11x8½
16—Capturing the Grizzly, 15x8½
17—Cinch Ring, 15x8½
18—Caught with the Goods, 14x9½
19—Cowboy Life, 10x14
20—Call of the Law, 13½x9½
21—Carson's Men, 14x9½
22—Return of the Warriors, 13½x9½
23—Piegan Indian, 9x12
24—Renegades Return, 16x11½
25—Chief Joseph, 8x11
26—Deadline on the Range, 14x9½
27—Disputed Trail, 11x14
28—Dangerous Cripple, 14x9½
29—In The Wake of The Buffalo Runners, 10x8
30—Early American, 13½x9½
31—Elk in Lake McDonald, 11x8½
32—First Furrow, 8x12
33—First Wagon Tracks, 15x8½
34—Finding the Trail, 13½x9½
35—Heads or Tails, 15x8½
36—Heading the Right Way, 13½x9½
37—The Cattle Drive, 13½x9½
38—Women of the Plains, 8x6
39—Invocation To The Sun, 13½x9½
40—Indian Love Call, 13½x9½
41—Jerked Down, 15x8½
42—The Jerkline, 14x9½
43—Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½x7
44—Last of the Herd, 15x8½
45—Last Chance or Bust, 12½x9
46—Mad Cow, 12x8
47—Wagons Westward, 13½x9½
48—The Challenge, 10½x6½
49—When Arrows Spell Death, 9x7
50—Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10x7
51—At the End of the Rope, 10½x7
52—Prospectors, 10½x8
53—Planning the Attack, 14x10
54—Pipe of Peace, 14x7
55—Who Killed the Bear?, 10½x7
56—Queen's War Hounds, 14x9½
57—Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 11x8½
58—Roping a Grizzly, 11x8½
59—Red Man's Wireless, 14x7
60—Roping a Wolf, 11x8½
61—Smoking Them Out, 11x10
62—Scattering the Riders, 11½x8
63—Strenuous Life, 14x10
64—Sun Worshippers, 16x10½
65—Serious Predicament, 15x8½
66—Single Handed, 14x9½
67—Slick Ear, 14x11½
68—Smoke of a .45, 12x9
69—Sage Brush Sport, 13½x8½
70—Signal Fire, 11x14
71—When Red Man Talks War, 13½x9½
72—In Enemy Country, 13½x9½
73—The Medicine Man, 11x8½
74—Trail's End, 13½x9½
75—The Holdup, 13x8
76—The Bolter, 9½x13½

77—The Attack, 12x8
78—The Drifter, 10½x8
79—The Tenderfoot, 11x8
80—Two of a Kind Win, 13½x9½
81—Last of 5,000, 8x9½
82—When Tracks Spell Meat, 13½x9½
83—When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eyes of a Man, 13½x9½
84—When Ignorance is Bliss, 11x14
85—Wild Horse Hunters (cowboys), 14x9
86—Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 12½x8
87—Whose Meat?, 13½x9½
88—Wagon Boss, 16x9½
89—When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13½x9½
90—A Crow Chief, 7x9
91—Innocent Allies, 14x9½
92—Where Ignorance is Bliss, 10½x6 (Cartoon)
93—When Sioux & Blackfeet Meet, 15x8½
94—Warning Shadows, 10½x7
95—When Horse Flesh Comes High, 15x8½
96—Wound Up, 11x8½
97—The Scouts (Indians) 9½x7
98—Winter Packet, 15x7
99—Mourning Her Warrior Dead, 11x8½
100—When Horses Turn Back There's Danger Ahead, 14x9½
101—The Buffalo Hunt (1898), 13½x9½
102—Cowboy Sport, 13½x9½
103—A Desperate Stand, 13½x9½
104—Rider of the Rough String, 13½x9½
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106—The Fire Boat, 10½x8
107—Our Warriors Return, 13½x9½
108—When Wagon Trails Were Dim, 13½x9½
109—In Without Knocking, 14x10
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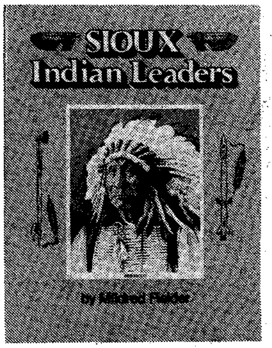

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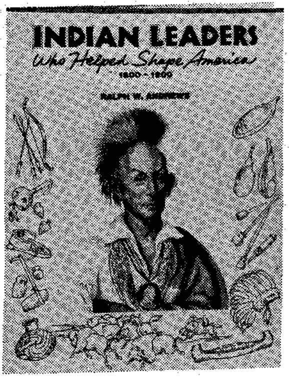

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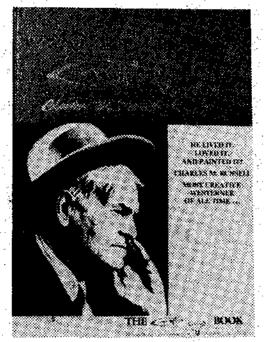

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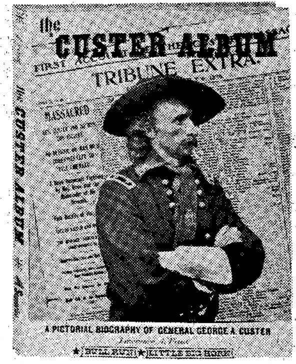

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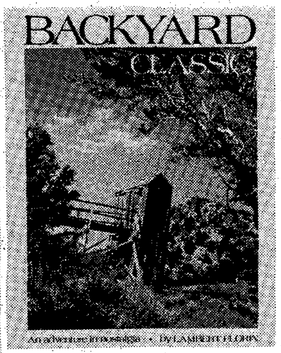

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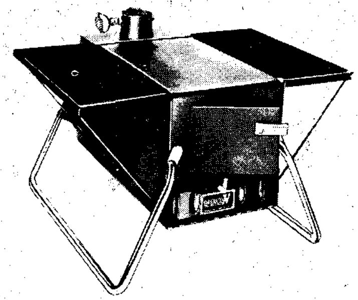

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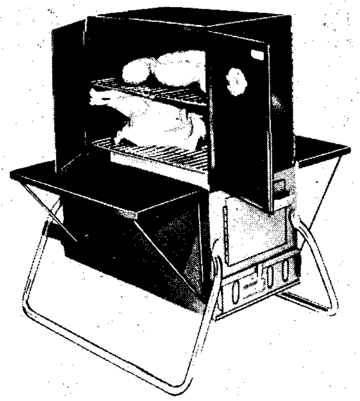

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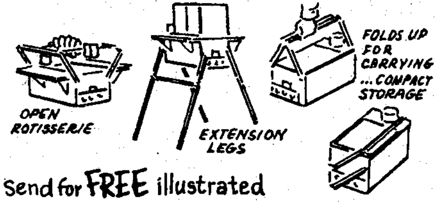
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Volume 50, No. 2
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Cover: Bob Taylor
"Wish He Would Hurry"

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FRONTIER POST

Neils Chrisian Johnson

Your story, "Long Journey of a Mormon Girl," in the September '75 issue of FRONTIER TIMES is the story of my grandparents. I know nothing of my grandfather, Neils Christian Johnson, so am wondering if you would run the following: He was born in Denmark (place unknown), October 3, 1832. He arrived in the United States about 1849, worked his way to Missouri where he joined a hand-cart train and crossed the plains to Utah. There he met and married Ann Willden of England. He died June 4, 1914 in Monrovia, California. Any information about him or any or his ancestors from your readers would be appreciated.—Frances Bliss Rogers, P. O. Box 388, St. Helena, California 94574

Old Photos Found

I found these photographs on the floor of the old Jenkins Saloon on the highway between Gonzales and Shiner, Texas. The saloon has been closed for several years and vandals have broken in the windows and doors and carted off anything of value.

I wonder if some of your readers can identify some of the people in the pictures and when and where they were taken?—Bill Kramer, Rt. 3 Box 100, Shiner, Texas 77984

Lost Lyrics

An uncle of mine, Joe M. Gier, an explorer in his own right, and now seventy-five years of age, used to sing a few lines of a song about Big Foot Wallace. I recollect only parts of two verses:

"Then along came Big Foot Wallace
He was aridin' six white horses,
And all the gang was there.

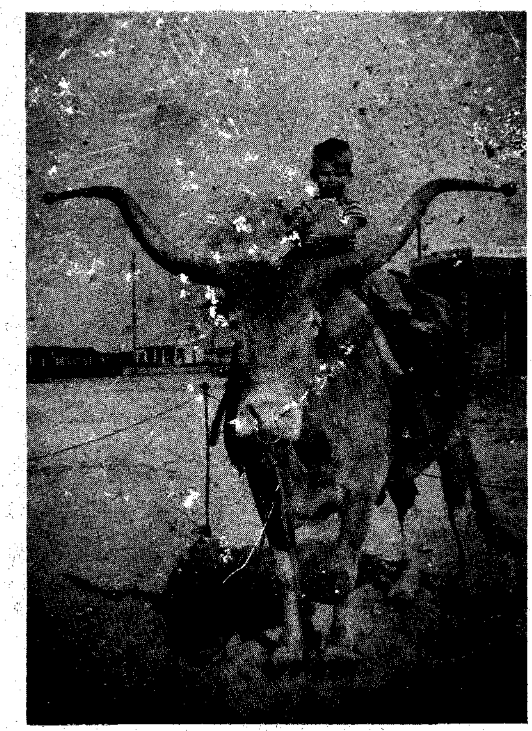
"He had eyes like a diamond,.
Hair like on a horse's mane."

By publishing this letter in the magazine, possibly I can smoke out someone who knows of the complete song concerning Big Foot.—Harry L. Maskey, 4430 Mistletoe, Corpus Christi, Texas 78411

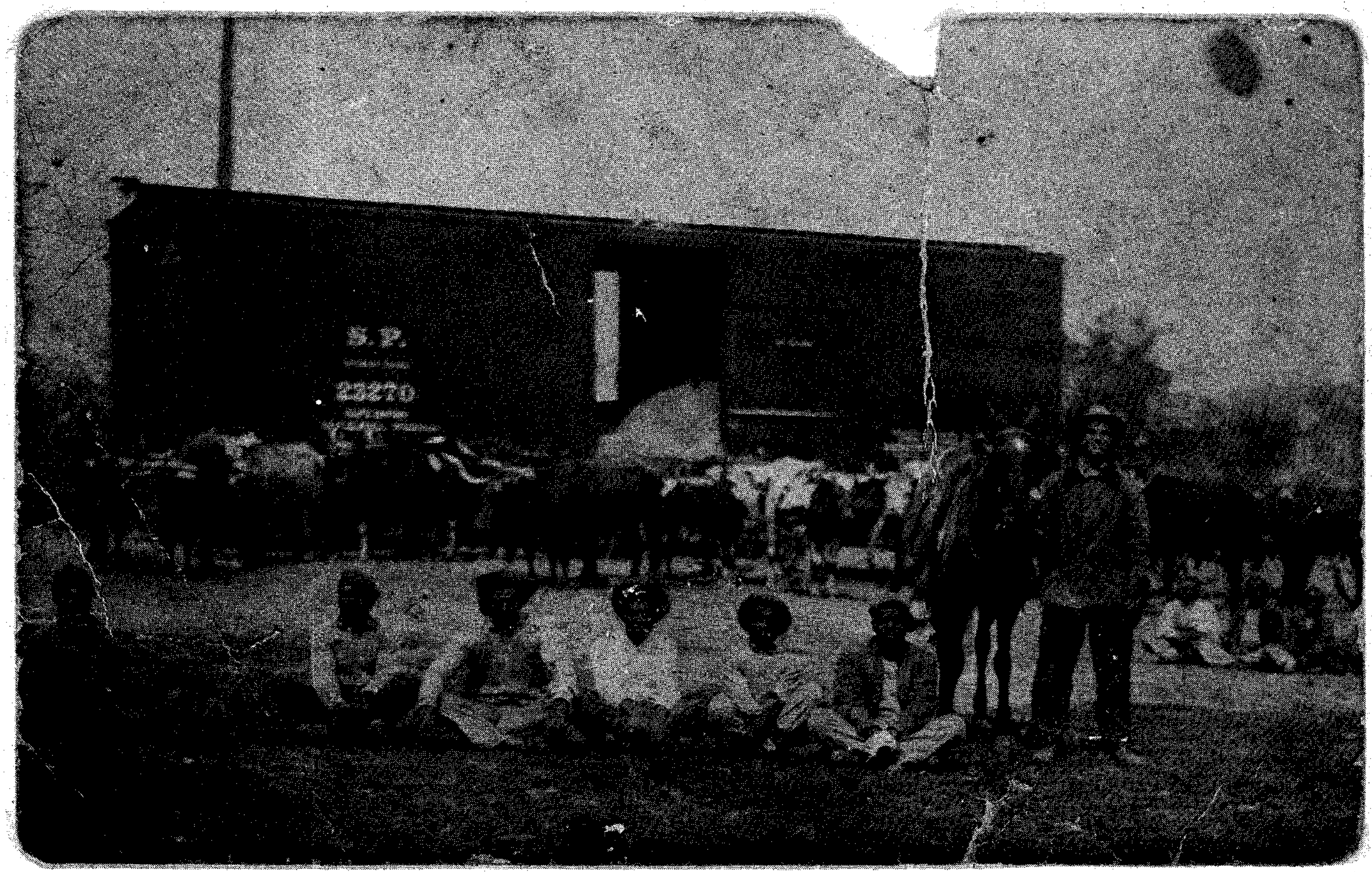
Scott Cooley's Grave

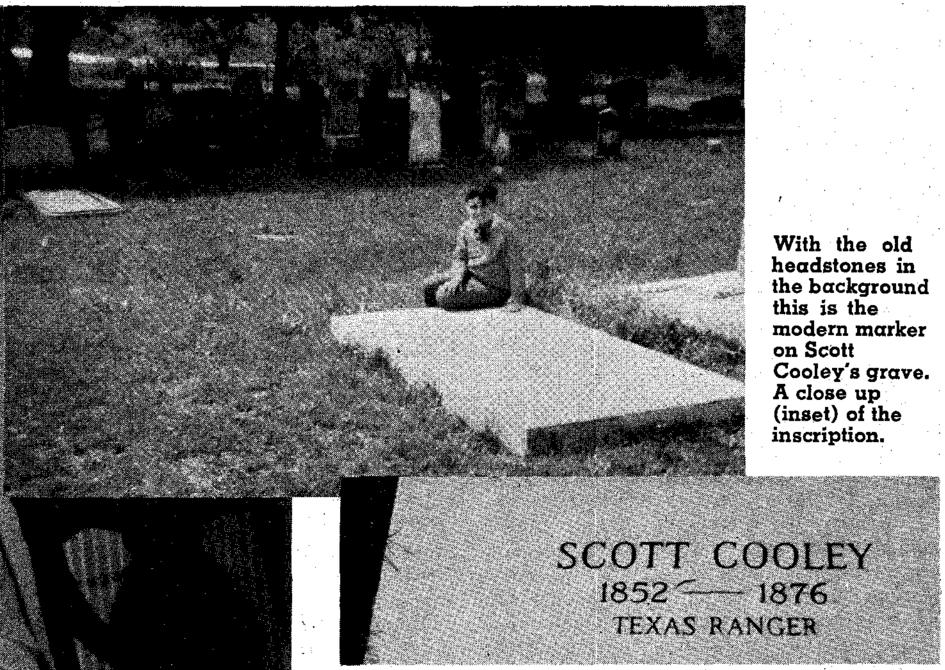
During the Mason County War in 1875, Scott Cooley had already quit the Texas Rangers and was working a farm near Menardville, Texas. In this "war," as it was called, the German faction led by Sheriff John Clark felt that certain groups of native-born Americans were determined "to burn out the Dutch."

A particular friend of Scott Cooley's was Tim Williamson, a cattleman living in Mason County. Tim got arrested on a cattle theft charge. At the news of his arrest, a posse of men set out in pursuit of a deputy sheriff who was bringing Williamson in. When Williamson begged the deputy to let him make a run for it,



Does anyone have a clue to the photos (above and below) found by Bill Kramer?





With the old headstones in the background this is the modern marker on Scott Cooley's grave. A close up (inset) of the inscription.

Marvin McNatt

the deputy refused and promptly shot Williamson's horse to prevent his escape. Williamson was killed without a chance to protect himself and without any semblance of a trial.

Whether Williamson was guilty or not, his friends bitterly resented the deputy's refusal to let Williamson have a chance for life. They figured it had been a rigged-up deal to begin with and Williamson had been innocent of the charges. His death caused a lot of hatred and bitter feelings.

Scott Cooley had worked for Williamson and had made trips up the trail to Kansas with him. Once Cooley had come down with a bad case of typhoid fever and Mrs. Williamson had nursed him back to health. Cooley's feelings were so strong over the murder of his friend, he set out on a personal vendetta.

He checked into a hotel in Mason where he was not known. Quietly, carefully, he learned the name of every man in the so-called posse.

First he went to the home of John Worley [Wohrle], the deputy sheriff, whom he found cleaning out his well. He stopped, explained his mission, and promptly shot Worley to death. They say the poor man Worley had been drawing out of the well fell twenty-something feet back down into it.

Cooley then made a quick ride across Mason County to the western edge of Llano Couny where he waylaid and killed Pete Border [Bader], the second man on his list.

Major John B. Jones of the Texas Rangers was sent over to Mason about this time to check into what seemed to be a feud that was getting out of hand. Feelings between the Germans and the native-born Americans had long been a bit touchy because during the Civil War the Germans had wanted to remain either neutral or Union.

The German faction was headed by Sheriff Clark, and the American faction was now headed by Scott Cooley, John Beard, and George Gladden. Murders were committed by both sides. After Dan Hoester was killed on the street, the Sheriff gave Major Jones warrants for the arrest of Cooley, Beard, and Gladden.

Scott Cooley's trail of vengeance had struck terror into the heart of many. The question on everyone's lips was, "Who would be next in his list?" Even Sheriff Clark left Mason and never returned.

Scott Cooley had been a former member of the Frontier Battalion, Company D, of the Texas Rangers, and some of the Rangers still in service were in sympathy with their old friend. There was reason to believe they acted as spies and informed him of the movements of the Company that was out to catch him. This seemed to account for the fact that they couldn't catch him.

Major Jones was outraged at the thought. Duty was duty. He assembled his company, gave them a good dressing down, and then made the offer, "If any man who for any reason whatsoever is not willing to pursue Scott Cooley to the bitter end will step out of ranks, I will give him an honorable discharge and he can quit the Service clean." Fifteen out of forty men took one pace forward.

The men who stayed renewed their determination to halt the feud but Cooley was not caught. Some believed he had fled from Texas; others believed that after reaching Blanco County, he developed brain fever and died there. Some had the theory that he had been poisoned.

Scott Cooley did not leave Texas, but, according to two old-timers, he was poisoned. He died in Blanco County and was buried by friends in beautiful little Miller Creek Cemetery outside of Johnson City. As the years passed and the older generations died, the ex-Ranger was almost forgotten. Some remembered he had been an outlaw, a sort of revenge killer. A rock had been placed at the head of his grave with the name "Scott Cooley" scratched on it but it meant little to those who saw it.

Finally in the 1960s the caretaker of the cemetery, Marvin McNatt, and a good friend of his, Max Gipson, became personally interested in this man who had been both lawman and outlaw. Marvin McNatt is eighty-six. He still drives around Johnson City in his little white truck and is beloved by all who know him. He served as custodian for the cemetery in town and the one out at Miller Creek until 1970. He has lived in the Blanco County area all of his life.

Mr. McNatt says of Scott Cooley's death:

"There was a place where he was staying [when he was on the run] and he had some whiskey there and this lady put some poison in it and he drank it. He said he knew it was poisoned after he drank it so he started down here to the Phelps' family place. The Phelps down there on Miller Creek were friends of his, and Mr. Maddox was a good friend too. So Cooley started out for them. He was coming through Hye and ie got to Max Gipson's grandfather's vhere that little settlement is, just this ide of Hye. Max's grandfather lived n the creek a little above there. He ad a horse ranch. Cooley got to him and believe they got him on down to Mil-er Creek finally, and he died there. Mr. Iaddox said he died there at Dan Mad-lox's and they buried him in Miller Creek Cemetery.

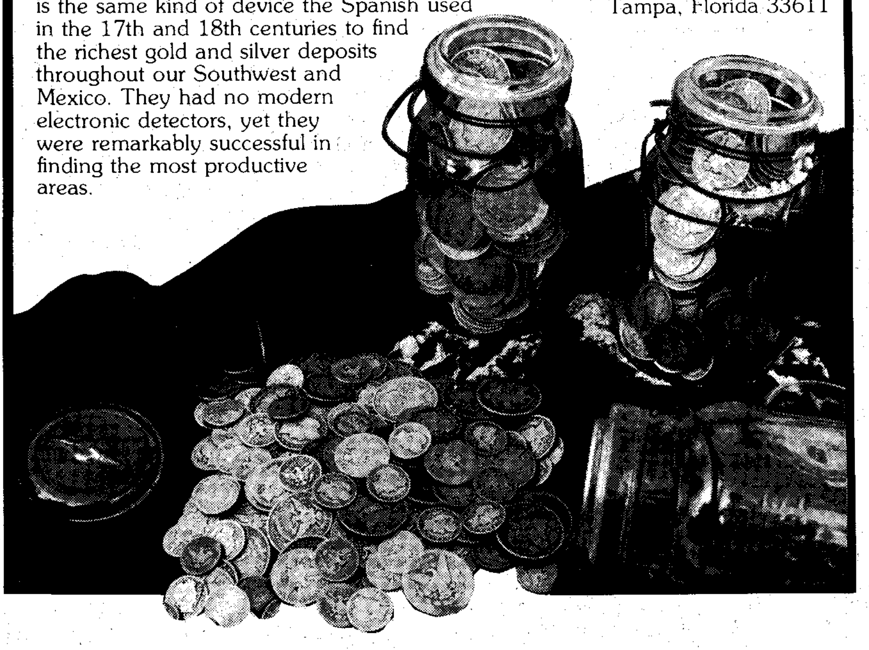
"Max Gipson was kin to the Phelps amily too and he said Scott Cooley de-erved something more than just a rock tanding up there with the words 'Scott Cooley' on it so he had a big slab built o put on the grave that was about six y eight feet long. He had it fixed heavy ecause of the way they'd done that ld outlaw at Round Rock, Sam Bass. They had to put up the third stone for Bass. People'd just come along and chip t off, you know. Mr. Gipson said he ixed this one heavy in hopes it wouldn't et all torn up.

"Max Gipson knew Cooley had been revenge killer, but in a way you couldn't lame him. He was a fairly young man; think they said he was somewhere round thirty."

Mr. McNatt also spoke of a couple uried out at the Miller Creek Cemetery, 'om Phelps and his wife. Tom and his vife had walked down to Cypress Creek o catch some fish when Indians cut hem off from their home and murdered hem both.

"It was Tom's daddy that gave the and for the cemetery when a child died nd they needed a place. Well, they killed 'om and his wife but they wouldn't calp him. They scalped her, but he was ed-headed. Their tombstone was oh, I uess about three inches thick, and it ept breaking over so the lumber yard p here, Penick's Lumber Yard, made thicker slab and reinforced it good nd then but a band around that and einforced that and took it down there nd put it up. It stays good now. Their olks were all gone from over there on Iiller Creek except maybe a few. My vife's daddy and her brothers are buried iere; that's been a long time ago. Back ien nobody was seeing to the cemetery uch. I took care of it until I broke my g in 1970 and had to quit. I knew where ll the graves were down there. They've aken in more land there at Miller Cem-tery lately, and reorganized, and they've ot a real nice cemetery down there ow."

Miller Creek really is a nice little emetery and well kept. And thanks to Ir. McNatt some of the graves are arked with simple rocks with names iarked on them that would have been st except for his kindness and interest. nd through his and Max Gipson's ef-rts Scott Cooley's grave is definitely arked with a very nice slab. To see is marker and also the tombstone enick's Lumber Yard made to put on the helps' grave—besides the simple rocks ith names inscribed by Mr. McNatt—uches one deeply. All of these graves ere marked by people who never knew e ones who sleep beneath.—Lucille Vhite, Box 348, Johnson City, Texas 3636



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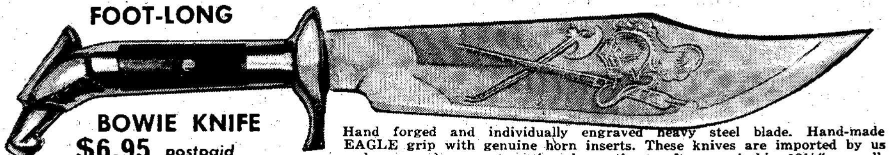

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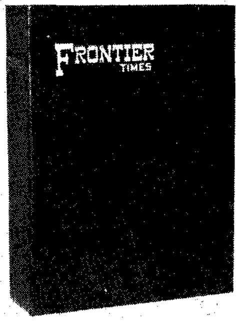

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A DEAN AND TCU

Jerome A. Moore, A Man of TCU (The Texas Christian University Press, $6.00) is by John J. Hammond who followed Dean Moore as chairman of the Department of Foreign Languages in 1958. This is a good reporting of a man's career—minus the sentimental tinges that often mar such narratives. However, Dean Moore gets his fill of praise in the last third of the volume which is devoted to tributes to him by his friends, associates, and former students. One of these associates suggested that he be asked to write *Texas Christian University: A Hundred Years of History.* Very good.

☆ ☆ ☆

Texas Christian University: A Hundred Years of History (The Texas Christian University Press, $8.00) is by Dean Jerome A. Moore whose own intimate knowledge of the University spans over half of its life—he was a student there 1920-23 and 1925-27. Further insight into the inner-administrative problems was open to him through twenty-six years of service as secretary to the Board of Trustees. TCU was first Add Ran College and it opened its doors on September 1, 1873 at Thorp Spring, Hood County—it was privately owned by Randolph and Addison Clark until 1890 when it was taken over by the Christian Churches of Texas and the name changed to Add Ran Christian University. In 1896 the University moved to Waco where the name was changed to Texas Christian University in 1902, but a fire destroyed the Main Building on March 23, 1910 and after hearing offers from a number of cities, the Trustees decided to accept that of Ft. Worth. The move was made for the school year 1910-11 despite the lack of buildings on the selected and present site of the University. Dean Moore provides many details of the growth of the University and there are biographical sketches of many faculty members. There is an entertaining chapter on "Intercollegiate Athletics" noting the feats of Dutch Meyer, Rags Matthews, Sammy Baugh, Davey O'Brien, Ki Aldrich, Bob Lilly, et al. Numerous photos and an index supplement the text. Worthwhile.

A NEW CUSTER BOOK!

Custer in Texas (Sol Lewis and Liveright, $15.00) by John M. Carroll provides a new interpretation of General Custer's brief assignment in Texas following the Civil War. Admittedly a Custer fan, Carroll however presents various viewpoints of contemporaries who knew or served with the General. Carroll relies a good deal on Mrs. Custer's *Tenting on the Plains* for the background story of the Custers in Texas. Libby Custer's biography is naturally biased in favor of her husband but Carroll, in order to provide a balanced opinion on disputed events, presents documents written by several who either liked or disliked the General. The author also editorializes on these events and generally votes in favor of the 25-year-old General. En route to Texas, Custer served temporarily as commandant of federal troops stationed at Alexandria, Louisiana. The Louisiana and Texas assignments were designed to aid in Southern Reconstruction and as a warning to Maximilian who, it was believed, had campaign plans to invade the southern United States from Mexico. An attempted military mutiny at Alexandria created one of the most controversial incidents of the General's southern tour of duty. He calmed the uprising by courtmartialing and executing the ringleader. Custer was praised by some and upbraided by others. He had General Sheridan's support, and won over his critics. Carroll has supported his text with military letters, documents, a large appendix and numerous illustrations. The latter include drawings from contemporary magazines, and works of art by such Texans as E. M. "Buck" Schiwetz, Joe Grandee and Jose Cisneros. Thus, John Carroll (a Texan) has written another nice item of Texana and Custeriana for those interested in these subjects.

GOLD!

There is a surging interest today in "pick and pan" placer mining by a new crop of treasure hunters who have little or no experience in mining precious metal. *The Gold Hunter's Field Book* (Harper & Row, $9.95) by Jan Ellis Ransom tells the prospector how and where to find gold in the United States and Canada. This large handbook tells the prospector about placer sources of gold, staking a claim and elementary placer-mining methods. There are also instructions on lode-gold mining for the heavy artillery miners as well as tips for gold hunters, for marketing gold, panned or mined. Gold mining has proved profitable for several hunters in recent years. Some nuggets and considerable placer gold has been recovered in the Mother Lode Placer belt west of the Sierra in California. Discovery of gold ore near Carlin, Nevada in the 1960s is an example of locating a lode mine using modern scientific methods. There is advice on where to or not to look for pay dirt but the main body of the book provides lists of states, counties and localities where the prospectors may find old diggings or geological formations where gold may be found.

A NEW FODOR!

Fodor's Indian America (David McKay Co., $10.95) by Jamake Highwater is the latest of a long and famous series of guides that for many years have been helping travelers, actual and armchair to better understand countries and peoples. Like other Fodor guides, this is a thick book, 431 pages, and crammed with information. Indian America is a network of Indian communities, villages reservations and settlements scattered across our landscape and populated by people who are bafflingly alien to most other Americans. This book reveals Indian America as a vast new world of adventure for those who view it from the highway and for those who want to know more about the history and culture of the American Indian without leaving home. The first half of the book includes chapters on Indian history, crafts, arts language, costumes, dwellings, ceremonials and many other aspects of Indian culture. They include helpful guides to the selection and purchase of Indian jewelry, rugs, baskets and other products of Indian craftsmen. The subject matter of the second half of this book is more familiar to the traveler. It is a description of each of the North American tribes, its history and geography, and an evaluation of accommodations, lists of facilities, events, museums, craft shops, and recommendations for excursions and entertainment. This book has something for everyone interested in American Indians, whether it is history anthropology, early explorations, arts crafts or what-have-you. It was written by an Indian and very much from the Indian point of view. Some of the facts and viewpoints may startle you

INDIAN PRINCES

Sarah Winnemucca (O'Sullivan Woodside and Company, $8.95) by Katherine Gehm, provides readers with the mos coherent biography written about the Paiute princess. A beautiful girl according to both Indian and white standards Sarah was the daughter of the famous Winnemucca II, son of Winnemucca I both of whom were friendly to whites despite the scurrilous treatment handed to Paiutes by Anglo immigrants, settlers and many officers of the Indian Department. Educated by white teachers, Sarah was able to make important contact with U. S. Army personnel and Elizabeth Peabody of the Peabody Foundation. General O. O. Howard gave he generous praise for her assistance t him during the Bannack War where sh served both as an interpreter and negotiator between the Army and Indians. Sarah taught at Indian school at Lovelock and on the Malheur Indian Reservation. She deserves credit for he courage, ability and efforts which brought some measure of help to he

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people. However, the author paints the Paiutes as "lily white," which they were not. Their harassment of settlers and gold seekers en route to California, the Pony Express, the Overland mail, and railroad builders brought on the heavy U. S. Army retaliatory raids which finally subdued them. Mrs. Gehm fails to comment on these Paiute provocations. The book reads more like a fairy tale than a history of a sagebrush princess up against unfair odds. However, this story about Sarah is worth the money for collectors on Indian Americana.

NEW MEXICO GHOST TOWNS

There is a mysterious attraction about empty, broken-down buildings, crumbling stone walls, scattered weathered boards, and rusting machinery. These ruins of a past era are our ghost towns, and the hunting for and exploration of them is a favored pastime of vacationers, armchair adventurers, serious historians and a growing number of ghost town buffs. The finding of ghost towns is a major hurdle, but it has been solved for New Mexico by James and Barbara Sherman in their *Ghost Towns and Mining Camps of New Mexico* (Univ. Okla. Press, $9.95 cloth, $4.95 paper). They have arranged a historical and pictorial journey through more than 130 of New Mexico's old and defunct mining, farming, railroad and lumbering communities. More than 450 photographs illustrate the past and present conditions of these towns. Ten maps locate each one by township, range and section coordinates. All can be found, but some can be reached only with a four-wheel drive vehicle. When one walks through the ruins of a ghost town without seeing a living person, it is hard to imagine the life and adventures of the people who once lived there. This book breathes life into these dead communities and makes ghost-towning even more pleasurable.

OLD AND TALL

California's giant redwoods are renowned everywhere on earth and rightfully so. They are the tallest of all living things and skyscraping forests. Some are thought to be approaching 4,000 years of age—not quite as ancient as the bristle cone pines but still big and old enough to be among the botanical wonders of the world. Walking through a grove of these magnificent trees is a never-to-be-forgotten experience. In *Adventures in the Redwoods* (Chronicle Books, $2.95) Harriett E. Weaver provides comprehensive information on all of Northern California's redwood groves, from the Coast to the Sierra. Numerous maps illustrate routes, and the text tells how to get to the groves, what kinds of facilities are available and, best of all, what to look for in each grove. *Adventures in the Redwoods* also provides some historical background to the redwood country—the use made of the trees by the Indians and early settlers; the evolution of the redwood lumber industry from the devastation of haphazard logging and burning to scientific forestry practices; and finally their preservation in state and national parks. A generous sprinkling of photographs show many of the famous trees and some of the historical events. This little book will increase one's interest and concern for the redwoods.

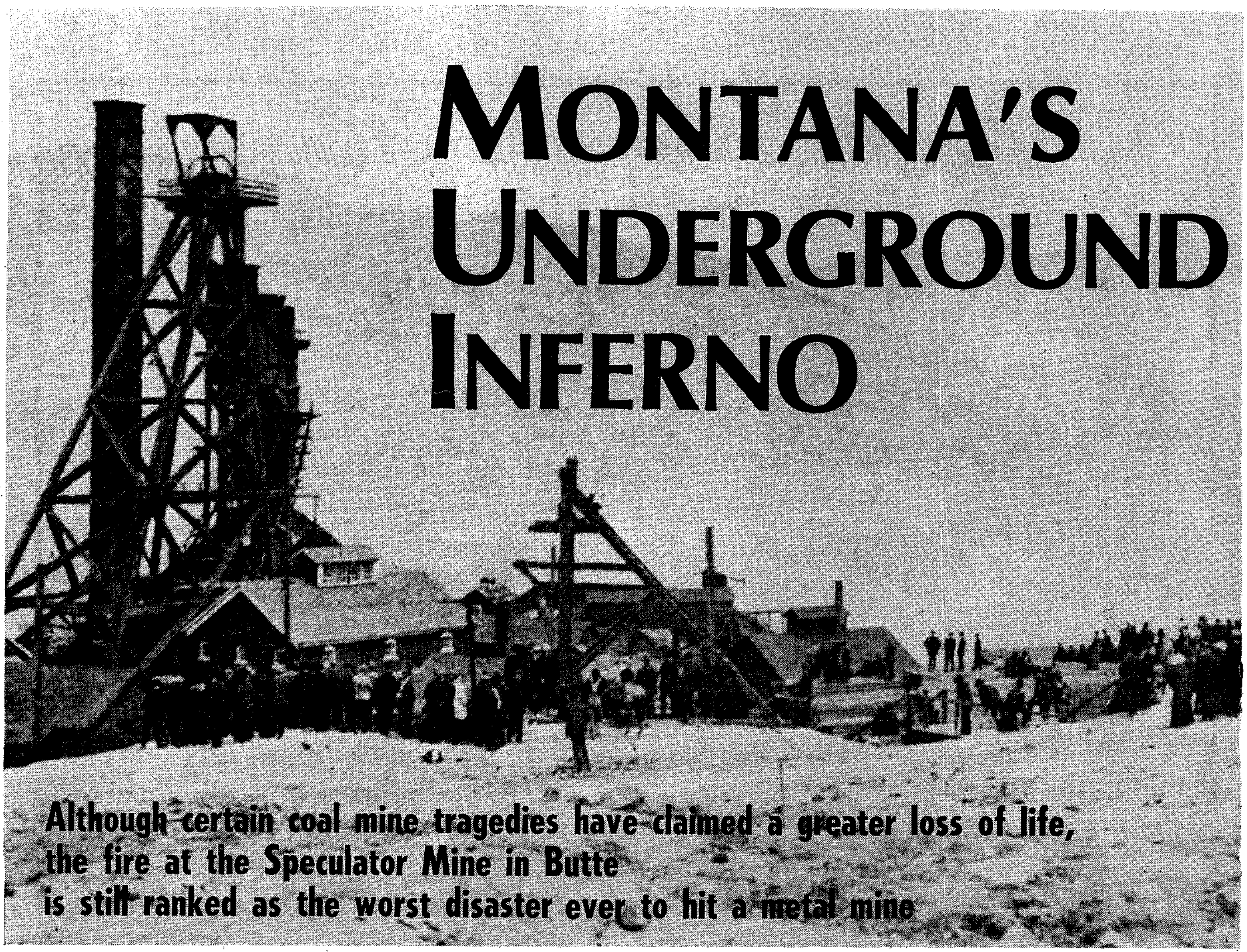
PINT SIZE WARRIOR

Zapata (Stein and Day, $12.50) by Roger Parkinson brings to the front for the first time the fact that the revolutionary general was one of Mexico's greatest military strategists. To his credit Parkinson has written an earthy description of the horrible suffering of the dispossessed peasants that Emiliano Zapata and his mobile guerrillas fought for during the tyrannical reigns of Mexico's presidents Diaz, Madero, Huerta and Carranza. The pint-size warrior came from a comparatively prosperous *mestizo* peasant family of farmers and livestock growers. Trading horses and training green ones for sale to *ricos* was Zapata's major source of income. A self-effacing, honest man, Zapata's nobility surfaced during the crooked Diaz regime when he and other peasants tried to win back poor farmers' land which had been stolen by wealthy landowners who were supported by the military, greedy politicians

(Continued on page 53)

MONTANA'S UNDERGROUND INFERNO

Although certain coal mine tragedies have claimed a greater loss of life, the fire at the Speculator Mine in Butte is still ranked as the worst disaster ever to hit a metal mine



Above: Crowds at the Speculator shaft, June 9, 1917, waiting to hear if their loved ones were safe.

BY
BEVERLY J. BROTHERS
Author of **Sketches Of Walkerville**

Photos Courtesy
ALLAN G. HOOPER

THE UNDERGROUND MINES of Butte, Montana are closing down. Some of them have been closed for many years. One in particular that closed in 1950, will never be forgotten.

One of the largest metal mine disasters on this continent, it had cost the life of 165 men. Ironically, management was working to improve safety conditions at the time the accident took place. The background of this mining firm proves how safety-conscious its owners were and how they strove to benefit their workers, yet they always seemed plagued by misfortune.

The North Butte Mining Company was incorporated around 1905 on the old Speculator Mine claim. Around 1912 it acquired the Granite Mountain and other mining claims. At one time North Butte Stock sold for around $130 a share and in 1914, one of the company's better years, production reached 21,868,479 pounds of copper; 1,377,297 ounces of silver; and 1,107 ounces of gold. Dividends paid were $635,000.

Although the number of men employed varied according to the metal market the company had a peak employment of around 1,600 men.

This company was always having safety meetings and showing safety films. An enclosure was built along the path going from the mine to the dries to protect the men coming from underground heat and moisture into the cold winter weather.

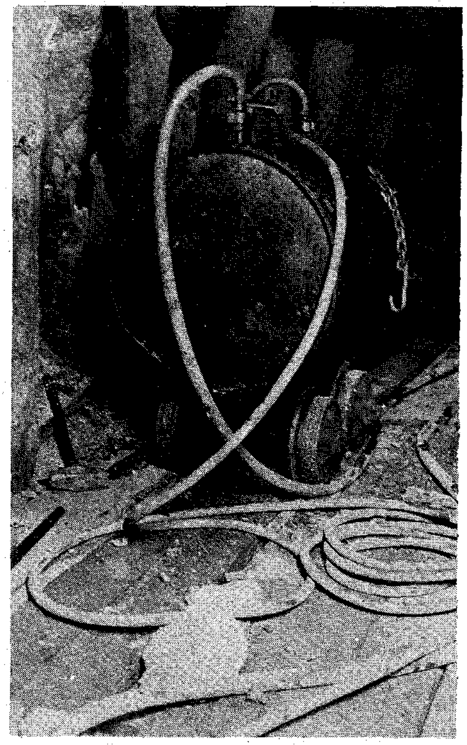
On October 20, 1915, just a year and a half prior to the "underground inferno," the Granite Mountain Mine experienced a catastrophic explosion that claimed six victims.

The North Butte company, which operated the Granite Mountain in conjunction with the Speculator Mine, had just installed a large electric hoist, and their faith in the new machine—the largest in the country at that time—was fully justified as the safety devices worked with clock-like precision.

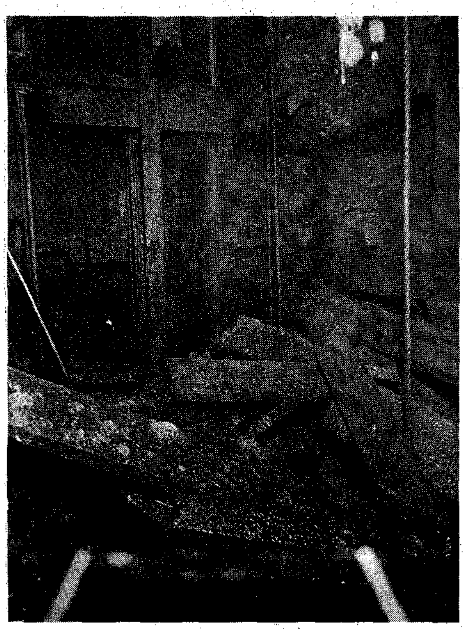
The engine automatically stopped, halting a descending cargo, when the explosion took place, thus closing access to the open shaft and shutting off all power leading to the workings at the mouth of the mine. The men below climbed up through the High Ore Mine, or were hoisted through the Speculator shaft.

The terrific blast occurred just as arrangements were being made to lower 600 pound of dynamite into the mine. Mr. Pope, the general manager, stated

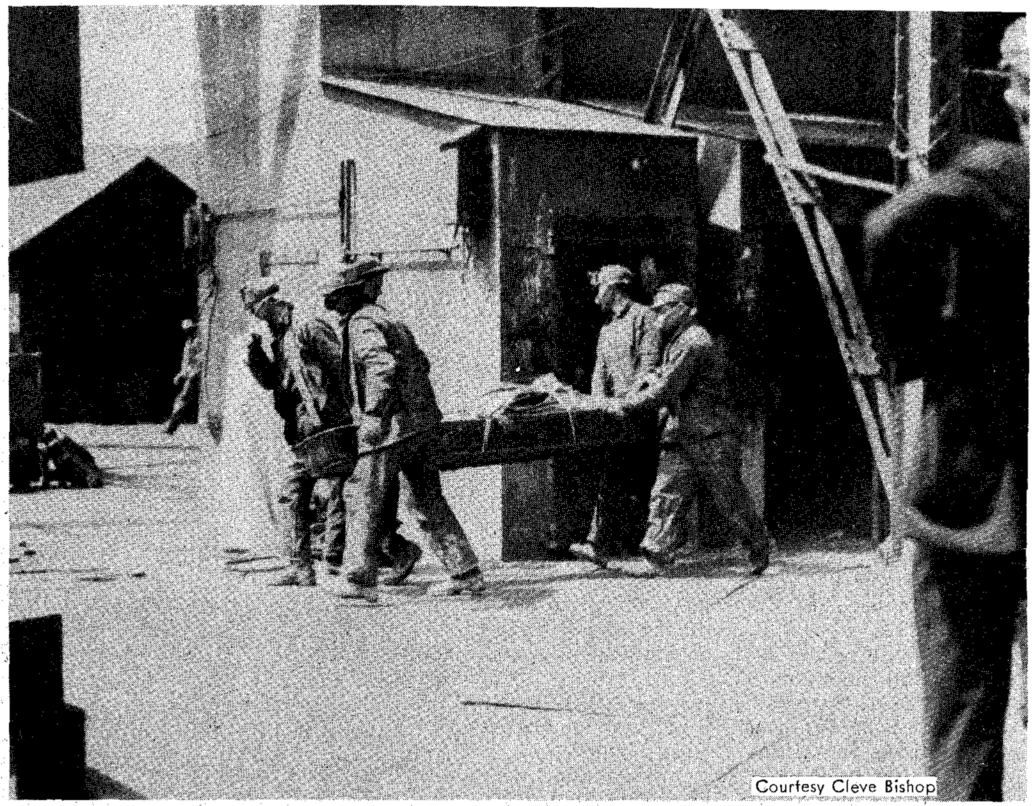
Below: Submarine (pressure tank), used in drilling, that Mannus Duggan ordered the men to take into the bulkhead. It supplied drinking water during their ordeal.



that to the best of his knowledge no one was near the car of powder when it exploded. There were probably a dozen boxes of powder on the car when it went off. Each box weighed 50 pounds. There were many theories as to what happened, but none of them was ever proved. One was that a bullet might have set it off; another was that a bomb had been planted in the powder along its route to the mine; but the most logical was that the nipper, having in his possession a box of blasting caps, either had them on top of or close to the car of powder and accidentally dropped them, or they were hit by a falling rock. The cause was impossible to determine because all witnesses were killed.



Above: In this view of Granite Mountain shaft after the fire, steel cables were used to help support timbers in the shaft below.

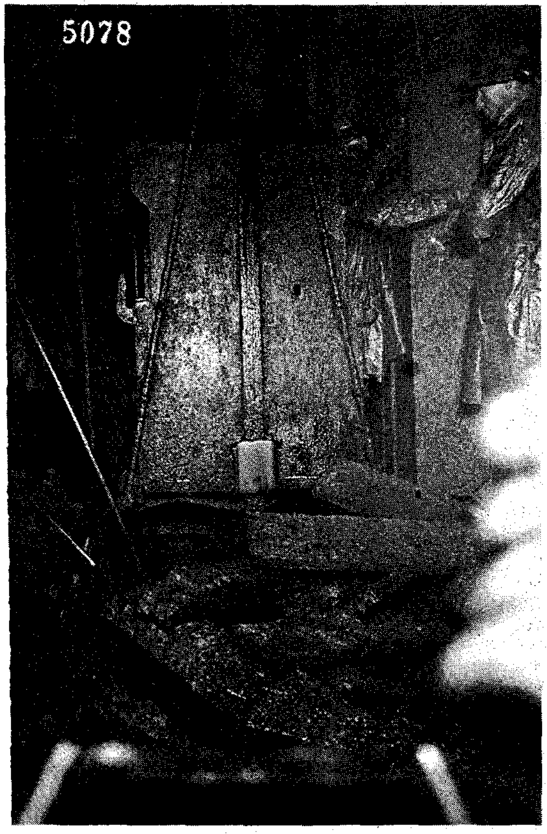


Courtesy Cleve Bishop

Above: Removing bodies from the fire in Granite Mountain shaft, North Butte, 1917. The victims were hoisted through the Speculator shaft.

Men who lost their lives in this catastrophe were: J. L. Grisham, shift boss; George Larkin, nipper; John Winston, shift boss; Ed Carlson, top car man; Robert Watson, shift boss; John D. Leahy, shift boss; Edward Bray, boss *ropeman*; Pat Morrissey, James Powers, nipper; William Danton, electrician; William Butcher, nipper; Jack M'Auley; Ernest Watson; Philias Blanchette; Pat Morrissey; James Blow; and Richard Gendles.

AS A PRECAUTION against further fires, Mr. Braly maintained two chemical fire engines which were carried on trucks so that they could be lowered and taken into the mine on any level. A 3-inch pipe line was being installed in



Right: In narrow quarters of Speculator shaft these men are preparing forms, *after the fire, for concrete to be poured. Note the guides on which the cages* traveled up and down. Below: Cement flowing into forms at Granite Mountain shaft.

the Granite Mountain shaft, solely for protection against fire, when on June 8, 1917 a second tragedy took place.

There were only 40 feet of pipe to be added to complete the equipment at the time. The idea was to pipe the shaft, and at frequent intervals place sprinklers, these to be controlled by valves from the surface or from various levels. Small tanks would be placed every few hundred feet down the shaft in order to reduce and equalize the pressure. Several of the tanks had been placed, much of the pipe been installed in the shaft, and the system was complete except for the installation of a tank at the 2,600-foot level. The main electrical transforming station was on this level, about 50 feet from the shaft; and partly as a fire-prevention measure it was planned to move this station several hundred feet back from the shaft to a place where a minimum of timbering would be necessary. The old electric station near the shaft was then to house one of the water-equalizing tanks. (During the fire a couple of these equalizing tanks helped to save many lives.)

To extend the main transmission wire to the newly prepared station, 1,200 feet of lead-armored cable had to be lowered into the shaft. The cable weighed 5 pounds a foot, or 3 tons for the whole. To lower it in the shaft, the cable was lashed by 4-foot lengths of hemp rope, placed every 10 feet for the first 500 feet of cable and every 5 feet thereafter.

Due to the danger of crushing the cable, no positive clamps with bolts were used. As the cable was lowered it began to twist. In trying to remove the lashings it tore away and fell, tearing away some of the lead armor and exposing the frayed, oil-impregnated section of the cable which was more than half of a highly inflammable material. By this time it was almost midnight and the men decided to go home.

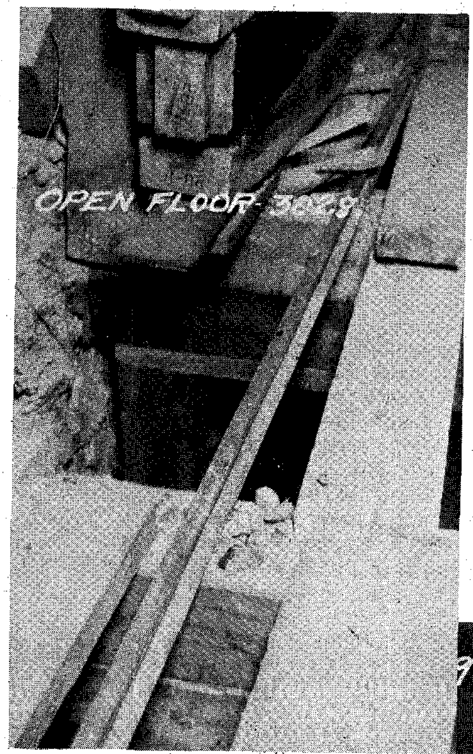
On account of the breaking of the water pipes as the cable fell, a number of contractors who were drilling in crosscuts below the 3,000-foot level went home early (about 11 p.m.), thus probably saving their lives.

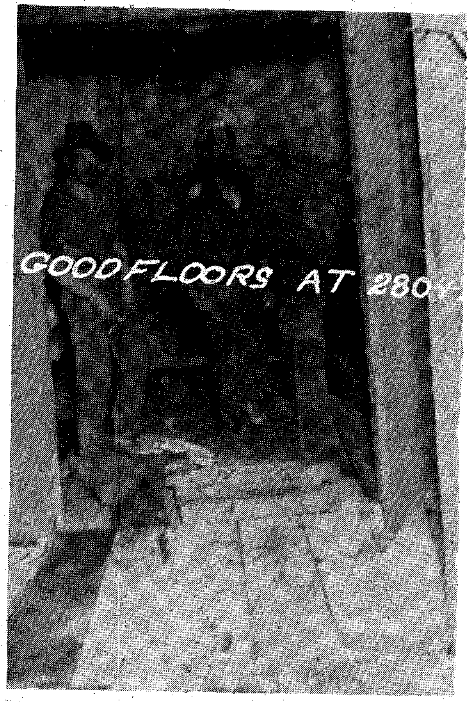
At 11:30, the assistant foreman, a shift boss, and two shaftmen on the graveyard shift went down on an auxiliary cage to try to find an end of the cable to attach to the cage and so pull it up.

While two of the men stood on shaft timbers to see whether an end was available, the flame from Ernest Sallau's hand carbide lamp was brought into close contact with the frayed, oil-soaked insulation. A blaze started immediately, and spread so quickly that it forced the four men to the 2,400-foot station. The smoke was so heavy that in less than 15 minutes after the fire started, everyone was driven from the station.

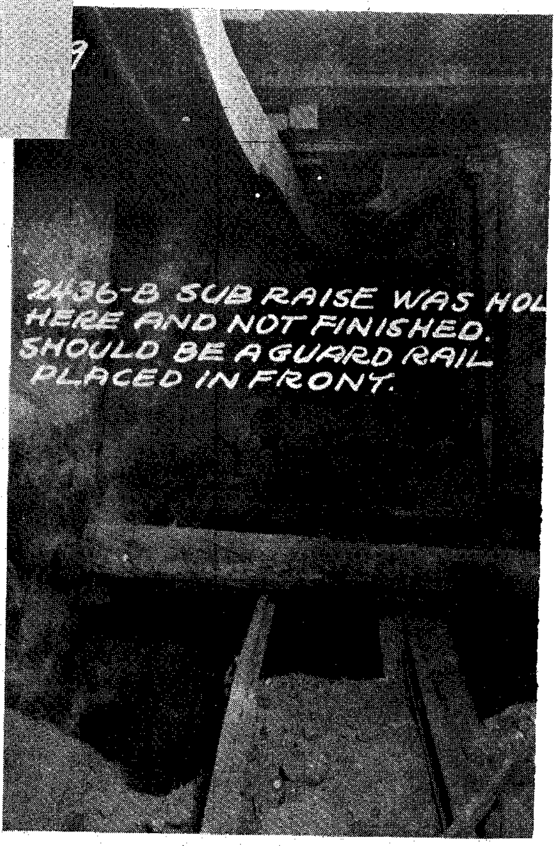
By midnight the skips were changed at the surface to the 4-deck cages, but by this time the "squawker," an auxiliary electric signal at stations, and the shaft signals had been burned out. In addition, the signaling system on the lower levels of the Speculator shaft was also temporarily out of commission, due to retimbering the shaft.

WHILE all this was going on, desperation was being experienced by the hoisting engineer on the surface—F. L. Evans, who was on duty at the outbreak

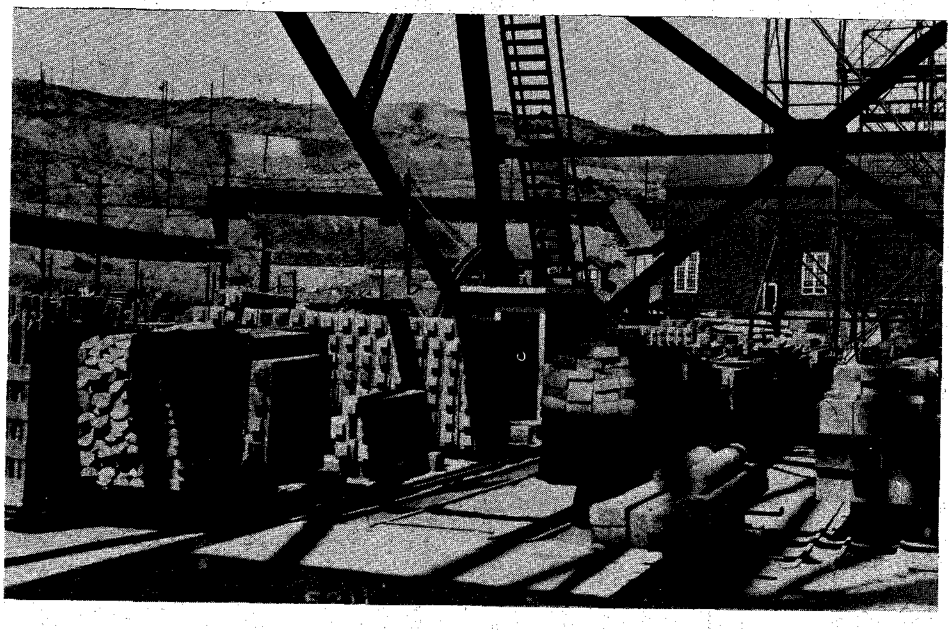


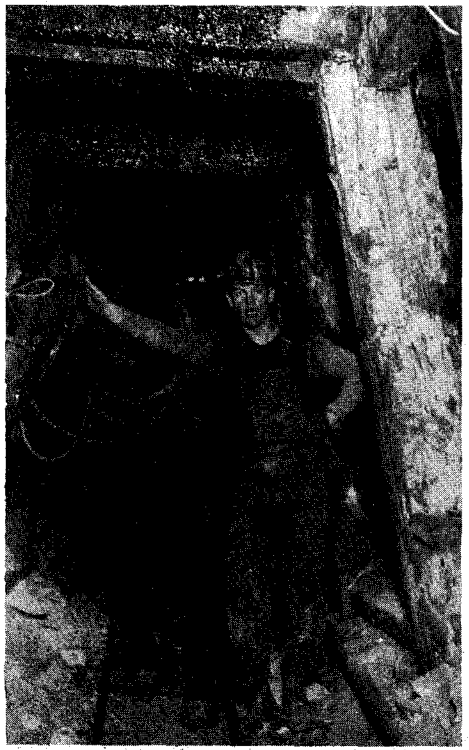


Above, left and below: Some of the conditions the men knew they would have to face as they tried to escape.



Below: The amount of timber that was lowered daily to the underground workings of the mine.





Above: During the fire the horses tried to escape by attempting to climb the ladders after the men. One horse tore out six sets of timber in an effort to reach safety.

Above: Rescue crew from the Tramway Mine wore helmets with oxygen tanks because of the smoke and gas.

of the fire, working with Fred Griffith. Two station tenders, Pete Sheridan and Mike Conroy, saw smoke coming from the shaft, and insisted that they could be lowered to hoist the men from the dangerous depths.

"We can make it to the 2,200-foot level," they said, "and we've got to take a chance and get the men out."

Evans told of lowering them to the 2,200 level and waiting for the signal to hoist. They had told him they would go through the workings and notify the men on that level of the fire, so he expected the cage to be down for some time. After waiting nearly forty-five minutes for the signal to hoist to come, he hunted up the general manager, voiced his fears and asked what to do. Evans knew by his signal lights that the bells with which they would signal were out of order.

"Shake them up," the general manager said, "and if they don't answer, hoist them to the surface."

Engineer Evans gave the cage a few shakes and then brought them up. The cage when it reached the collar was sizzling hot. Evans knew full well that Sheridan and Conroy were inside. Raising them above the collar, he turned the hose on the cage to cool it. It was then lowered to the surface. The bodies of the two men were crumpled into a heap inside. One of Pete's arms had burned off and dropped into the second deck.

The terror felt by Evans must have been minimal compared to that of all men trapped in the depths of the underground workings. I will relate just a couple of heroic actions of men, who in the face of death itself, saved the lives of their fellow miners only to lose their own.

Mannus Duggan, a young nipper, induced twenty-nine of his fellow workmen to enter a blind drift on the 2,400-foot level and to build a bulkhead to keep out the fire gases.

Joe James, one of the survivors said, "It was about midnight when I heard someone shouting 'Fire!' My partner and I were working a short distance away from the 2,600-foot station. We went out to investigate. The shaft was like a roaring furnace. My partner was a little Italian fellow from Meaderville. I knew him only as 'John.' We parted to warn the men on the level. The first man I met was Mannus Duggan. I was running and shouting 'Fire!' Duggan offered to help and said he would notify the men on the 2,400 while I notified those on the 2,600. We agreed to meet on the 2,400.

"Later we did meet on the 2,400-foot level, 29 of us. Duggan suggested we climb to the 2,000-foot level and try to make our escape through the Rainbow shaft. We went north with that intention, but the gas was catching up with us and we were afraid we wouldn't make it. Mannus then suggested we turn south and try to escape the fire by the High Ore Mine shaft. But we found that route blocked by gas also. We determined it was impossible to blast through a bulkhead leading to the High Ore and so we turned back north.

"As a last hope, Duggan directed us to bulkhead ourselves in a nearby blind drift until the helmet men could rescue us. The bulkhead was built of lagging (lumber used underground), pieces of sack, jumpers, caps, shoes, underwear, dirt and anything that could be used to plug up holes. Some of the fellows were almost nude from sacrificing their clothing. We rapped on pipes in the drift for hours, thinking someone would hear us, but no one came. Duggan was an inspiration throughout these hours of trial."

James also related how, as the hours passed and oxygen diminished and no rescuers came, the men despaired. Duggan commanded them to lie down and place their heads in a ditch as he had found the air was better there. Duggan was placed in charge of the scant water supply, and each man honorably took only his share.

Duggan advised the men not to use their carbide lamps as they would use up too much oxygen. Another life-saving device upon which he insisted was circulating the back group of men to the front and the front group to the back once every hour. This allowed the oxygen that was left in the bulkhead to mix with the carbon dioxide the men exhaled.

MANNUS kept the men in check for thirty-eight hours until he felt the air was safe enough to try to escape. He tested the air on the outside of the bulkhead frequently and, whether it was this plus the great strain of keeping up the men's morale, something eventually unnerved him. Possibly it was the letdown of knowing his task was done. Whatever the circumstances, he led the group to safety and was last seen near the shaft on the 2,400-foot level talking incoherently about getting water for "his men." He also spoke of good air in the Rainbow drift and urged it as an avenue of escape for the miners. He, with Joseph H. McAdams and another unidentified man, started back from the shaft. McAdams' body was found four hours later 2,000 feet north of where Duggan delivered his men. Where Duggan and the other miner went remained a mystery for several days.

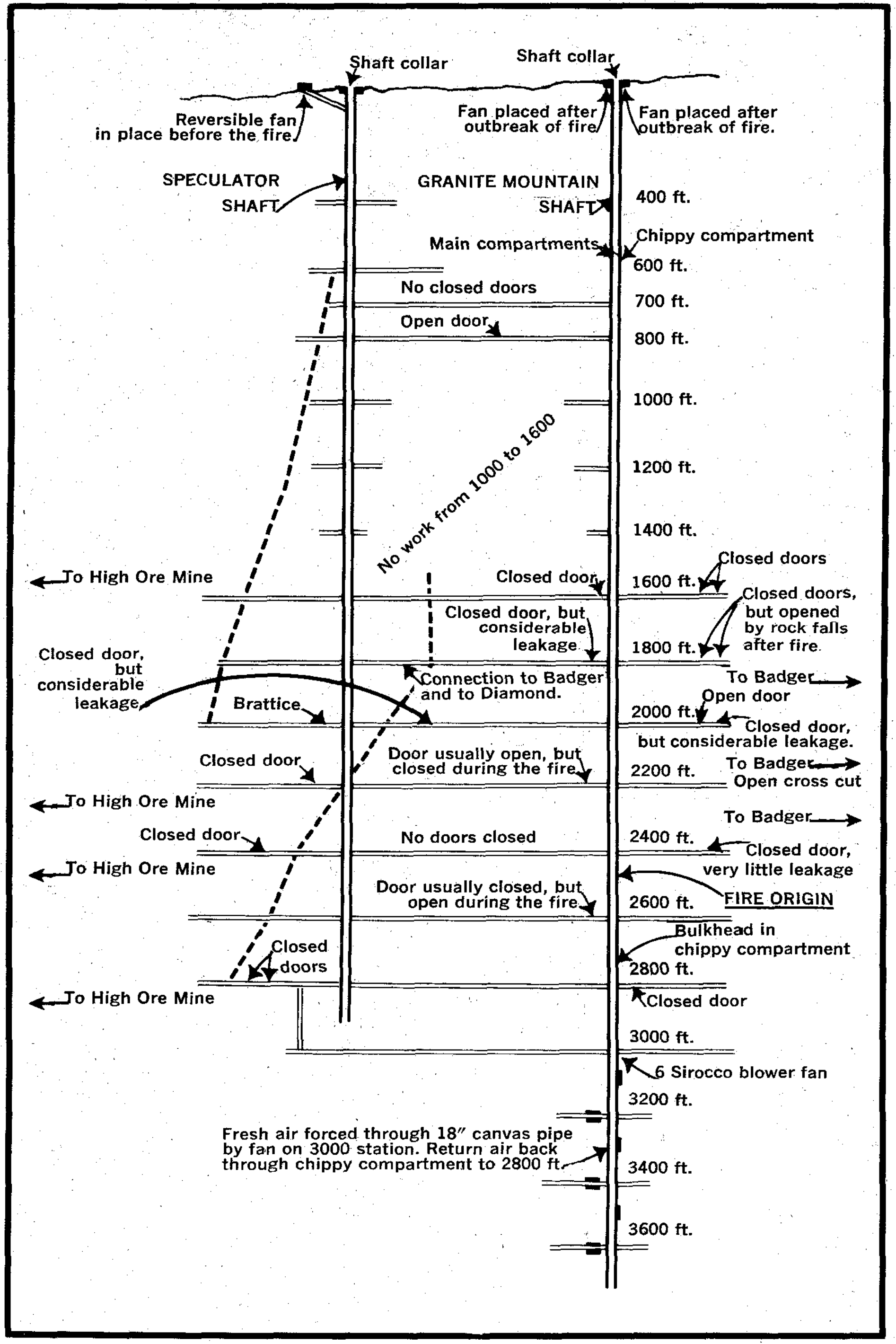
Duggan was found in a stope on the 2,200-foot level. Two letters were taken from his body which made identification positive. One described the experiences of himself and his twenty-eight companions and the other was an affectionate farewell to his wife. The letters follow:

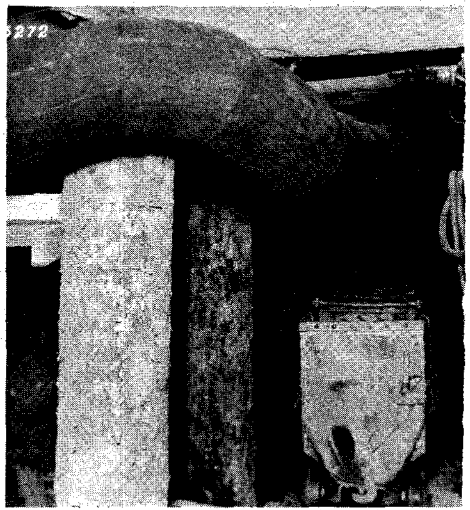
"Sunday morning 8:45. Have been here since 12:00 Friday night. No gas coming through the bulkhead. I realize that all oxygen has just been consumed. Everybody breathing heavily. If death comes it will be caused by all oxygen used from the air in this chamber . . . I realize the hard work ahead of the rescue men. Have not confided my fears to anyone, but have looked and looked for hope only, but if the worst comes I myself have no fears but welcome death with open arms, as it is the last act we all must pass through, and as it is but natural, it is God's will. We should have no objection.—Duggan"

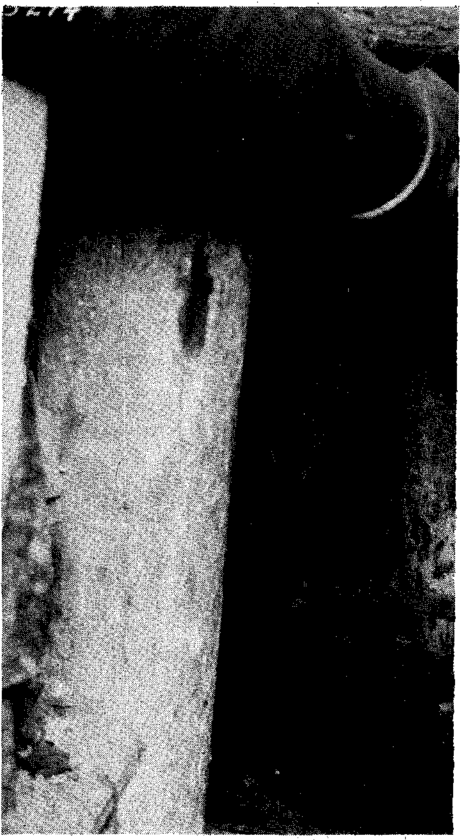
"To my dear wife and mother: It takes my heart to be taken from you so suddenly and unexpectedly, but think not of me, for if death comes, it will be in a sleep without suffering. I ask forgiveness for any suffering or pain I have caused. Madge, dear, the place is for you and the child.—Mannus"

Imagine how the engineer above ground felt that morning at 3 a.m. when almost all hope of finding anyone alive was dominant in everyone's mind, and then the bell from the 2,400-level told of the presence of someone down there. A shift boss, Martin Howard, and Ed Rucker volunteered to go down in a chippy skip. When the cage reached the station on that level they found a number of miners who had found refuge behind a bulkhead they had built in the 24-71 crosscut X under Mannus Duggan. The imprisoned men were so hysterical it was difficult to make them understand that the weakest would be taken up first and

Below: Section of Granite Mountain and Speculator shafts.


Shaft collar
Shaft collar
Reversible fan in place before the fire
Fan placed after outbreak of fire
Fan placed after outbreak of fire.
SPECULATOR SHAFT
GRANITE MOUNTAIN SHAFT
400 ft.
Main compartments
Chippy compartment
600 ft.
No closed doors
700 ft.
Open door
800 ft.
1000 ft.
No work from 1000 to 1600
1200 ft.
1400 ft.
To High Ore Mine
Closed door
Closed doors
1600 ft.
Closed door, but considerable leakage
Closed doors, but opened by rock falls after fire
1800 ft.
Closed door, but considerable leakage
Connection to Badger and to Diamond.
To Badger
Brattice
Open door
2000 ft.
Closed door, but considerable leakage.
Closed door
Door usually open, but closed during the fire
2200 ft.
To Badger
Open cross cut
To High Ore Mine
To Badger
Closed door
No doors closed
2400 ft.
Closed door, very little leakage
To High Ore Mine
Door usually closed, but open during the fire
2600 ft.
FIRE ORIGIN
Bulkhead in chippy compartment
Closed doors
2800 ft.
To High Ore Mine
Closed door
3000 ft.
6 Sirocco blower fan
3200 ft.
Fresh air forced through 18" canvas pipe by fan on 3000 station. Return air back through chippy compartment to 2800 ft.
3400 ft.
3600 ft.

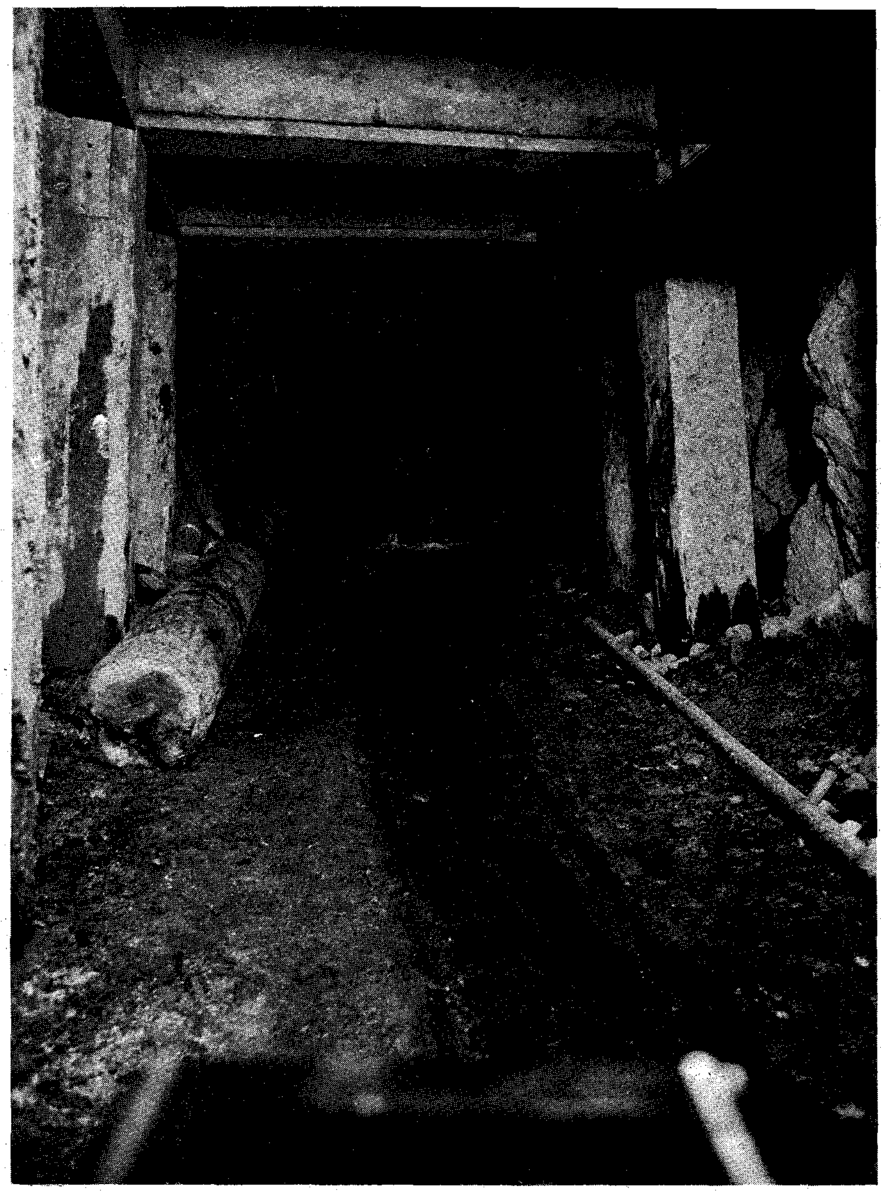


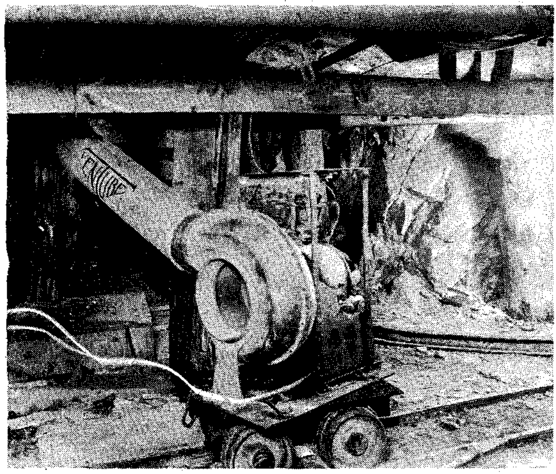


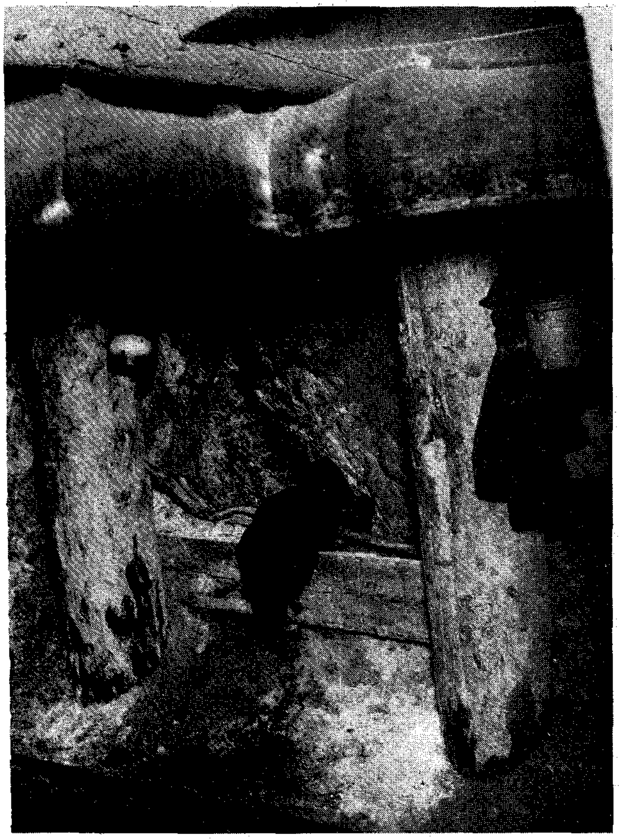
that only a few could ascend at a time.

Rucker remained at the station to see that none of the men stumbled into the shaft in their poor condition, while Howard took two or three at a time to the surface. After the weakest of the rescued men had been taken to the surface, Howard then went to where they had made their bulkhead. There he found several who had given up hope and had lain down to die. They were roused and led to the station and taken up to safety.

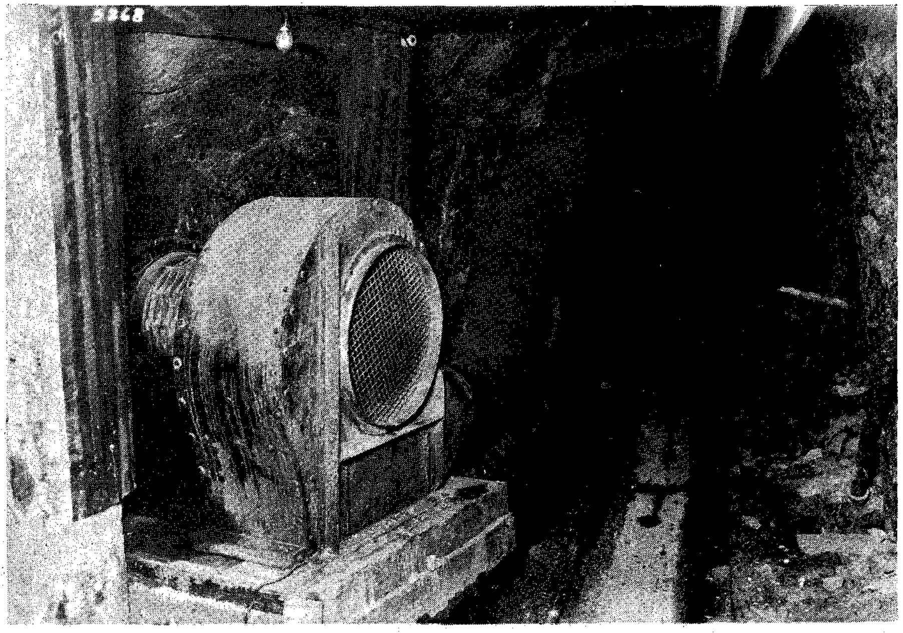
For those who had not found safety behind bulkheads, morgues were set up right at the North Butte yard. This was done as public health protection. The corpses were identifiable only by scars, watches, pictures or letters, because the high temperatures of the lower levels, combined with gas and smoke, had induced a state of advanced decomposition among the bodies. Faces of the victims had swollen beyond all recognition, and the bodies were discolored. Without the

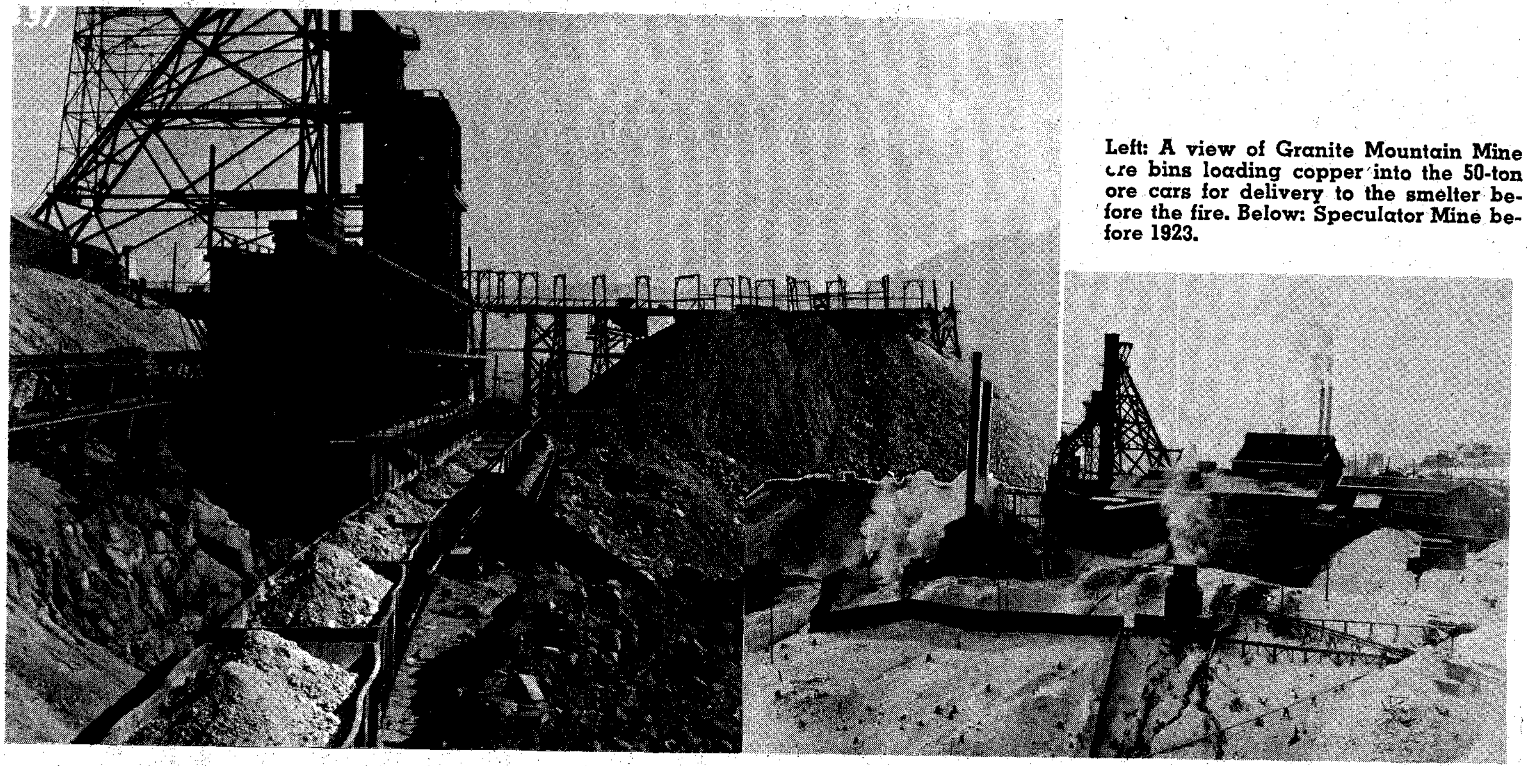






Above: Mainline underground crosscut, Granite Mountain mine. Top, far left: canvas fan tubing flexability was superior to the tin stove pipe. It was invented in these mines. Note the N.B. mine cars coupled with side chains. Top, left: Portable fan mounted on wheels to fit the ore car tracks. Left: Showing how the canvas tubing was attached. Below it two of the old round lunch pails hang on the wall. Below: Permanent fan with corrugated iron wrapped around the timbers for fire protection. An old-time vacuum light bulb hangs above the fan, at top of the photo.





Left: A view of Granite Mountain Mine ore bins loading copper into the 50-ton ore cars for delivery to the smelter before the fire. Below: Speculator Mine before 1923.

aid of chemicals and camphor balls held under the nostrils, it was all but impossible for relatives to get close enough to try to make an identification. The victims were buried the same day their bodies were brought to the surface.

For people who believe in astronomical signs, a horoscope appeared in the *Standard* which read: "There is a sign that appears to point persistently to a terrible explosion underground. This has been foretold for many months and is as clearly read as any prophecy that the seers have made."

This particular horoscope saved the life of one man who was very superstitious and decided to lay off for a while until the stars told of better things.

ON the 2,200-foot level another group of men was saved by James D. Moore. Martin Garrity told the story in these words: "My partner and I, with some nine other men, were at work at station 23 with seven other men, when our shifter, Moore, came and told us to run as there was a fire in the mine. We started to go toward the 'Spec' but the gas was too strong and we ran back under Moore's orders for 300 or 400 feet. There Moore stopped us and told us to put up a bulkhead.

"We all worked as hard as we knew how. We used timbers and lagging, tore the canvas coverings off, and used our clothes and anything we could get hold of in putting it up.

"One of the men, Bob Traux, had a couple of candles in his pocket. It was against the rules to use candles and Moore jumped on him at first for having them, and afterward he praised him, for they were the only light we had and we used them to test and see if any gas was coming in.

"One lucky thing was that, when we were running, we grabbed every keg of water in sight and took them with us. Moore encouraged us all the way. He would make tests for gas and he told every man what to do and they obeyed him. We didn't feel the need of anything to eat, and I guess we didn't fully realize how weak we were getting."

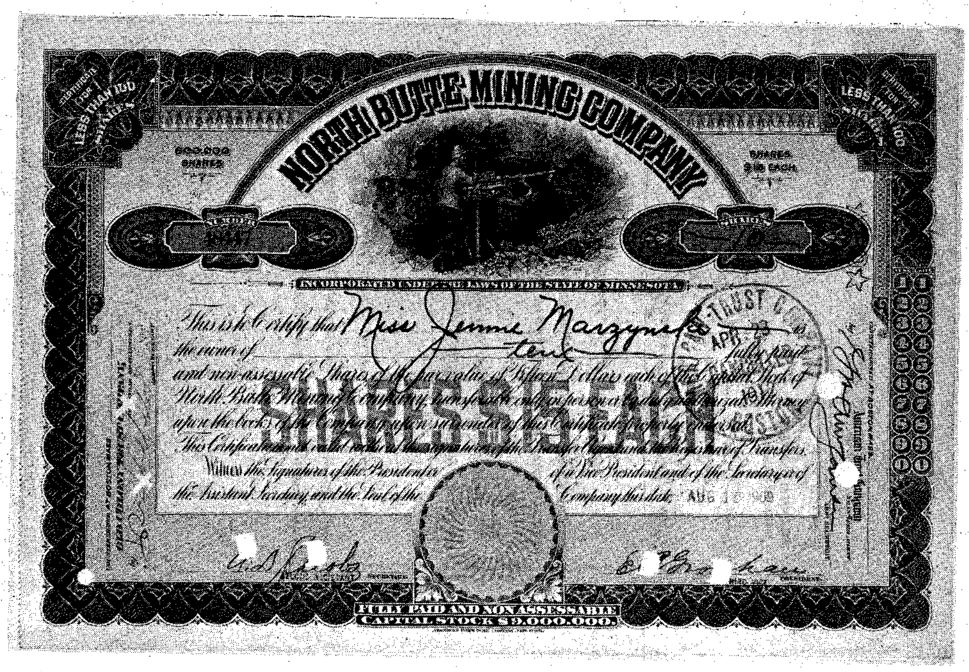
Despite the anxiety which Moore must have felt, he shared only his talking and laughing in trying to divert their minds from their predicament. A few minutes before help finally came Moore lost consciousness. When he was lifted on the cage, he died. Such bravery as this came from a man who had been employed at the Speculator only three months.

One very good safety precaution came of all this tragedy and that was that all parts of underground mines are now marked clearly. One factor that cost many men to lose their lives was that they couldn't find their way in the unmarked underground diggings. It is largely due to a carefully kept scrapbook by Ed R. Mitchell that these details can be told in such accuracy.

James D. Moore also left notes to his wife in his time book. The first being in the nature of a will: "6.8.17—Dear Pet: This may be the last message you may ever get from me. The gas broke in about 11:15 p.m. I tried to get all the men out, but the smoke was too strong. I've got some men with me in a drift and put in a bulkhead. If anything happens to me, you better sell the house and go to California to live. You know your Jim

(Continued on page 42)

Below: Cancelled North Butte Mining Company Stock Certificate for ten shares is a collectors item today.



NORTH BUTTE MINING COMPANY

600,000 SHARES

SHARES $15 EACH

NUMBER

SHARES 10

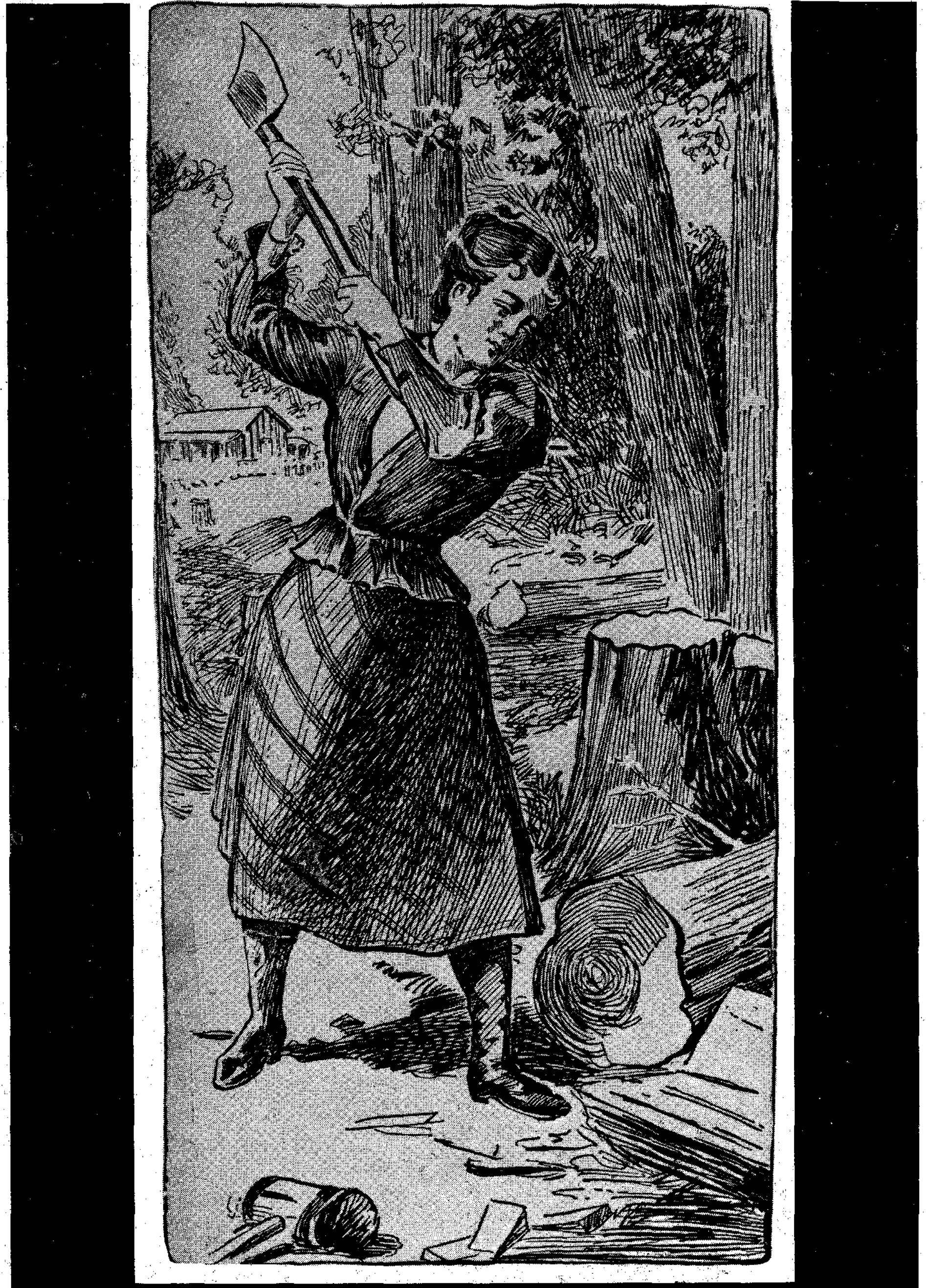
INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF THE STATE OF MINNESOTA

This is to Certify that Miss Jennie Marzyne[illegible] the owner of ten fully paid and non-assessable Shares of the par value of Fifteen Dollars each of the Capital Stock of North Butte Mining Company, [illegible] upon the books of the Company [illegible] this Certificate [illegible] This Certificate [illegible] of Transfers. Witness the Signatures of the President or of a Vice President and of the Secretary or of the Assistant Secretary and the Seal of the Company this date AUG 1[illegible] 1909

SHARES $15 EACH

FULLY PAID AND NON-ASSESSABLE
CAPITAL STOCK $9,000,000.

Right: A reproduction of an illustration of Frances Rupert that ran with the newspaper story.



A WOMAN WHO NEEDED NO ONE

— and who liked no one — except maybe James J. Corbett!

Submitted by
ROBERT W. RICHMOND
Photo Courtesy Author

Explanatory Note: The following story about an independent Western woman was originally published in the San Francisco *Examiner* and picked up by other newspapers as a feature. This printing of it comes from the Kansas City *Times* of July 2, 1899. The story is not only *about* a woman, it was written *by* a woman for whom no identifying byline was given.

It is a sad story, composed in a somewhat romantic vein, but in some ways it represents the pioneering spirit, for there were many members of the "weaker sex" who chopped wood, plowed, built fences, etc., on farms and ranches in the West. Generally they performed these tasks in partnership with a husband, or they carried on what a man in their family had begun—but without the same kind of bitterness that marks the heroine of this story.

I have attempted to find out more about the lady hermit but no references to her appear in the standard sources of California history. It would be interesting to know how she lived out her life but Frances Rupert, at this writing, must remain one of those mysteries so often found in the history of a developing land. —Robert W. Richmond

ALONE on the crest of a coast range mountain in Lake County [California], 3,000 feet above the sea level, lives a young woman who flouts the traditions and customs of her sex, defies the approach of friend or foe, and proves her contempt for the world by climbing as far as she can from sight and sound of it.

Her house is in very truth her castle, though a winding road instead of a moat lies between her eerie lodge and civilization. And she is monarch of a fairly large portion of what she surveys, 400 acres around her being her own, according to the tax collector's record down in Lakeport, some ten leagues away. Her name is Frances Rupert and she is 30 years old. She has never married, and, by my hairpins as a gentlewoman, I'll venture that she never will.

For Miss Frances Rupert is four kinds of an extraordinary woman. She is a man-hater, a woman-hater, a miser, and a hermit.

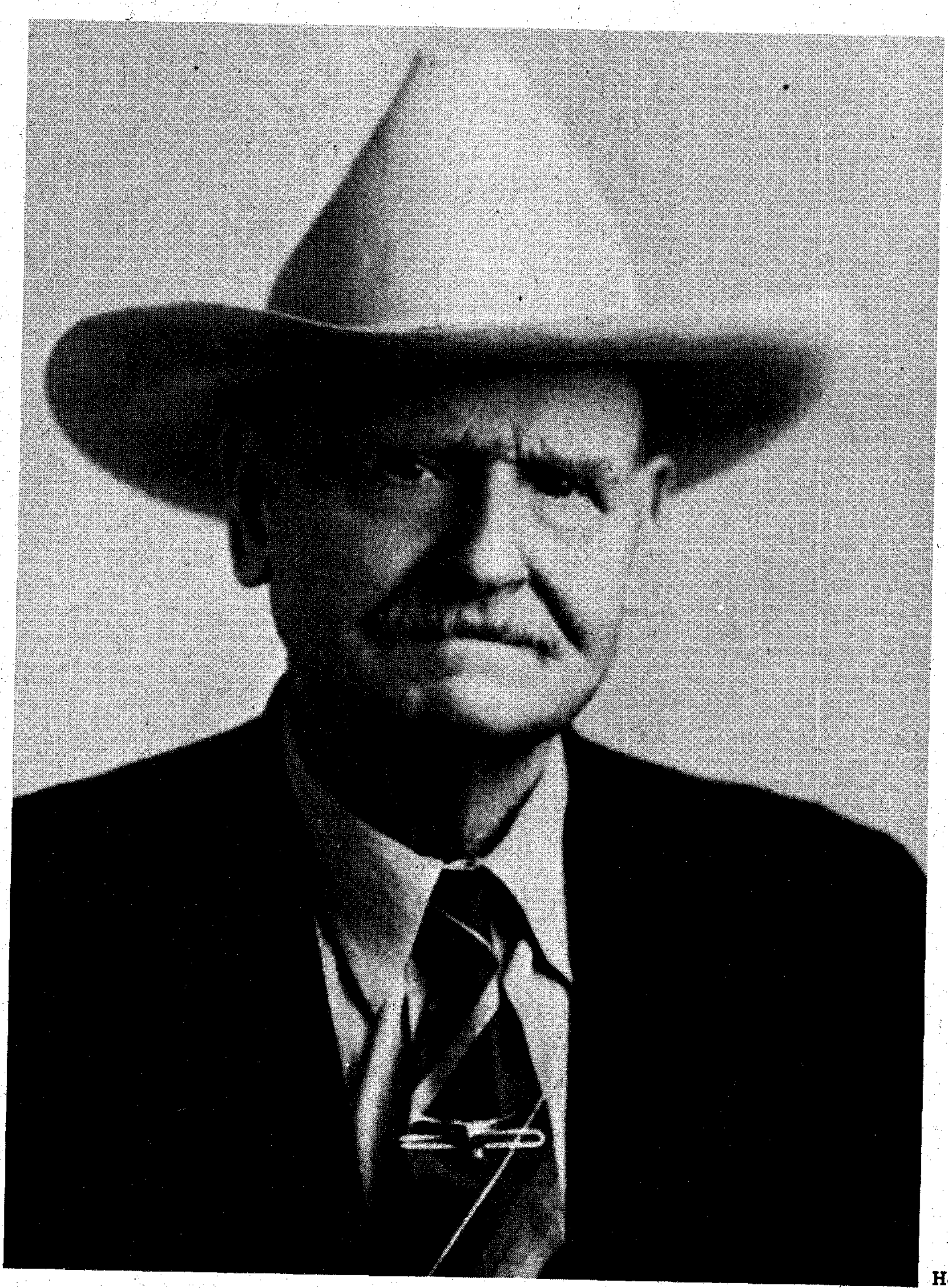
These peculiarities, bunched beneath one mental roof, form an interesting and unusual combination, and they dwell together in perfect harmony. But, placed as matrimonially marketable wares, they would not be irresistibly alluring to the average male. Even if Miss Rupert were a bachelor of beauty, which she is not, her list of accomplishments, duly catalogued, is of a kind calculated to put the most respectful of distances between herself and any suitor who might aspire to her anomalous heart and invincible hand. She has muscles not to be despised by the brawniest of boxers, and could send an intruder somersaulting down the mountain side as easily as you or I or any other woman would flip a troublesome fly from the rim of an inkwell.

Miss Rupert cannot bang a piano into musical submission, or daub canvas, or smear Yosemite valley scenes on coal scuttles, or litter the house with fancy work fol-de-rols, or evoke angel cake from dough. She has neither the time nor inclination to emulate the sisterhood in its conventional aims and accomplishments. A woman who runs a hardscrabble ranch of 400 rocky, forest acres, with never a hired manservant or maidservant or any other two-footed assistant from season to season, is necessarily an exception to the feminine rule.

The woman hermit of Lake County

(Continued on page 55)

HENRY RECORD WAS muy hombre!



Henry Record

— the man with the barbed-wire whiskers

BY EVE BALL

Photos Courtesy Author

HEAVEN KNOWS I had ample warning, for people told me that "ol' Henry," as they called him, was cantankerous. They added that hitting him was just like striking the caprock, and that he hated having people attempt to interview him. There was one worse offense, however, and that was mentioning oil. In an unguarded moment, when already a wealthy rancher, he had given an oil company a lease on his land, and the scoundrels had drilled and struck oil.

Nothing he could do to prevent it, either, for they had the lease, but he hated the smell of oil and so did his cows.

Regardless of the admonition I set out for his headquarters not far from Monument, New Mexico in December 1947. There was a little snow on the ground, and it was cold. I followed directions carefully, and the dirt road led to a small, unpainted house of perhaps four rooms—not what one would have expected to be the home of a millionaire rancher. There was no other house in sight, so I parked and walked up the steps. When I knocked, from the interior came a deep bass voice saying, "Come in!" I assumed he thought his early morning caller was a neighbor, or at least an acquaintance, so instead of obeying I knocked again.

"Well, damn it, come in!" he roared, and that time I obeyed the order.

Upon opening the door I found myself confronting a huge, but not heavy, elderly man seated in a straight chair with its front legs off the floor and its back resting against the wall. When he demanded my name and business, I asked if he were Mr. Record and said I had been informed that he knew the local history from the time of early settlement, and I was writing history.

"Do know it," he growled, "but I ain't tellin' it." He eyed me curiously and then said, "Guess you've had a long trip for nothin'."

"I don't feel so," I replied, "for it's worth the trip to see a man who has choked a ten-foot mountain lion to death with his bare hands."

Down came the legs of the chair with a whack. "Somebody's been lyin' to you," he said. "I never choked it to death. The thing just got so hot and mad that it died." Then he added, "Anyway, it wasn't no ten-feet long; wasn't more'n nine, six."

At that moment a middle-aged woman entered from what I later learned was the kitchen, and introduced herself as Blonnie Martin, Mr. Record's niece and housekeeper. He asked her to bring the lion skin from his bedroom, and she spread it on the floor. He then filled me in on its sad demise!

"I COME to Lea County, New Mexico in 1900," he began, "and there wasn't hardly no towns here then; Carlsbad was just a nubbin. My half-brother, about fifteen, was with me. I had homesteaded and had a little dugout we lived in.

"We started to Carlsbad one day—hossback, of course. 'Bout half-way I seen something big moving in the tall grass, and got my loop built. When it jumped, I throwed and caught that lion by one forefoot. It kept trying to cut the rope with its teeth, but couldn't get at it. I got off, told my brother to climb my hoss and keep that rope tight. I took his rope and got that bugger by one hindfoot; got another rope on the other hindfoot and tied it to a mesquite. He was stretched out, and I put a stick in his mouth and tied it solid with my piggin' string. Then I hogtied him. When he got the stick loose, I had to choke him till I could put it back in his mouth, but I never choked him plumb to death!

"I had to blindfold my hoss to get the lion on him; put him across the saddle. 'What you goin' to do with him?' asked my brother.

" 'Chain him to my bedpost.' I told him, and he said, 'You sure won't chain him to mine!'

"We turned around and took him back to camp. He kept tryin' to cut the horse's neck, and he just struggled and got so hot he died."

When asked if I might take notes, he nodded. "I come from Palo Pinto County while there was still old buffalo hunters here, but no buffalo. Jim and Barney Whalen and Guy Faulkner was here. Whalen Lake, over near Andrews, was named for the brothers. An Englishman named Kennedy owned the Hat Ranch at Monument Spring. The Causeys, buffalo hunters, built little rock houses at waterholes, where they could fort up and shoot buffalo through portholes when they came in to drink—and they could shoot the Indians who followed the buffalo. One room in Grandma Weir's house at Monument Spring is a little rock house the Causeys built. Jim Daughtery owned the Half-Circle 84 and also the San Simon. It belongs to the Merchants now.

"Uncle Frank Divers from Missouri met Guy Faulkner and said, 'Now, Guy, I want to buy your well.'

" 'I don't want to sell.'

" 'Well, I want to buy; and I'll give you $1,000 for it.'

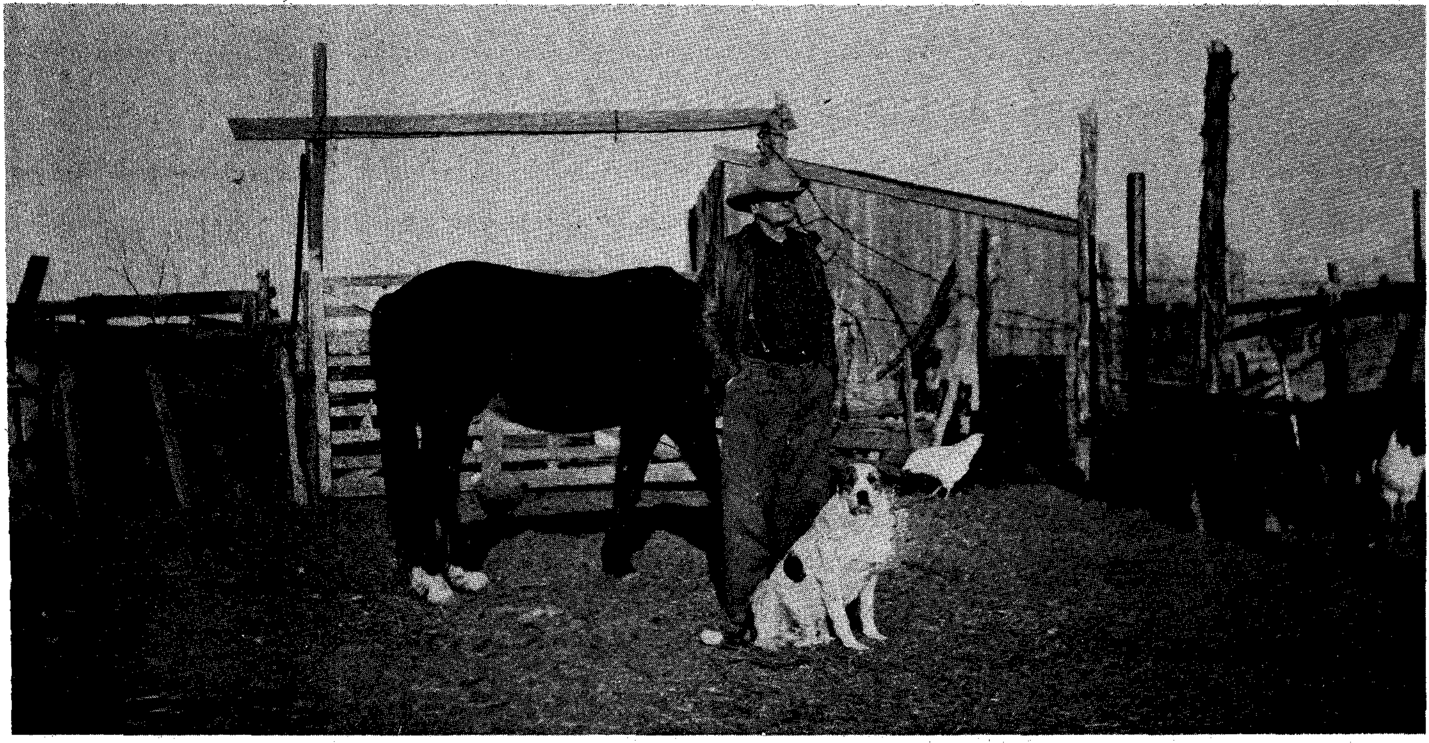
"That was real money those days. He told Guy to just make the place his home as long as he wanted to stay, and use water from that well just like it was his. And Faulkner did that. Guy took seven men, one of them was Billy Odom, and went to Mexico and bought 700 old Mexican cows. I reckon Faulkner had some other money. He brought 'em back and started the TX ranch. Divers put in a pulley and two five-gallon cans. And he put a man to pullin' water outa that well.

"Before I filed on this homestead I was outside man for the Cowdens. I'd make the stray wagons, the LFD's at Four Lakes, the 84's, and the W's. I'd pull out for the stray wagons repping for the JAL outfit. That's where the town got its name. The Littlefields and the Cowdens come to this country in 1884.

"I was born in 1872 on a combination

(Continued on page 62)

Henry Record with Trusty, his horse, and Pop, his dog.



AURORA DOCK
STEAMER
10 DA
PALMER BROS.
SHAVING PARLOR
LAUNDRY
TRY OUR
150
EXPRESS

THE SCRAMBLE FOR KLONDIKE GOLD

BY ROBERTA M. STARRY

Photos Courtesy Author

Is anybody in the mood to read a story with a happy ending? Do you think your nerves could stand it?

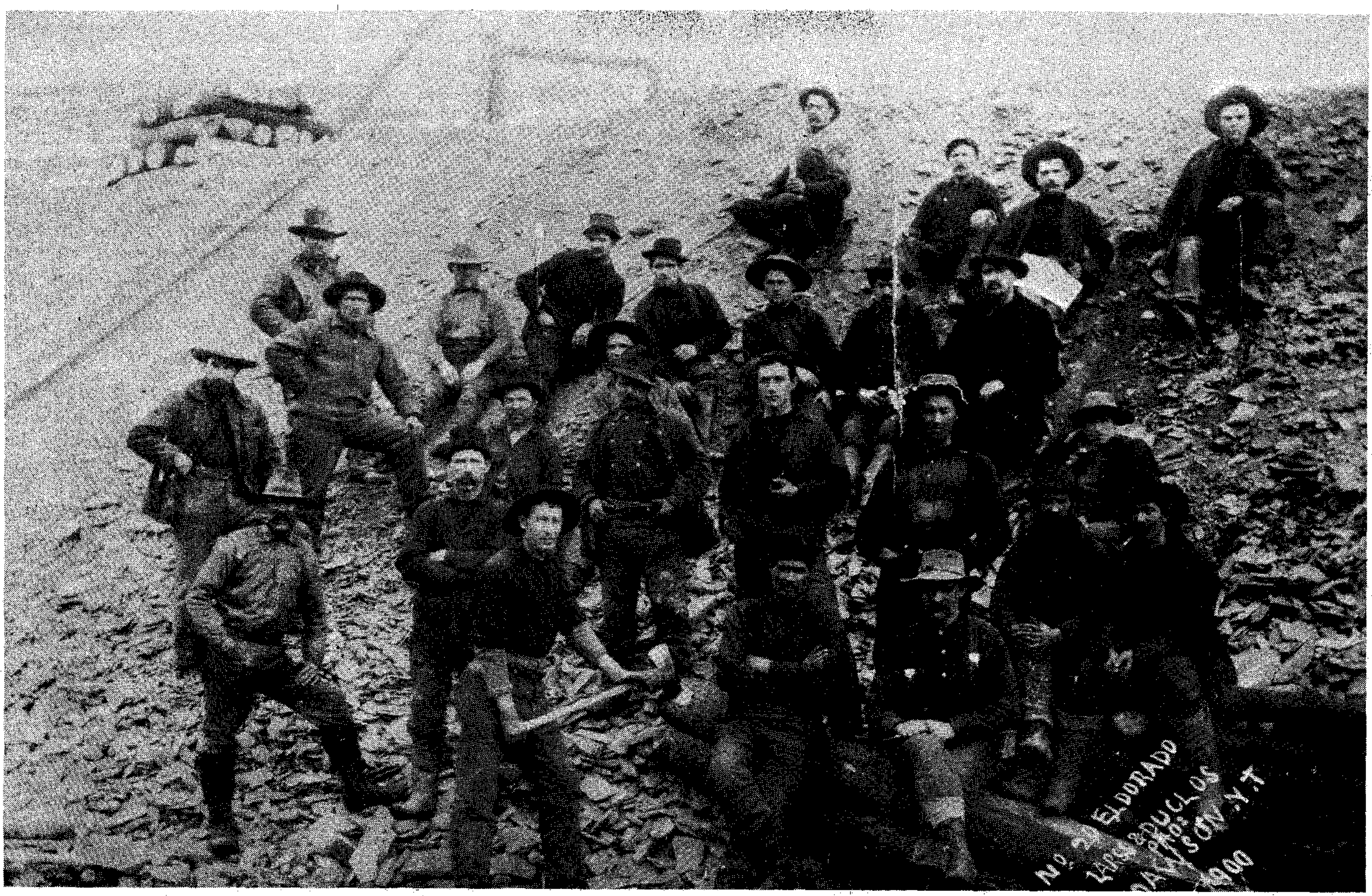
A GOLD STRIKE makes men forget their inadequacies. Those masses of humanity who rushed to the Klondike contained a few skilled miners and even fewer who were familiar with the rigors of a deep-freeze frontier. Some realized they were unequal to the challenge and turned back, but the great majority moved on, many to become part of the unknown hundreds who died along the trail.

Among those reaching Dawson was a sturdy little guy of Holland-Dutch descent. Though he stood only a bit over five feet, no one ever saw him back down from conflict with man or circumstances. Bert F. Starry had been conditioned to hardships and looking after himself long before the Klondike strike.

Born in 1859, he was just a boy when his widowed mother, a younger brother, and he left Gallia, Ohio for the uncertain life of northern California's gold fields. They joined their mother's brother, "Old Uncle John," in the Feather River country where Bert worked alongside experienced adults. The harsh life of the gold seekers developed his muscles, endurance, and self-reliance. Maturity came in a hurry.

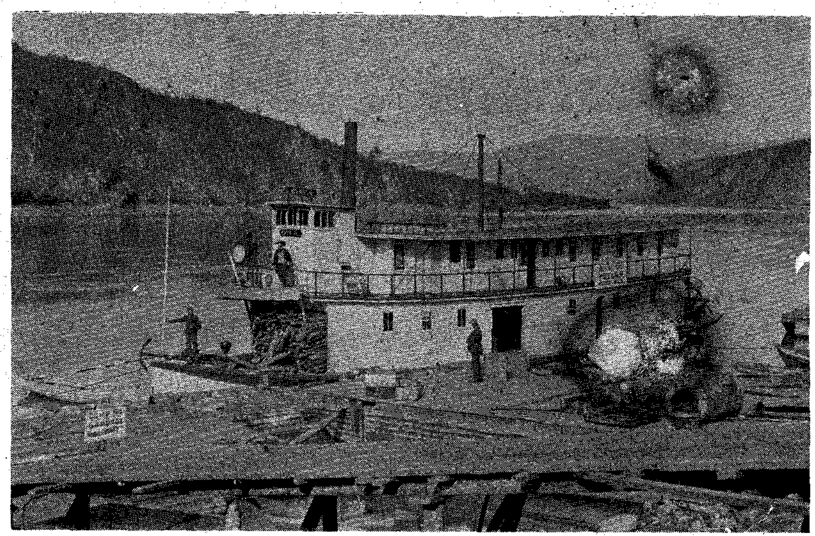
As soon as an accumulation of gold made it possible, the family moved south. Bert turned freighter, working in and around the struggling little town of Los Angeles. Following the unpredictable returns of gold seeking, a regular payday was welcome security. There was even enough left for the luxury of courting and eventually marriage.

As Bert set about establishing his own home, the family assumed that gold fever was no longer tormenting him, but when news came of the big strike in a little known area of Canada, they saw signs of restlessness. There was no way to avoid the subject. Newspapers carried glowing stories, men clustered on street corners to tell and retell rumors of fabulous gold deposits being located


No. 20 ELDORADO
LARSS & DUCLOS PHO.
DAWSON Y.T.
1900

Opposite page: Dawson was a boom town during the gold rush. Above: Bert Starry, center of second row, wearing a double-breasted shirt and with his thumbs hooked in his belt, at the Eldorado #20 in the spring of 1900.

The steamship *Ora* (right) which Starry rode in crossing lakes enroute to the Klondike and Eldorado #20 (below).



in every creek. By now Bert had several children and was torn by the need to stay and the yearning to go.

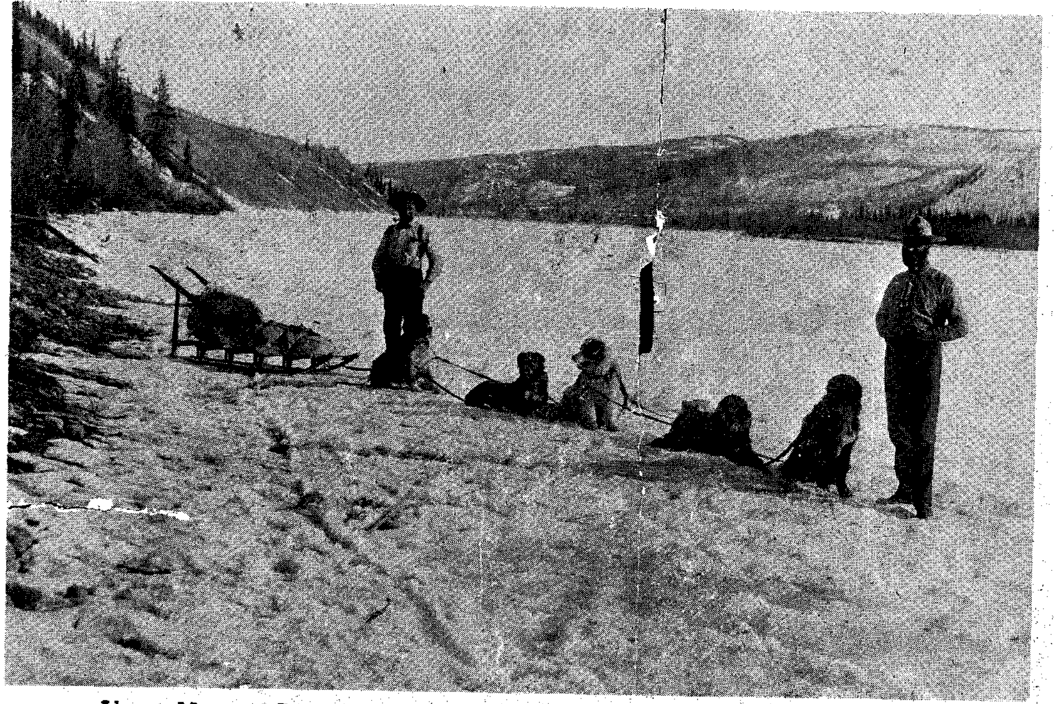
IT WAS ESTIMATED that at least a million U.S. citizens were on their way to the Klondike. The majority expected to gain wealth in a few quick shovels of gravel. They bought any gadget offered on the market, and a shovel *guaranteed* to pick up practically nothing but gold found a place in many packs that should have contained warm clothing and food instead.

Having previously experienced the shortage of everything from matches to clothing, food and shelter, Bert Starry took heed when the United States and Canadian governments asked men to stay out of the Klondike in 1897. They warned that the short warm season would be gone before sufficient supplies could reach the region. It would be a long winter, too cold to work; men would battle for the scanty food supplies, and the inexperienced would starve and freeze.

Friends and family tried to talk Bert out of considering a trip to the Klondike under any conditions; but secretly there were a few who understood and wished they too could give it a try. By early 1898 Bert Starry had completed arrangements for the trip north. His home was mortgaged to an uncle for passage money. The Chinese vegetable peddler and corner grocer would extend credit to his young wife so that she and their sons could manage until his return.

It was March 28, 1898 that the two older sons, Frank nine and Loren six, walked a block from their home and stood on the corner of 29th and San Pedro Streets in Los Angeles waiting for the train to go by carrying their father down to the mile-long wharf at Santa Monica. Bert stood at the back of the train and waved at his boys until they stood as small dots in the distance. At Santa Monica he boarded one of the vessels sailing for the Yukon Steamship line—the Klondike venture was underway.

It would be a long wait for Alice "Allie" Starry before she received word of her venturesome husband's arrival in the North Country. There were those



Above: Mounted Police on patrol in the Yukon. On the left, McKella, of Scottish descent, was Bert's favorite Mountie. The other is not identified.

who added to her concern by predicting that before the year was out she would be a widow with three boys to raise. But Allie, having been born into a pioneer family of the Oklahoma Indian country, was prone to keep her own counsel, and was equally determined to manage with or without the presence of a husband.

Well known for her bread baking, Allie decided to cash in on the skill. A regular customer route and door-to-door selling was undertaken by her sons. Every three months Frank, the oldest, was sent to pay interest and sometimes a bit of principal on the mortgaged home. Credit at the store was used only in emergencies, and eventually money orders started arriving from the Klondike. Even after the financial situation was eased, Allie stretched every dollar and continued baking bread.

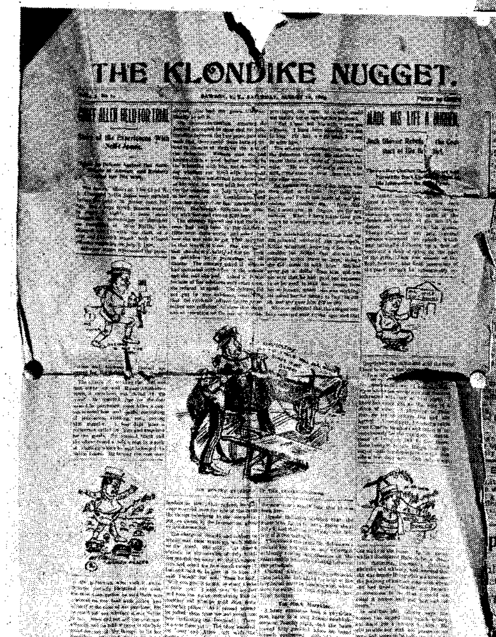
Bert's trip north by sea was just something to be endured. His dislike for deep water added to the discomfort of a crowded ship, but he was not alone in hanging to a purpose that was more compelling than comfort.

The ship's captain had been commissioned to carry the time to all ports. At first those aboardship kept their watches set at whatever time it was at home, be it New York, Indiana, Iowa or the West Coast. However, as the days went by and the ship blasted out the hour as it passed settlements or docked, one by one the passengers dropped this link with home and by the time they reached Skagway everyone was adjusted to the same schedule.

FROM SKAGWAY, Bert Starry like thousands of others made his way northeast toward the gold fields, becoming part of the well-documented struggle up White Horse Pass with hundreds of pounds of supplies and equipment. Bert back-packed his own supplies. Time and again he paused to encourage others to retain everything the Canadian government required, even though they were tempted to discard the lot and rush on to find their pots of gold.

The many lakes and waterways that were part of the trail soon became a

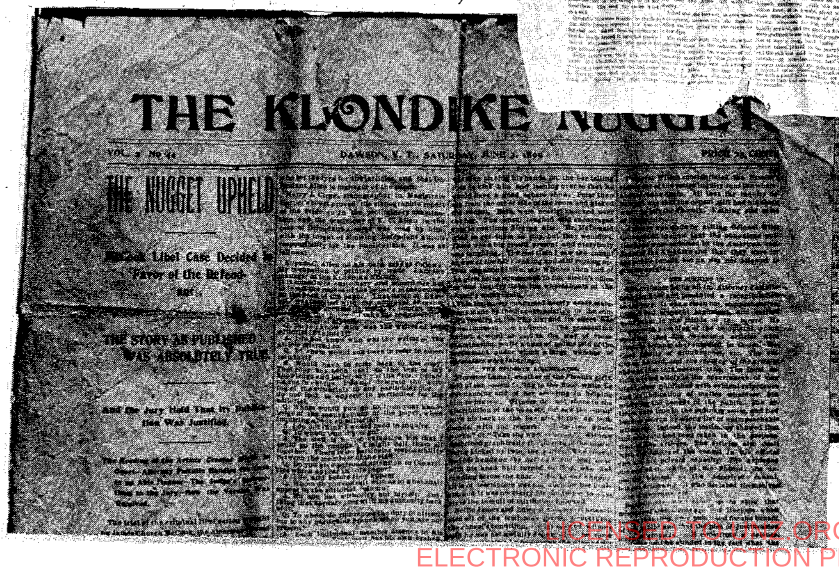
Below: The June 3, 1899 issues of the *Klondike Nugget* was almost entirely devoted to the paper's lawsuit with the American Consul in Dawson. Right: Cartoons enlivened the August 16th, 1899 story of Fire Chief W. J. Allen's stormy affair with Nellie James. Far right: Ads of prices, services and passage on the back sheet in 1899 were as interesting as the front page scandals.



THE KLONDIKE NUGGET.

CHIEF ALLEN HELD FOR TRIAL

MADE HIS LIFE A BURDEN.



THE KLONDIKE NUGGET

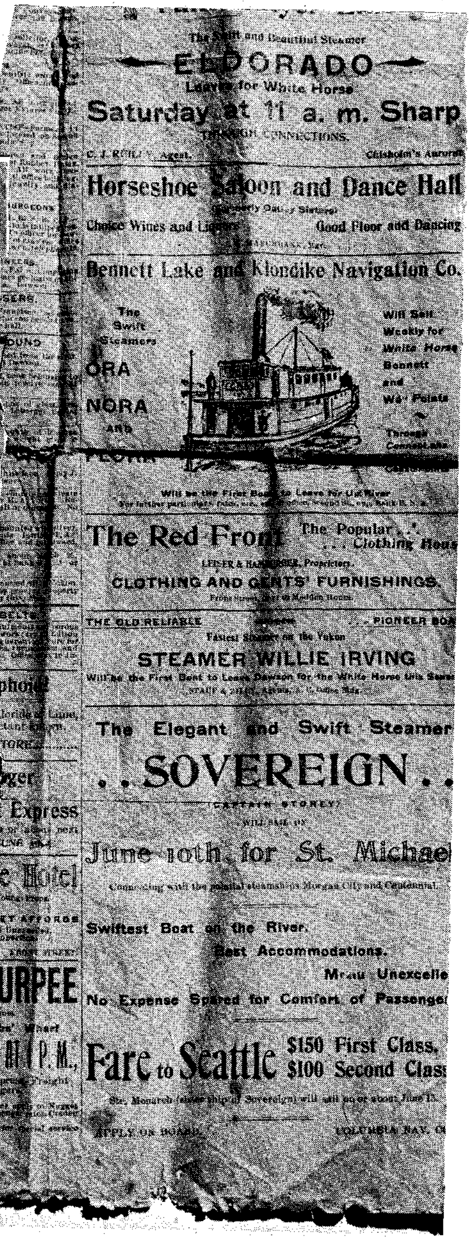
DAWSON, Y. T., SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1899

THE NUGGET UPHELD

Libel Case Decided in Favor of the Defendant

THE STORY AS PUBLISHED WAS ABSOLUTELY TRUE

And the Jury Held That Its Publication Was Justified.



The Swift and Beautiful Steamer

ELDORADO

Leaves for White Horse

Saturday at 11 a. m. Sharp

THROUGH CONNECTIONS.

C. J. REILLY, Agent. Chisholm's Aurora

Horseshoe Saloon and Dance Hall

Choice Wines and Liquors Good Floor and Dancing

Bennett Lake and Klondike Navigation Co.

The Swift Steamers ORA NORA AND FLORA

Will Sail Weekly for White Horse Bennett and Way Points

Through Connections

Will be the First Boat to Leave for Up River

The Red Front The Popular ... Clothing House

CLOTHING AND GENTS' FURNISHINGS.

THE OLD RELIABLE ... PIONEER BOA

Fastest Steamer on the Yukon

STEAMER WILLIE IRVING

Will be the First Boat to Leave Dawson for the White Horse this Season

STR. BURPEE

Smith & Hobbs' Wharf

EVERY MONDAY, AT 1 P. M.,

The Elegant and Swift Steamer

..SOVEREIGN..

WILL SAIL ON

June 10th for St. Michael

Connecting with the palatial steamships Morgan City and Centennial.

Swiftest Boat on the River.

Best Accommodations.

Menu Unexcelle

No Expense Spared for Comfort of Passenger

Fare to Seattle $150 First Class, $100 Second Class

Str. Monarch (sister ship of Sovereign) will sail on or about June 13.

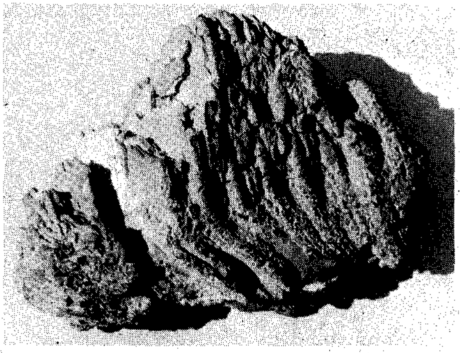
APPLY ON BOARD. COLUMBIA NAV. CO.

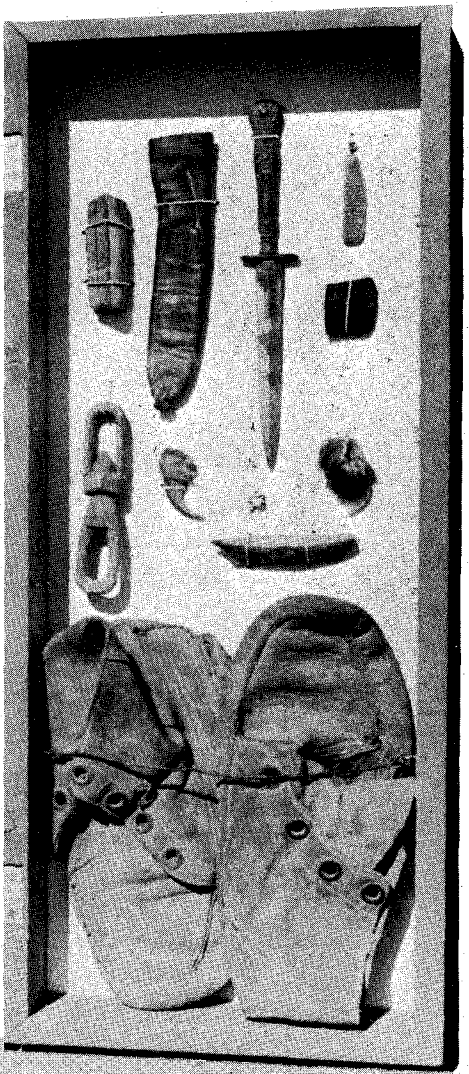
trial as again his dislike for deep water assailed him. Bert saw others building boats of all kinds so they could travel faster, while he waited on the bank of Lake La Barge for passage on a steamer that made regular trips north. He could not bring himself to attempt the trip in a small boat, though he was invited to share in the building and rowing. Day after day he watched men around him row north and new men arrive to build more boats. Day after day he also watched men and boats sink out of sight and listened to reports of drownings.

Later Bert remarked that a lot of publicity had been given the deaths on Chilkoot and White Horse Passes but little to the deaths of men in the lakes and rivers, which seemed just short of mass suicide. Men were in too great a hurry to get to the gold fields and they built makeshift boats that waves quickly swamped. The lack of experience in maneuvering rapids only added to the problems of substandard craft. The Mounties tried to help, advise, and keep the death rate down, but men thinking only of quick riches paid little heed and resented any controls imposed for their welfare.

To Bert Starry the North West Mounted Police were great men. Their patience and understanding seemed remarkable, considering the frenzied stampede of men that continued to pour in, spawning crime and tragedy. He never ceased to marvel at their willingness to cover miles of water, snow, and rugged mountains in an effort to rescue those who had ignored their advice, to help the inexperienced and still keep the stream of men moving.

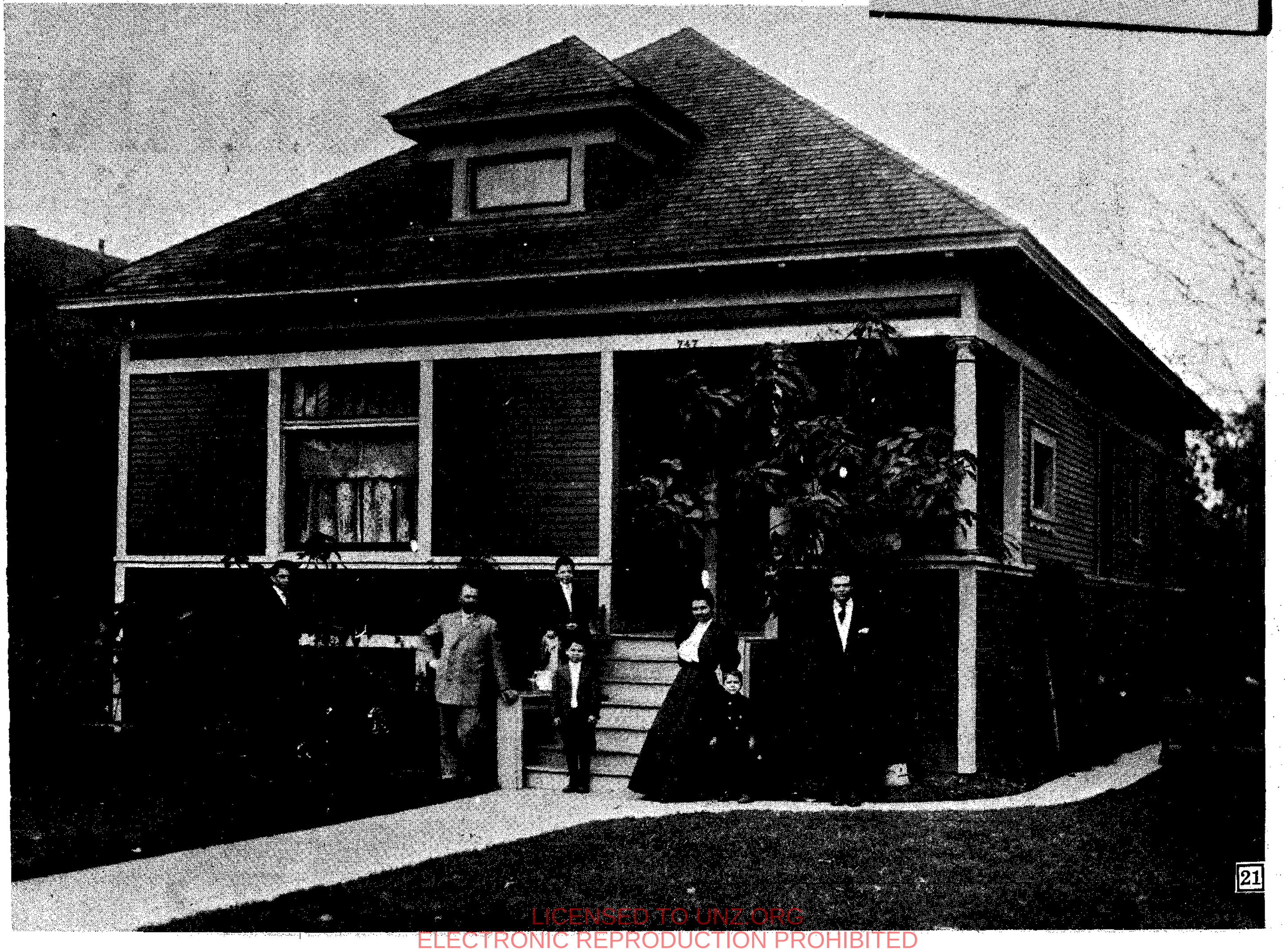
(Continued on page 36)

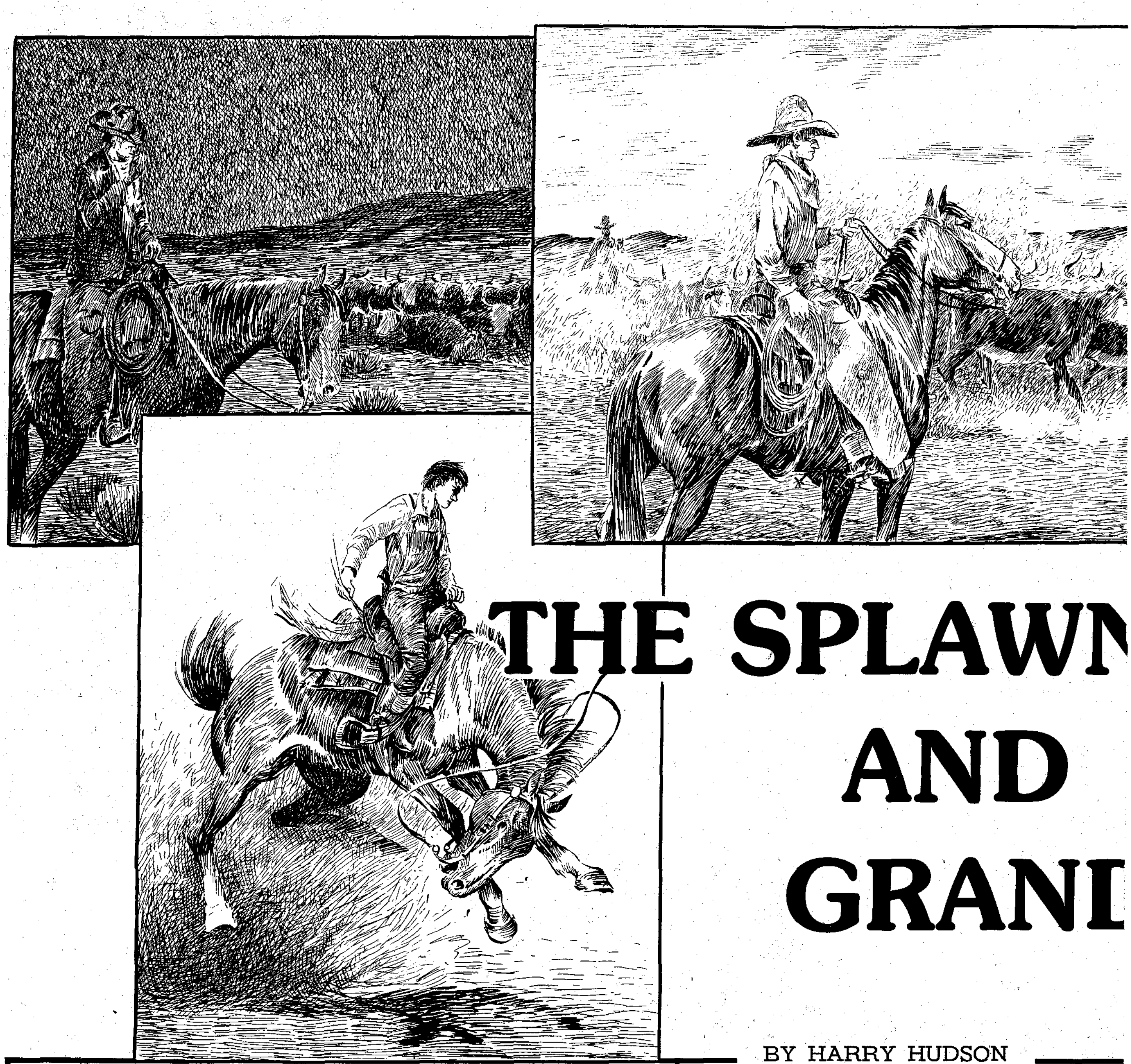




Above: Part of the enormous tooth dug out of the frozen ground of the Eldorado #20 mine in 1899. Right: Keepsakes which Starry brought out of the Klondike. Left to right, top row: Section of mastadon tusk, leather sheath and dagger, Eskimo-carved walrus tusk (good luck charm), and small piece of walrus hide. Second row: Carved wooden swivel, bear claws from animal he killed for food, little gold nugget, and a toy boat carved while waiting to cross Lake Bennett. Bottom: Eskimo-made moose skin moccasins worn during the trip out of the Klondike.

Below: In 1907 the Starry family posed in front of their home, which had been mortgaged for passage money to the Klondike. From left: Loren, Bret Sr., Ralph (on steps), Jack, Alice, Bert Jr., and Frank.





THE SPLAWN
AND
GRAN

BY HARRY HUDSON

Photo and Map Courtesy Author

Josh and Jim Splawn could take a kid and grow him up overnight — which was fortuna

JOSHUA WEST SPLAWN, commonly known as "Josh," was considered by everyone who knew him as a hard working man. He had come from West Texas, where he owned a sheep ranch of some 5,000 head, to Indian Territory in 1893. Josh had gone broke in the money panic that year. He told me later that sheep got down to 25¢ a head if you could sell them.

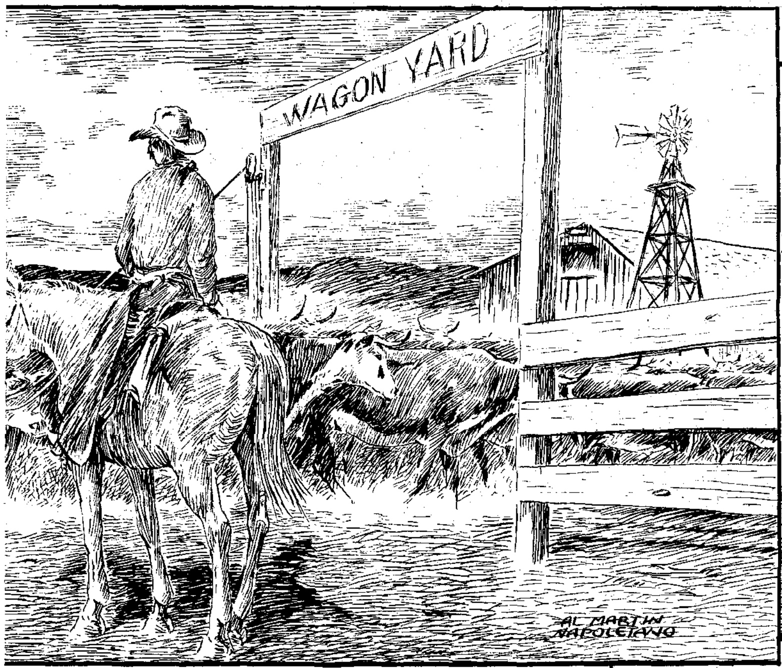
Josh finally got rid of his entire herd, though he had to take in a lot of horses in the deal, and headed for Indian Territory with his family. He went into partnership with his mother-in-law. Their cattle brand was Twelve Bar (12). They first settled in Love County about 10 miles northwest of Marietta. Then, about every year or two Josh would move from one small town to another, such as Cheek, and Overbrook which was eight miles due south of Ardmore. This is where he and his mother-in-law (Mrs. A. C. Rice) put their cattle on open range, then moved to what used to be known as Marsden.

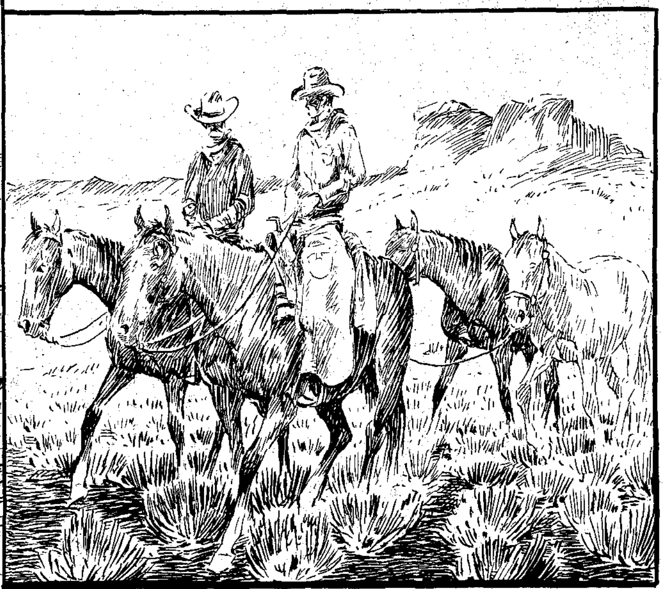
Josh was an all-around blacksmith and wheelwright. He finally settled on what was known as the Wallcott Plantation in Love County and there, in 1904 or 1905, I started working for him. I was twelve years old but quite large for my age.

Josh was a foxy horse trader and had a penchant for balky horses. He had some kind of knack for getting a balky horse straightened out, but he met his Waterloo when he traded for Saganall from a neighbor, Jim Johnson. Josh knew all about the horse and Johnson told him, too, that Saganall would balk and wouldn't pull or lead behind a wagon. Josh got some boot in the trade (as he always did).

One day Josh said, "Kid, let's take a 500-pound bale of cotton to Ardmore and take an extra horse along just in case." So we hooked up old Saganall with a good big horse and started. Right away Saganall balked, so Josh tied a knot in his tail then tied a rope above the knot to the single tree, and Saganall pulled. But Josh was not the kind to punish a horse.

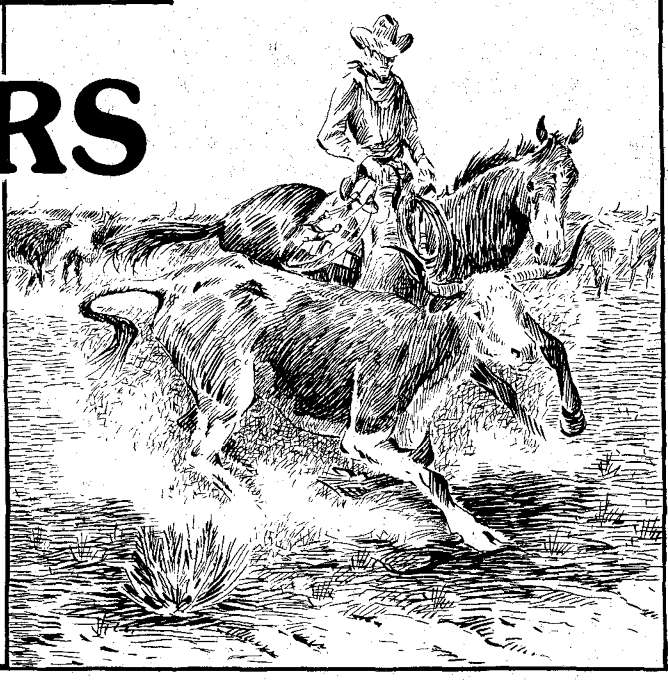
Josh was not brutal, so he put the other horse in and tied a rope around Saganall's neck and to the back axle of the wagon and started. Old Saganall squatted and slid on all four feet. Josh took a long rope and ran it over his back, making a diamond cross, then under his





BROTHERS

MA RICE



Illustrations by Al Martin Napoletano

ecause few cowboys ever had time to spend a whole year being twelve years old!

tail and back down either side, through the rings of the bridle bits, and tied on to the hind axle. Old Sag squatted and bawled and slid for a few steps, but decided to lead and did. Josh just said, "I'll not bother him anymore," and he never did. He told me to take Saganall back home and turn him on the range with the other horses. There was no stock law in Indian Territory at that time.

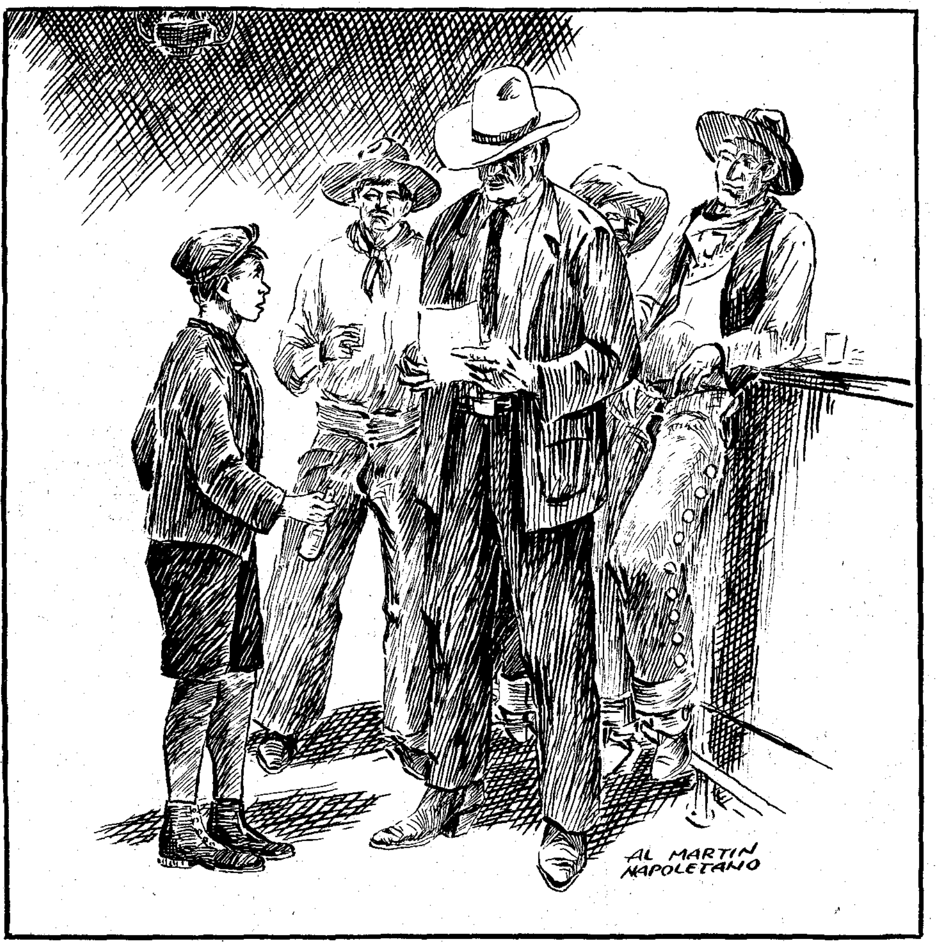
JOSH went out West about eighty or ninety miles the summer of 1905 to see his brother-in-law, John Rice, who was a rural mail carrier out of Temple, Oklahoma Territory. While out there he rented a farm for the next year, so he had to move that fall. Josh and his mother-in-law had a bunch of cattle on a range about two miles from Overbrook some eight or ten miles away.

Josh called Mrs. Rice "Mama," so I called her "Grandma." Grandma owned a black Mustang mare called Nigger. One day she said to me, "We'll get up early in the morning and go see about the cattle." They had about 110 head—some scrubs and some Texas longhorns. Josh told me to ride Saganall, that Johnson had said he was a genuine cow horse.

Josh had had a man working for him named Seth Carter, but he had left and had forgotten his slicker and spurs. The spurs were locked rowel. The next morning I wanted to show off so I tied Seth's slicker on the saddle behind the horn and put the spurs on. Seth Carter was a very good bronc-buster, and on Saturday and Sunday riding calves was our sport, for several miles around. Seth and a couple of cowboys from Mr. Pittman's ranch (Pittman had cattle all over the western part of Love County), were the top riders. One time Seth was on a bad bucking horse and I saw him ease to one side and hook that rowel on his right boot in the cinch. Later I asked him why he did that and he told me, "Kid, if you are ever on a bucking horse, do that and pull leather and you might ride him."

Anyway, as we were saddling up (of course, Grandma rode sidesaddle), Grandma said, "You leave those spurs here." But I didn't. We rode up where the cattle were and counted them. They were all there and all okay, so we started home, riding side by side.

Then for some unknown reason Grandma slapped Nigger with the bridle reins.



cattle about noon and started in a northwesterly direction to Lone Grove (which is still there) about six or seven miles due west of Ardmore. We camped for the night and stood guard until the cattle were bedded down. Then, if one of us woke up about 4 a.m. he was expected to ride around them one time, just in case. We then headed straight west and camped at a waterhole which was later to be a boom town—New Wilson. It's a ghost town now.

The next night we made camp in the wagon yard at Cornish. We put all the cattle in the wagon yard and got plenty of hay for them. There was a big windmill and a long trough right in the middle of the yard. Next day we drove northwest for a while and then straight west and entered the Washington cow ranch. That night we made camp about 500 yards north of the ranch headquarters. Del Ray, I think, had worked on this ranch, for he knew some of the cowboys. He rode up to the ranch house and got some yeast to make some sourdough bread. We had a Dutch oven and all the irons to hang the coffee pots and pans on.

Two of the Washington boys came back with their fiddle and guitar. Those two boys were old-time cowhands and good musicians.

They had just killed a heifer. We had all the steak and sourdough bread you could want, and you can't beat it. One thing the musicians did, they lulled the cattle to sleep. Then one of them noticed old Saganall.

"Mr. Splawn," he asked, "where did you get that horse?"

Josh had already slapped his brand on him, so he said he had traded for him from Jim Johnson who lived about nine miles northwest of Marietta.

The old cowboy said, "That horse was born and raised and broke on this cow ranch, but Bill Washington traded him off because he wouldn't work or lead." The cowboy said he had throwed every cowhand on that ranch and that Washington thought he was the meanest horse that ever lived. Josh and Del and I grinned at each other but said nothing.

Then the cowboy asked, "Mr. Splawn, you have got one of the best all-around cow horses that ever wore a hackamore. And he is one of the best cutting horses and also a good roping horse. If you want me to, I'll be down here in the morning before you all leave and I'll show you." He said he wanted to get to enjoy the good feeling of a good horse under him.

Josh said, "Fine," so the cowboy was down there bright and early. He put his saddle on Saganall and said, "Mr. Splawn, pick a cow you want out."

The cattle were all bunched up and Josh pointed to a two-year-old longhorn, which was about in the middle. The cowboy rode in, got Saganall right up against the steer, pointed at him and said, "Let's go." He reached up and pulled the bridle off, and out they came. Then he got down and put the bridle on, got back on the horse, got his rope down and tore out after the steer. The old boy was a good roper. When his loop

(Continued on page 42)

That made Nigger jump, and Saganall jumped too. He evidently thought a horse race was on, for he grabbed the bits between his front teeth and away he flew. He ran for about a quarter of a mile and headed for a grove of trees. He would pick out a big limb that he could go under, but I would see it in time to lean way over and duck.

After Saganall tried two or three limbs and saw he couldn't brush me off, all at once he got his head between his front legs and started bawling, and here he broke in two. Well, I did what Seth Carter told me to do—I got that bent rowel hung in the cinch, and I got the horn in my left hand, and I had the long saddle strings behind the back of the saddle in my right hand, and I fairly rode ole Sag to a standstill. That day I found out what "sunfishing" meant. Saganall would swap ends with himself in the air and come down stiff-legged. Now, if you think that is a good feeling, you should try it.

Grandma came loping up and began yelling, "Ride him, cowboy! Ride him, cowboy!" I did, and when he stopped I stepped down off him and just dropped the reins. He was ground-hitch broke. Anyway, he was worn out. Grandma rode up to a stump about stirrup high, slid her long, black riding habit off and dismounted. "Let's rest for awhile," she said, tying Nig to a tree. "Take your knife and cut me a few toothbrushes off of that hackberry tree over there and be sure to cut behind the knot. I believe this exhibition calls for a dip."

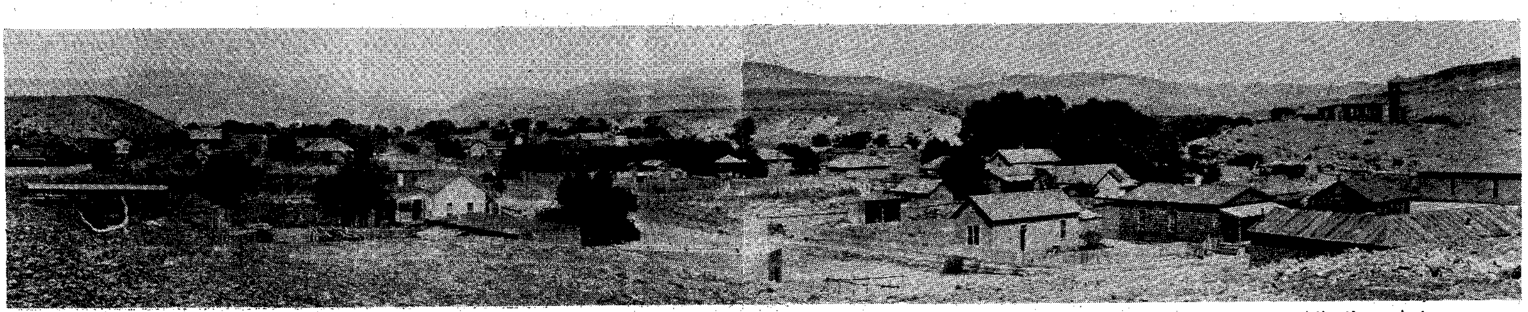
I agreed. "Yeah, Grandma, it calls for a smoke." I already had my Bull Durham out.

"Good Lord, boy, you cut out all that meanness. Those cigarettes will kill you." Then she said, "Well, maybe you deserve a good smoke."

From then on, the name of "Cowboy" stuck for awhile. That night at the supper table Grandma unraveled the story about it. The next day Josh saw Johnson and told him about it. Johnson said that Seth Carter and I were the only ones that had ever rode that horse to a standstill, as far as he knew. That day, after we'd got home, I had ducked through the kitchen and swiped a handful of sugar to give to ole Saganall, and I continued doing that every day if I had a chance.

PRETTY SOON it was moving day. Josh had sold his crop in the field—just lumped it off like he always did. He made a good deal. Then he hired a cowboy from the Pittman spread to go along all the way to Temple with us and help me drive the cattle. Josh also got three neighbors to help move us. There were four wagons, and a two-seated hack for his family to ride in. This was called "first-class moving." One of the wagons had an attachment like a roundup wagon as the Pittman cowboy, Delbert Ray, was a roundup cook and a good one.

Of course, there were no paved roads in that country, just a wagon rut to follow, and no markers. We had to follow the sun and get information wherever we could, but what a grand old time we had along the way. We picked up our



Hillsboro, New Mexico, 1900.

Western Publications photo

His Mexican housekeeper may have been the only one with a clue to

KID WILSON'S MISSING CACHE

BY ROSEA PADILLA
as told to
CLARA MITCHELL

Author's Note: The story of the missing mule train was told to me in 1962 by an 85-year-old lady who was visiting in Clovis, New Mexico. Mrs. Padilla told of a mule train of gold, silver bars, and Spanish and American coins which were taken in a raid by the Wilson gang.

"I was just nineteen years old, a young married woman, when I was hired to keep house for a big rancher at Hillsboro, New Mexico. I stayed with Red Wilson after my husband died until he too passed away.

"My husband had been hired to build fence around the ranch. Mr. Wilson had his own crew that worked the range for him. Often Mr. Wilson and his hired men would leave the ranch for several days—sometimes it ran into weeks before I would see them again. I never questioned Mr. Wilson on the matter. I never thought it was my place.

"All the time I worked for Red Wilson, up till he took sick, I didn't know he was the ring leader of a gang that raided throughout New Mexico and sometimes in Texas. Where Mr. Wilson came from I never knew."

But Rosea did find where to go to reach a rich treasure—"All you have to do," she said, "is just go and get it."

Mrs. Padilla nursed Wilson for several months before his death, during which time they became very good friends. Wilson never had a family of his own, so Rosea filled the void in his final days. Shortly before Wilson's death he told her a little about his life and what he had done. One of the incidents he confided concerned a nine muleload train of riches which he and his men appropriated. This is the way Rosea Padilla recalled the story as Red told it to her:

"Mr. Wilson said that late one night in the summer of 1878, a good friend and informer came to the ranch and told him of a big shipment leaving Silver City, New Mexico. The informer said that there were seven muleloads of gold and silver bars, and two muleloads of Spanish and American coins. The owners of the train had decided to go through the Mimbres Mountains, that it would be shorter. The shipment was to leave Silver City and go to Santo Tomas. There were only a few men who knew this.

"Mr. Wilson said he and his men talked it over until early morning before deciding to pull the job. The next question was where to overtake the train and where to hide the stuff until things cooled down and they could get back to it. The next morning early, Mr. Wilson and his gang left on what they called a 'hunting trip.' They reached the Mimbres Mountains that evening and made camp on some high cliffs; there they could see far without worry of being seen themselves. In the low land there were Indians, and the soldiers passed every so often. With all of them set in place, everyone waited.

"WHEN Mr. Wilson's lookout gave the signal that the mule train was coming down the pass, he gave orders

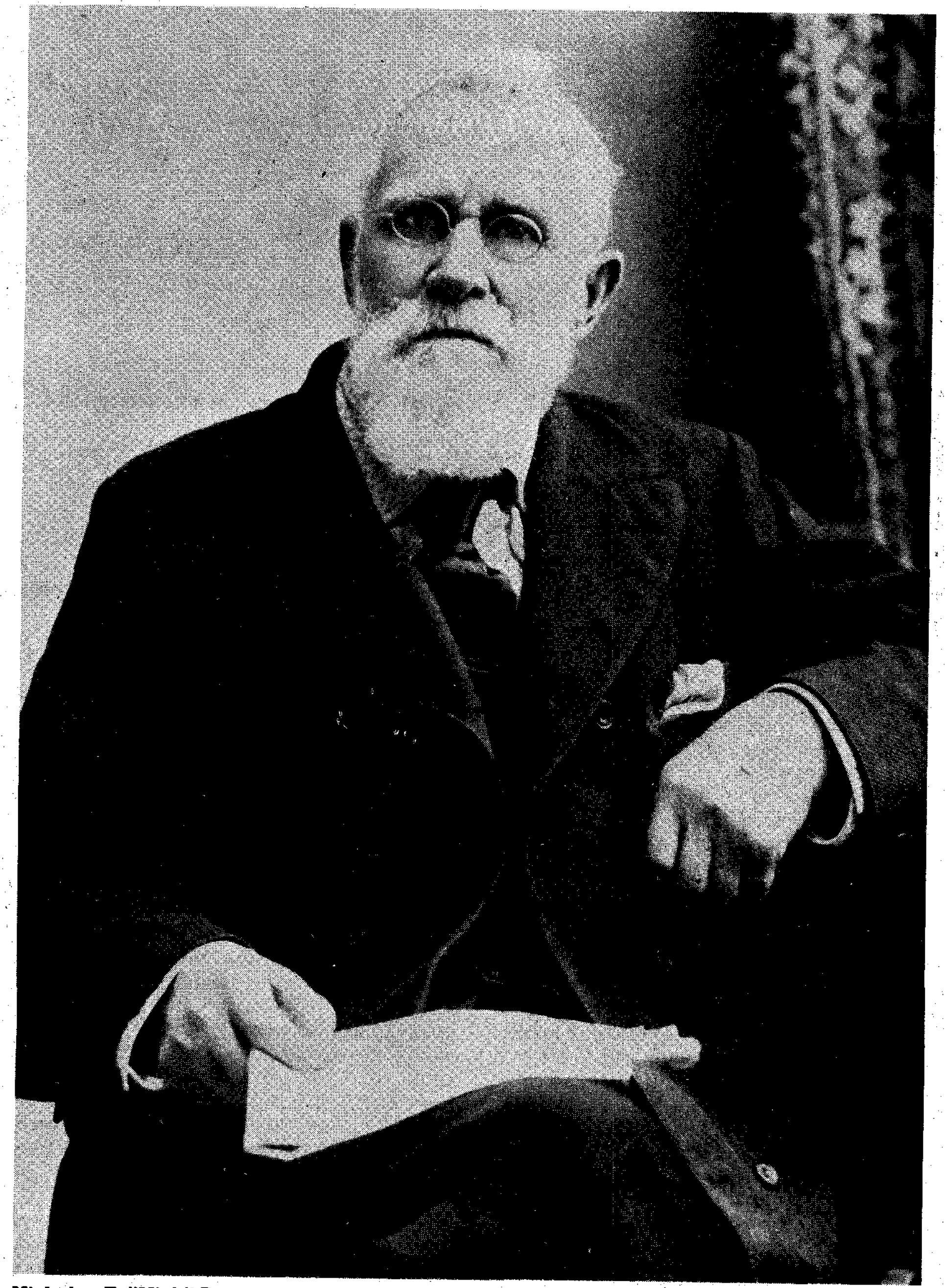
(Continued on page 38)

Wilson and his gang made camp close to Mesilla, New Mexico (left), circa 1880. He went through El Paso, Texas. Shown here in a street scene (right) looking south, 1879.

Courtesy Collections in the Museum of New Mexico

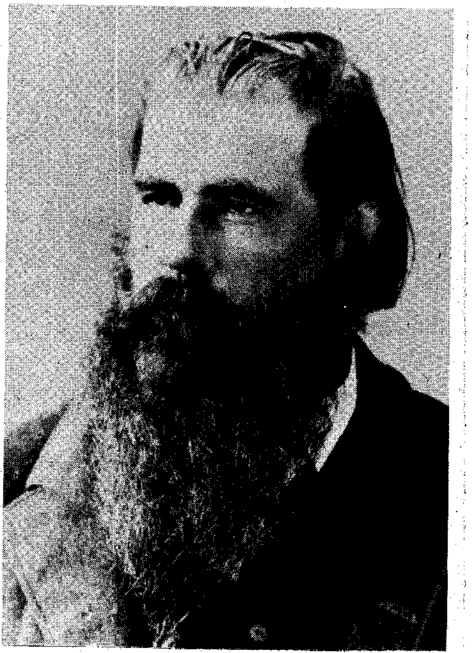
Courtesy El Paso Centennial Museum

Courtesy Douglas County Museum



Nicholas T. "Nick" Day

Courtesy Minter Collection, Douglas County Museum



Ashford Clayton

One man stood between them and a volunteer army of whites. He may well have saved this tribe from extermination...

THE UMPQUA INDIANS' NARROW ESCAPE

BY HOWARD WYLIE

Photos and Map Courtesy Author

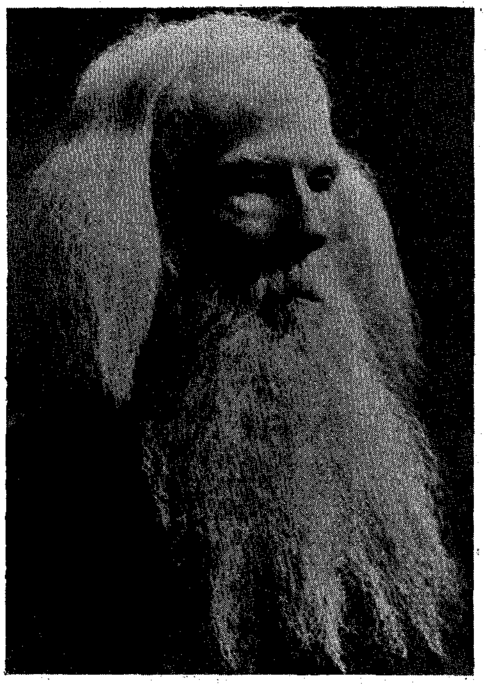
CHIEF TYEE of the Umpqua tribe raised his old de-hammered gun, sighted it at imaginary enemies in the fir trees across Calapooia Creek and showed Hoy Flournoy how he would fight the Southern Oregon Indian War of 1855. The squat old Chief said the *masatchee* Bostons (bad whites) and the *masatchee* Indians were all bad, and he would shoot them all, given the chance.

Flournoy, a slender dark man of French descent, didn't speak Chinook jargon very well and the old chief knew but few words of English. Their conversation depended on grunts and gestures. The Chief believed Flournoy was asking his opinion of the Indian trouble on Rogue River, and the Frenchman thought the old Indian was threatening local white settlers. By the next morning, because of this misunderstanding, three determined white men would be all that stood between the Umpquas and a volunteer army of eager Indian fighters. One of these men, Nicholas T. "Nick" Day, Umpqua pioneer and Special Indian Agent, would have to use his wits to save this tribe from slaughter.

When he first encountered Chief Tyee, Hoy Flournoy was scouting the Indian encampment near the mouth of Calapooia Creek to see how hostile the Umpquas might be. A few miles away in French Settlement lived the settlers whom Flournoy had guided north from California three years before, the Archambeaus, Larauts, LaBries and his own family. He felt a great responsibility for them, and news of massacres by the Rogue River Indians to the south hadn't lessened his anxiety. Now, he thought, there was serious trouble close to home.

Flournoy stood in the center of the Indian village, trying to understand Chief Tyee's speech. The Chief hopped

Courtesy Minter Collection, Douglas County Museum



Jesse Clayton

excitedly about the mid-day campfire, drawing a bead on the forest shadows beyond, shaking his brown fist at the rock bluffs above. Other men, women and children quickly gathered in the clearing. A chant began. Drums beat. Suddenly Hoy Flournoy panicked. He wheeled and fled. The gun-waving Tyee began stomping to the rhythm of the drums. He hardly noticed when the white man disappeared.

Kentucky-born Hoy Flournoy knew Indians and Indian fighters, including Daniel Boone, and he had been captain of a wagontrain crossing the Plains, but this was the first time he had ever been so frightened. He hurried to his two-story log stockade and warned his family to stay inside and bolt the doors. He posted men with rifles at the upstairs windows, narrow loops cut for just this purpose. Then he rode through Flournoy, Coles and Looking Glass Valleys, spreading the alarm, advising the scattered settlers to protect themselves. Finally, late in the afternoon, he galloped into Roseburg, headquarters for the volunteer army, to ask Colonel William J. Martin to disarm the Umpqua tribe.

HOY FLOURNOY had learned from past experiences to distrust Indians, but his neighbor Nick Day had come under a different influence. Day knew such peacemakers as General Joseph Lane, General Joel Palmer and pioneer Jesse Applegate. While Territorial Governor Lane was considered a top military man in the Northwest, at Table Rock near Jacksonville he had made peace with the warring Rogues in 1853. Palmer, a Quaker, served as non-combatant quartermaster during the Cayuse War and was now Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Oregon. He negotiated a series of Indian treaties in 1854. His pacifist views were well known, although many settlers criticized him. He was unpopular with those who felt that the only good Indian was a dead Indian.

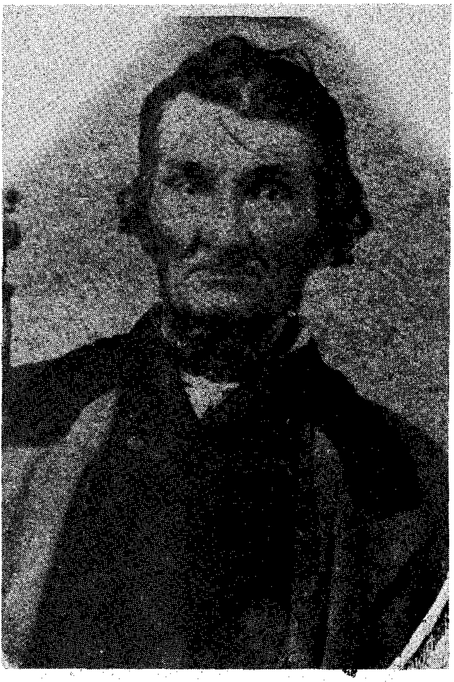
Palmer knew Nick Day personally and chose him to guard Chief Tyee's tribe until the Indians could be moved to the Grand Ronde Reservation in Yamhill County. In 1855, Day assembled the Umpquas in a camp about a mile below his house. He doled out daily government rations of beef and flour to them. Flournoy had found Chief Tyee there, in Day's camp.

The Umpquas, a loose federation of several bands, were known to be a peaceful tribe. They gave venison to the starving emigrants on the Applegate Trail in 1846, ferried them across the North Umpqua River, and had been friendly toward the white men ever since. Now they were gathered on the banks of the river near the mouth of Calapooia Creek, waiting to leave their valley under the terms of one of Palmer's 1854 treaties. They had few guns and, except for Chief Tyee's noisy threats against the *masatchee* Bostons, they menaced no one. Without the timely intervention of Nick Day in the plans of Hoy Flournoy and the volunteers, these harmless natives would have been annihilated.

The Day brothers, Jesse, Henry and Nicholas, had moved from their native Virginia to Wisconsin in 1841. Here they mined for lead in the rich Galena District and voted for Wisconsin's admission to the Union. In 1850 the Days started West with a small party which included Al Hill, John Ernest, and their cousins Patterson and George Day. They crossed the Missouri River at Iowa Point and saw their first prairie Indian lodges.

The Days rode through Forts Kearny and Laramie, following the Fort Hall route. They planned to take the California Trail, but they met Hill's brother who advised them to head for Oregon first, stay until spring, and then go south. Hill said that emigrants crowded the California trail, their stock had eaten all the grass, and cholera was prevalent along the way. The Day party turned north toward the Columbia.

Courtesy Douglas County Museum



Hoy Flournoy

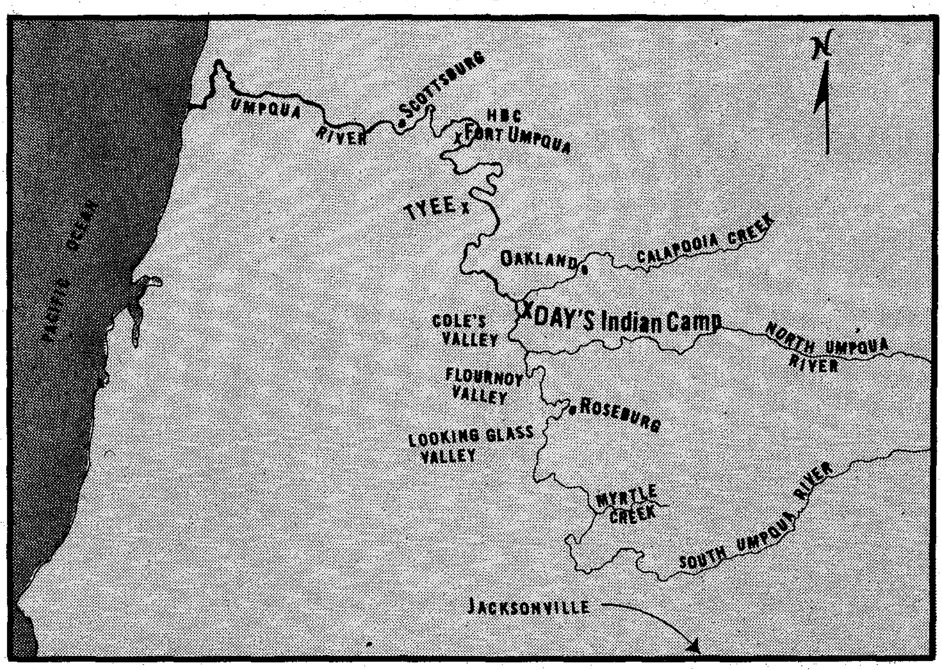
On August 5 the men arrived at The Dalles, Oregon, and hired out for about two months to Major Tucker for $5 a day, hewing timbers for the government log fort. From there they crossed the Cascades on the Barlow Road.

Nicholas Day wrote of their arrival in the Willamette Valley:

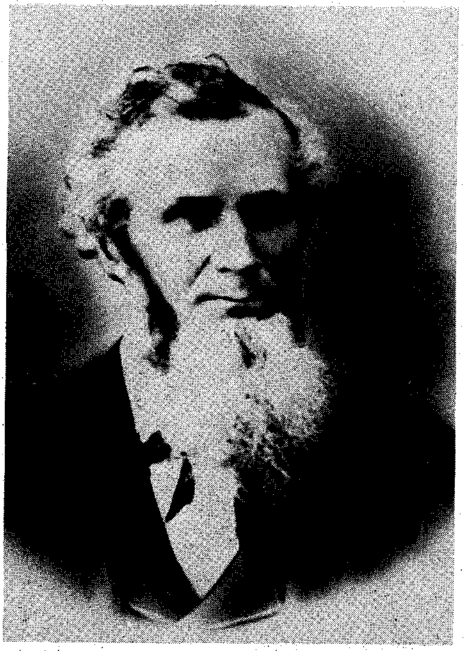
"When we reached the home of that great old friend of the emigrants, Philip Foster, and our horses heard the chickens crowing, they neighed very loud in their own language: 'We have reached civilization!' Mr. Foster gave us the finest dinner we ever ate, or so it seemed to me at that time.

"We then made our way slowly to Salem which was then only a small village. We crossed the river into Polk

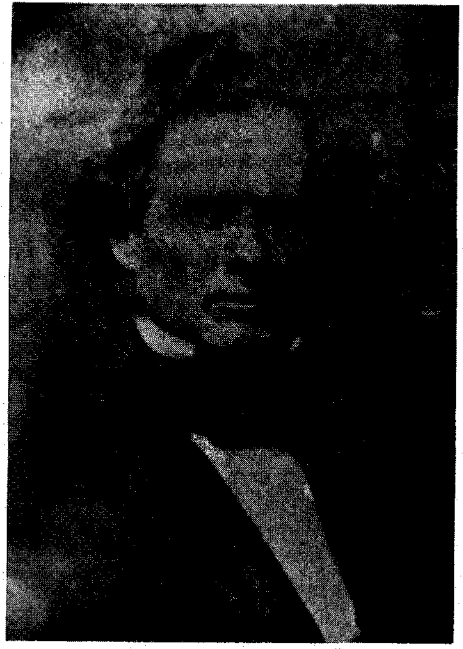
Area in southwestern Oregon where the tragedy was averted.



All photos this page Courtesy Douglas County Museum



General Joel Palmer



General Joseph Lane

County, met our old friend Major Walker, and spent the winter in Yamhill County." The Day brothers were raised to be Southern gentlemen. Their good manners and handsome faces found them a welcome wherever they traveled.

In Dayton, the brothers cut shingles, rested their horses and made the acquaintance of General Joel Palmer.

Early in the spring of 1851, Nick, Jesse and Henry Day started for Yreka and the northern California mines in company with General Palmer and twenty-one other men. They passed through Yoncalla Valley and stopped over with Jesse Applegate, friend and protector of Chief Halo and the Yoncalla Indians.

At Winchester, Tom Smith (later judge of Douglas County) ferried them across the North Umpqua River. Nick Day took a good look at the unclaimed lands of the fertile Umpqua Valley and decided to return there some day to make his home. Now, while he was young, he had no desire to build a cabin and clear land—not while there was gold for the digging in California.

THE COMPANY arrived in Siskiyou County in April, just after the Yreka discovery. A motley assortment of miners filled the bustling Shasta camp: Chinese, Spaniards, free blacks, and whites from many places. At night, campfires flickered across the California hillside. The plaintive singing of the Mexicans, the rollicking tunes of the Forty-niners and the braying of the hobbled pack animals lulled the tired men to sleep.

General Joseph Lane rode up to Day's camp one morning. He had a little Indian boy on his horse, and he displayed one of the largest gold nuggets Nick Day had ever seen. Lane was an imposing figure, sitting straight upon his beautiful black mare, his boots shined, his shirt starched. Nick marveled at the contrast between the General and the unkempt miners in their wrinkled clothes.

The party panned gold on Cherry Creek, in French Gulch and elsewhere. In the summer they staked claims on Humbug Creek and in the fall they returned to Oregon with about a thousand dollars apiece. The following spring, Nick chose his Donation Land Claim of 320 acres in the Umpqua Valley. His neighbors were the friendly Umpqua Indians. He would have three years to become acquainted with Chief Tyee's band before the outbreak of the Southern Oregon Indian War in 1855.

Nick Day described the Umpquas in this way: "They should not be confused with the Rogue River Indians, who were of a warlike nature and lived principally by hunting; but, on the contrary, they were peaceable and harmless, and lived almost entirely on fish and camas and the seed of the tarweed, which latter the squaws would gather by first burning off the other grass and then shaking out the seeds into their aprons. When they got a handful, they would toss it over their shoulder into a sack. The camas was dug with a pointed stick, only the bulbs being used.

"This tribe, as I say, never had the reputation of being warlike and whatever alarm might have been felt at times over Indians in general, I felt confident that unless provoked to a great extent, or desperate for their own safety, they would never give any just cause for alarm."

But Hoy Flournoy believed there was every cause to fear an attack by the Umpquas, and on that autumn day in 1855 he rode to enlist the aid of troops who might start the very trouble Day hoped to prevent.

When Flournoy reached Roseburg that afternoon, a runner had just entered Colonel Martin's headquarters with a message that a platoon of volunteers, part of Jonathan Keeney's company from Linn County, was in Oakland, marching south to take part in the Southern Oregon Indian War on Rogue River. Oakland was on Calapooia Creek, just twelve miles above the village of Chief Tyee.

After Flournoy told his story, Colonel Martin sent Jim Patton and Charley Haight to intercept the troops and direct them down the creek to the Umpqua Indian camp. They were to make a forced march and attack as soon as possible.

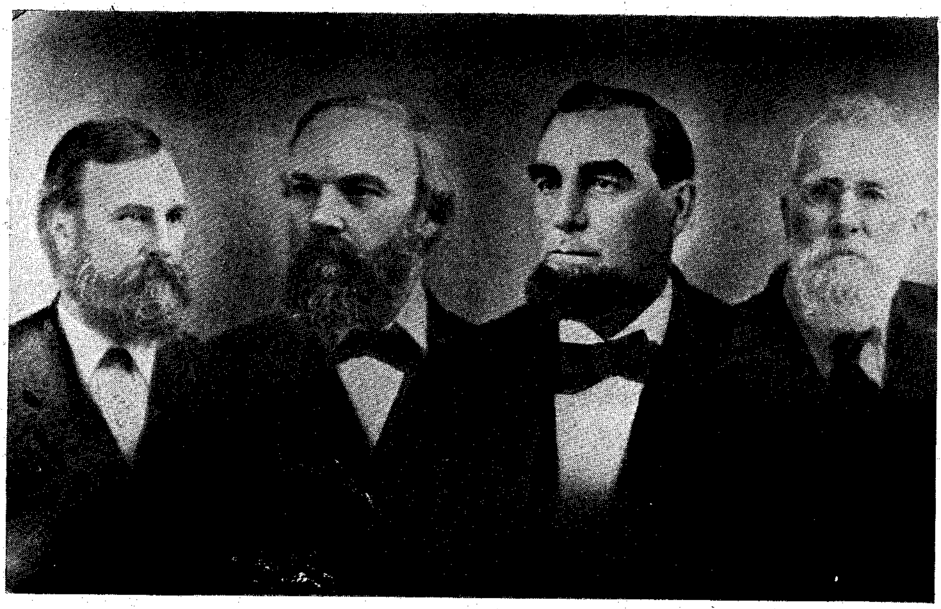
IN a small town such as Oakland in 1855, a dog fight or a runaway horse brought a crowd; so when the troops started filing in from the north and the two messengers came racing up from Roseburg, everyone turned out to see what the excitement was all about.

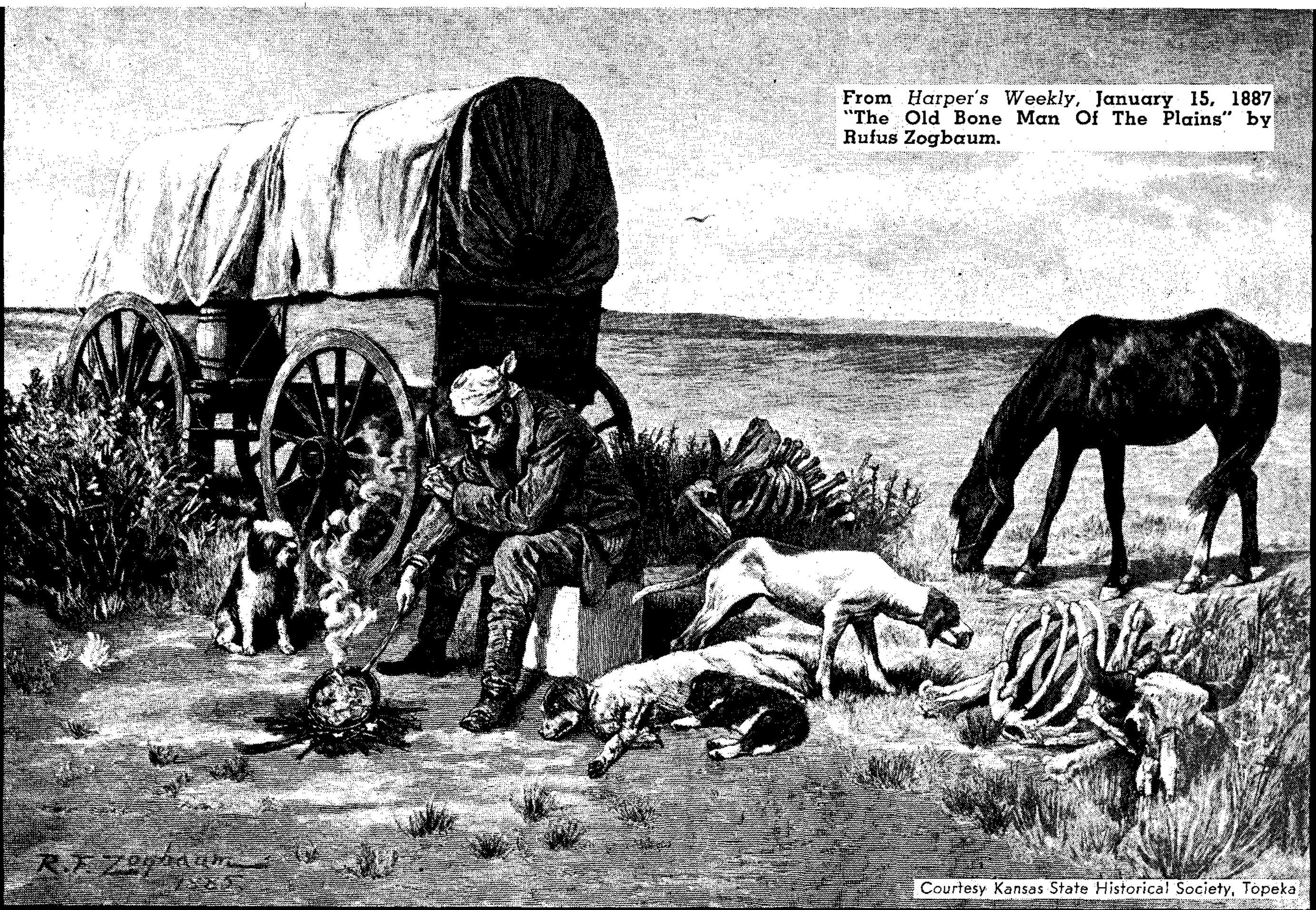
Jesse and Ashford Clayton, as soon as they heard the troops had been ordered to attack the Umpqua tribe, saddled horses and rode off to warn Nick Day.

Nick was in bed asleep. The Claytons pounded on his slab door and hollered for him to get his pants on, the troops

(Continued on page 64)

Four of the Day brothers, born in Tazewell County, Virginia, at Burke's Garden. Nick Day is on the right.





From *Harper's Weekly*, January 15, 1887 "The Old Bone Man Of The Plains" by Rufus Zogbaum.

Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

BUFFALO BONE PICKERS

BY BEN TOWNSEND

Photos Courtesy Author

For a while the remains of the buffaloes supplied a living to the plains settlers whose future was only a little less bleak than the great beasts' own . . .

YELLOW moonlight washed the prairie and for miles landmarks stood out in bold relief against the cloudless sky. The two men on the seat of the freighting wagon were gaunt and haggard. The tobacco-stained chin whiskers of one slumped forward against the front of his shirt. He cuddled a Sharps rifle in his lap and his snores raked loudly above the creaking wheels.

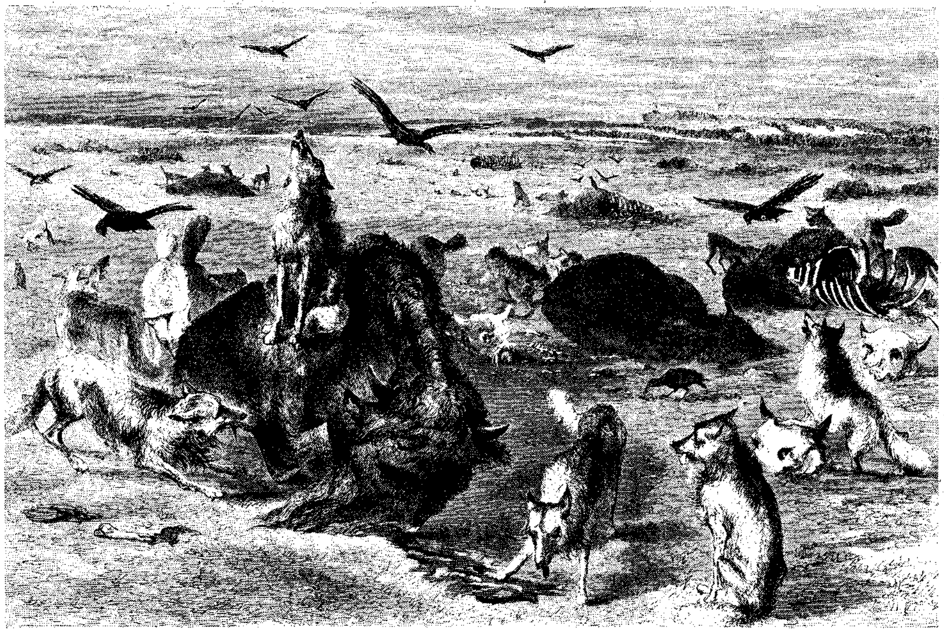
The big-eared mules pulling the wagon followed the rutted road unguided. When the wagon reached the top of a rise, the man upright on the seat saw the dark form of cottonwoods lining the twisting Solomon River of northern Kansas. Soon the lamps of Abilene pricked the night several miles off. He elbowed his partner.

"Wake up, Ed. Your snorin' is scarin' the mules."

The whiskered face jerked up. The man pawed for his rifle. "What? Huh? What didja say, Cyrus?" Then he was wide awake. He yawned, stretched his arms and his eyes fastened on the lights of Abilene. "Oughta be there in an hour," he said, licking his lips. "A drink sure will taste good. My throat's dry as a cactus."

(Continued on page 54)

Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection



"Slaughter of Buffaloes on the Plain" by Theo. R. Davis, 1872.

NUGGETS

CUTTING THE FERRY BOAT CABLE

By Ira Hall

BIG TROUBLE was brewing in eastern Idaho in the Spring of 1905. It was getting mighty close to a shooting war. The U. S. Forestry Service was in its infancy, having just been created by an Act of Congress. The country that is now eastern Bonneville County, on the south side of the Snake River, had been used as a free range from the time the lower valley had been settled, around 1880. It had wonderful grass.

That spring the Forestry Service allotted range in the eastern part for five bands of sheep. They were from the north side of the river, and no sheep had been grazed on the south side before. The only place the animals could cross was on a ferry boat near Heise Hot Springs. The boat was operated from a cable strung across the river, and the current was used to propel the boat back and forth. The ferry could carry about a hundred head of sheep at one time, or four horses and a wagon.

The sheepmen brought their herds down near the north bank of the river and prepared to start crossing. Three or four of the ranchers took a station on the south side with high-powered rifles, and made it known that the sheepmen had better not cross. Things were at a standstill for two days, until the sheriff, a deputy and a ranger showed up and told the ranchers to go on home because if there was any shooting, they would be in plenty of trouble.

Some of the men lived twenty or thirty miles down the valley and there were few telephones. They left the landing, held a hurried conference, and three volunteered to cut the cable that night. The three drew lots and Grandad was the one to try for it.

Grandad was a quiet sort of man, born in Tooele, Utah, and had grown up punching cows and chasing wild horses in western Utah. About 1886 he had migrated to eastern Idaho with his family, a wife and two children.

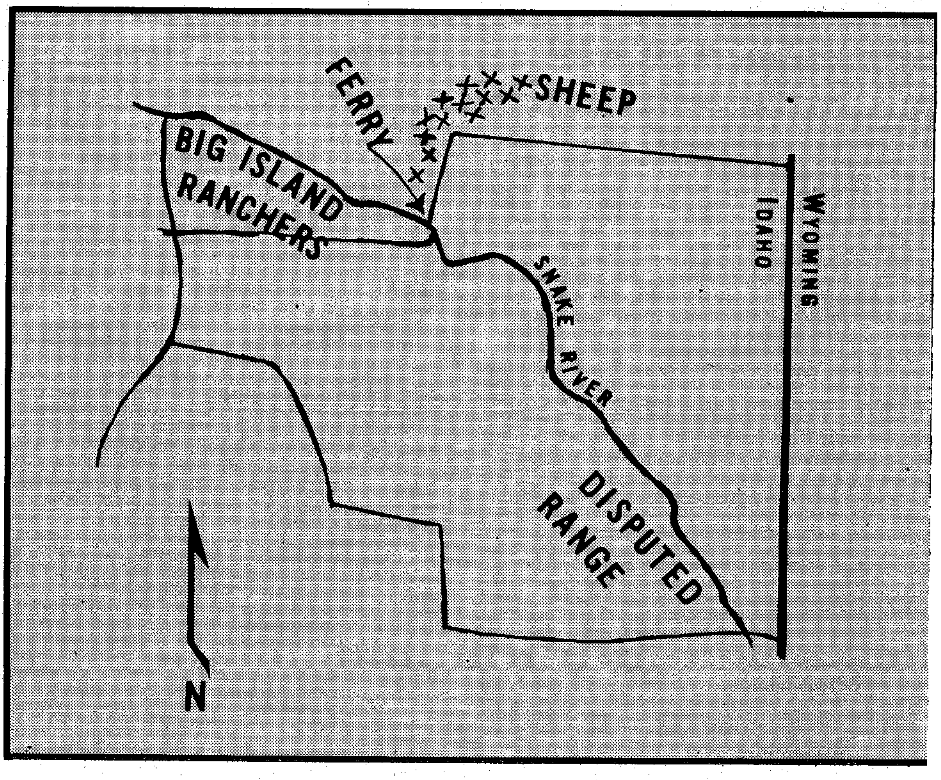
That evening, after the ranchers had held their powwow, Grandad came to our place and put his saddle horse in the barn. He saddled Dad's horse and rode away, starting on a ride of close to thirty miles one way. He was to ride about ten miles and change to another horse, then about ten miles more and change to a third horse that would be waiting. This third horse would have the hardest ride, as the only rest he would get was while the cable was being cut, then he'd be ridden back another ten miles to where the other horse was waiting.

On the back of the saddle Grandad carried a sack that contained a hacksaw, a heavy hammer, a sharp chisel, and a sharp axe with a short handle. He also had an old-fashioned flat iron, to be used as a sort of anvil. It was a dark night and the roads were muddy in places, as that was before there were even gravel roads in the valley. He made it to the boat landing and proceeded to saw through two or three strands of cable, but the terrific weight of a quarter mile of cable began to pull the cut apart, so he decided to use the axe. Two or three good blows and the cable splashed into the river. The boat drifted downstream a short distance and lodged against the north bank, but it was a time of high water and there was no chance of getting the boat back in operation until the runoff was over.

THE NEXT MORNING, when Grandad was to return, Dad got up earlier than usual and went to the barn to do chores. I knew there was something on, so I got up and dressed to go to the barn also. Dad and I had only been at the barn a short time when Grandad rode in, on a tired, muddy horse. I was plumb full of questions, but they just told me it wasn't for kids to know. I was six and a half then.

That day, word came down the valley that someone had cut the cable and it would be impossible for the sheep to cross. The nearest bridge was twenty-five miles down river, and the roads were

Map of the troubled area.



Above: Ira A. Hall, the author's father circa 1934, was born in Ogden, Utah in 1876 but grew up and lived all his life on The Big Island, Idaho. Right: Grandad Park, Mrs. Ira A. Hall's father, holding the author's oldest son in 1926. Below: The author circa 1923.

Photos and Map Courtesy Author

all fenced, with farm land on both sides. If they traveled to the bridge, it would be some eighty miles to trail to their range allotments.

Some years later I asked Grandad why he borrowed Dad's horse that night, and he said, "Everyone would have known me riding my horse but we felt if I rode a different horse, it wouldn't be so easy for someone to recognize me."

The following year the sheepmen crossed their herds anyway. There was no trouble, but a lot of stockmen sold their cattle because there was no more free range. Grandad and my father sold out along with many others, but the ones who stayed in the cattle business and applied for range rights have made out all right.

The cattle business is run now by farmers who can graze a few head on their farms, or the ones who are big enough to lease a lot of grazing land. The sheepmen in Idaho once ran thousands of head. In fact, Idaho was one of the leading states in sheep raising, but there are very few of the big outfits left.

It is almost a century since the first settlers moved into that part of the state, and nearly all of the old-timers have passed on.

THE COLD WATER ARMY VERSUS JOHNNY JUMP-UP

By Carrol Cogburn

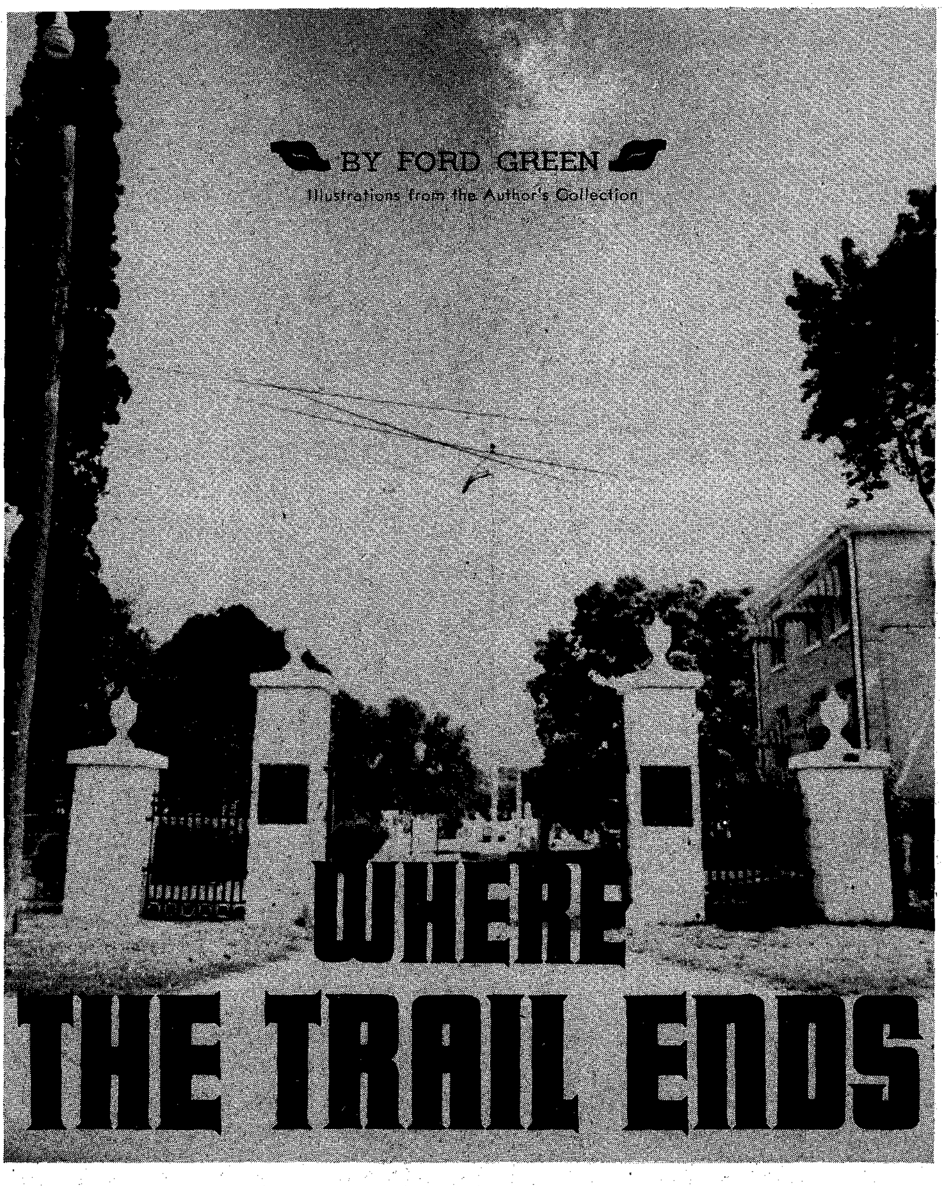
"A CHEROKEE man who had been to Maysville, Arkansas, returning home, drunk, of course, froze to death

(Continued on page 47)

WHERE THE TRAIL ENDS

BY FORD GREEN

Illustrations from the Author's Collection



Left: Entrance to the San Antonio National Cemetery on the hill east of the Alamo. Originally a Protestant cemetery, part was preempted by the army whose needs it served until recently. Here were the graves, beginning about 1850, of victims of the Indian Wars, people from the garrison at Fort Sam Houston, frontier forts, and elsewhere. Since the 1920s an additional cemetery has almost filled the northeast part of Fort Sam Houston.

Sad legacy from the Indian Wars

I never miss the feature in these magazines called "Trails Grown Dim." Anyone with imagination can see the drama in every query. Those pioneers who died on the trails, those who met their ends violently in far places on the frontiers—Indian fights, disease—in the majority of cases their stories will never be known.

Today San Antonio, Texas is one of the largest military establishments in the world. In the middle of the last century it was the one stable army base in the eastern part of the vast emptiness called the Southwest. The town had an arsenal, and the battered Alamo was turned into a quartermaster warehouse by a German stonemason's putting on the arch front that we see today. There was also a rarity for those frontier days—a hospital.

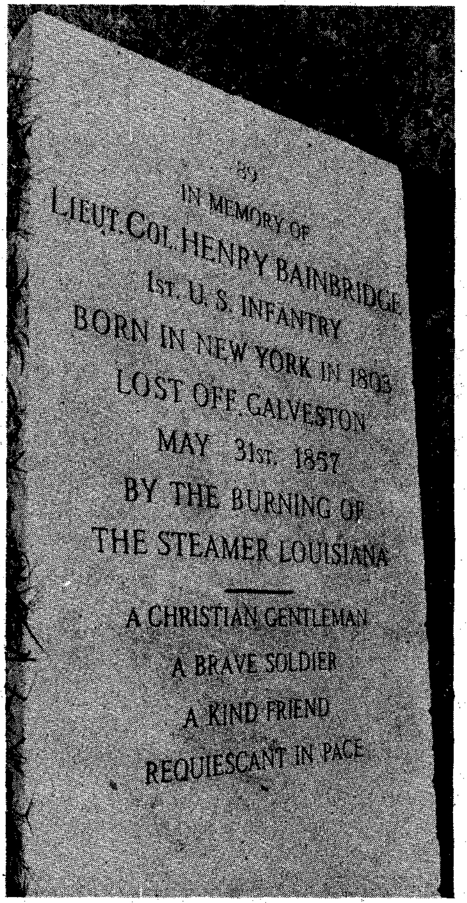
A cemetery begun for the military and their dependents became the San Antonio National Cemetery. This was the period of the mass migration from Ireland, and the Irish washerwomen set up shop close to the army camps. In cases of severe illnesses of the camp-followers, army doctors were understanding and treated these people along with the military families. When death came, they were often buried in a government plot. Army protocol was much less strict in those days—at least in San Antonio, Texas.

The most pitiful of the graves are the children's. Some were officers' babies; others belonged to the poor camp-followers. These latter never had a chance before they came to try a life which did not last very long.

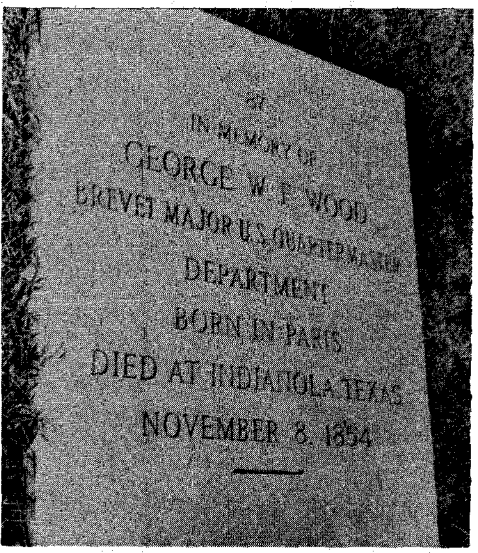
Today the San Antonio National Cemetery has barely a half-dozen empty spaces. As the frontier posts were abandoned after the Indian wars of the 1860s, '70s and '80s, the bodies were transferred to San Antonio. Wooden markers commonly used at military outposts had sometimes rotted away, or parts of the names had been obliterated. On some markers nothing at all was left. Many years before there was an Unknown Soldier's grave at Arlington, there was one at San Antonio. Remains from a number of frontier graves were placed beneath one large marker inscribed: "To the Unknown Dead." It was grandly isolated at first in the west part of the cemetery, but today it is surrounded by the graves of veterans of the Spanish-American War, both World Wars, and even a few Viet Nam casualties.

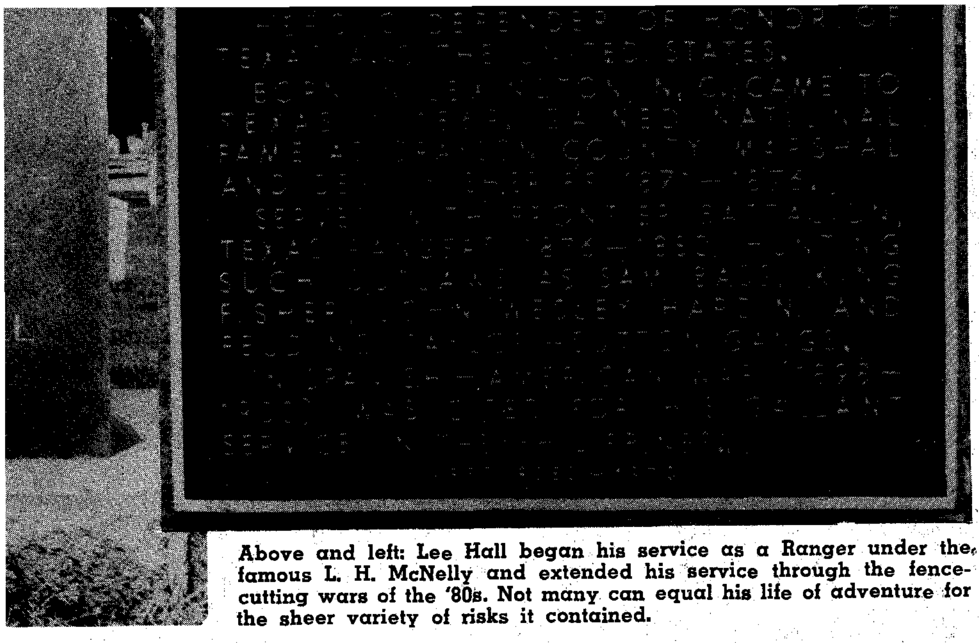
With each change of supervisory personnel a little more of the knowledge and lore of these graves is lost. As one wanders among the graves and studies the old stones he can create hundreds of stories about these people, and then wonder how close his imagined story is to the truth.

This place might hold the answer to some of those many queries in "Trails Grown Dim."



Above: While there is more than the usual information here, in some ways it is lacking. Was his body recovered, or is this a cenotaph? Where was his new assignment —Texas or farther West? Was this to have been his first duty on the frontier?

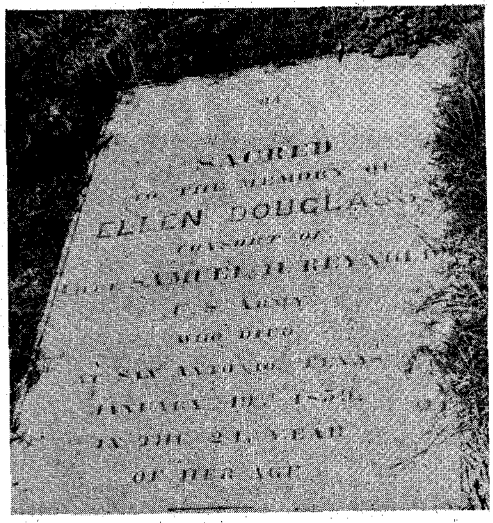




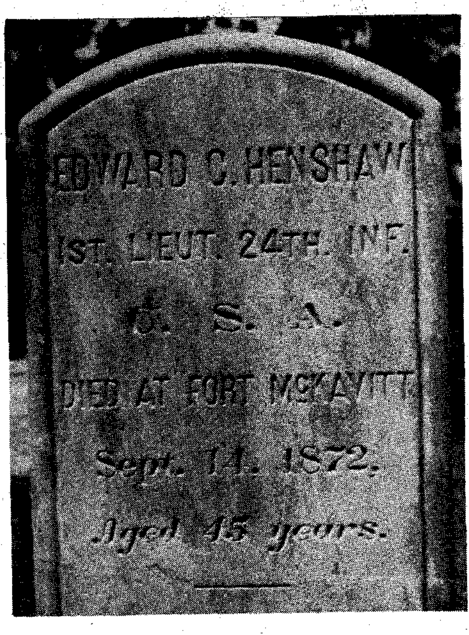
Above and left: Lee Hall began his service as a Ranger under the famous L. H. McNelly and extended his service through the fence-cutting wars of the '80s. Not many can equal his life of adventure for the sheer variety of risks it contained.

Left: It is possible this marker contains a stonecutter's error. Fort Terrell probably was Fort Terrett, an outpost established in 1852 just south of Fort McKavett to offer additional protection to the old San Antonio Road, a favorite target of the Comanches.

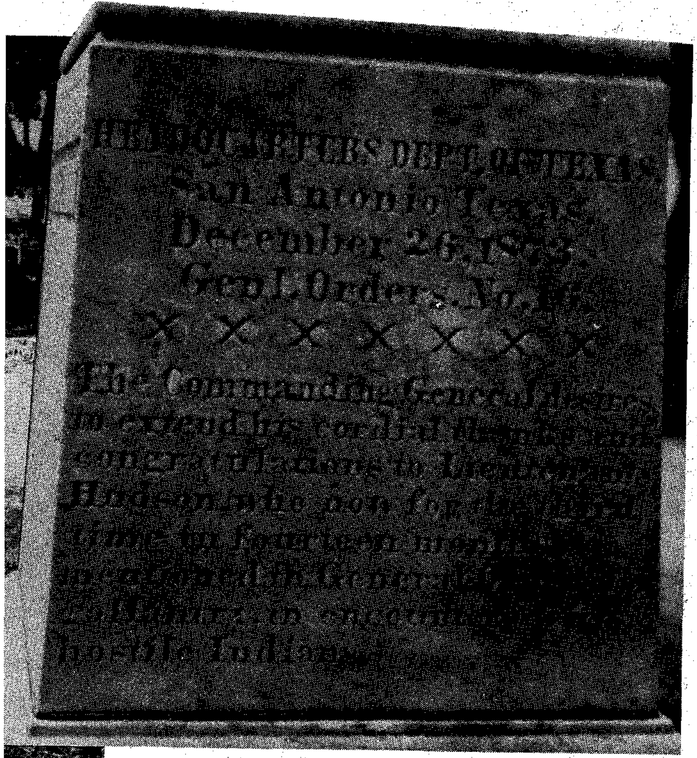
Right: 1859—one of the oldest graves, right at the foot of the flagpole. As we read some of the stones we can almost feel the sorrow of the people who worded them. The term consort is rarely used these days. Were they married, or were they promised and Ellen died before the ceremony could take place? Each person reading it can write his own scenario.


SACRED
TO THE MEMORY OF
ELLEN DOUGLASS
CONSORT OF
U. S. ARMY
WHO DIED
IN THE
OF HER AGE

Right: Fort McKavitt [McKavett] was an outpost in an area where there was considerable Indian fighting. Disease? Wounds? Exposure? Lieutenant Henshaw could have suffered from any and all.

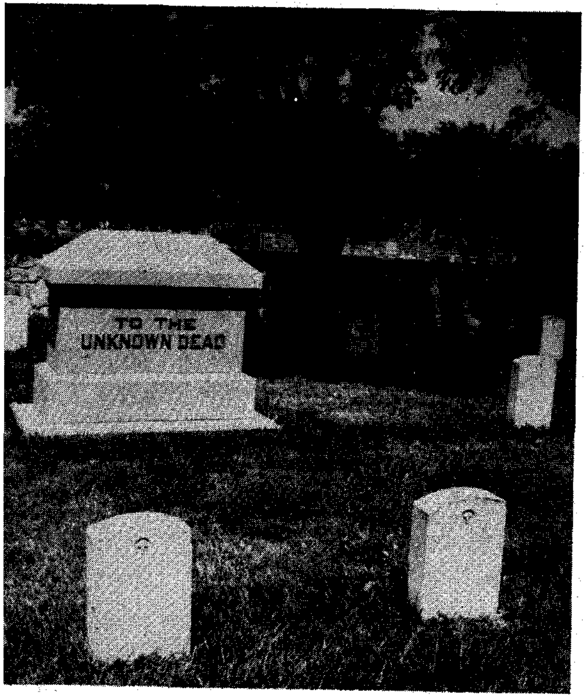

EDWARD C. HENSHAW
1ST. LIEUT. 24TH. INF.
U. S. A.
DIED AT FORT McKAVITT
Sept. 14. 1872.
Aged 45 years.

Left and far left: Two who met death at Indianola, an important port but a hell hole of pestilence. The ships of those days, too, were incubators of disease. These men were probably buried at Indianola, then reburied in San Antonio after that port was wiped out by a hurricane at the close of the Civil War.


HEADQUARTERS DEPT. OF TEXAS
San Antonio Texas
December 26, 187
Genl. Orders No.
The Commanding General
hostile Indians

Above and left: Three citations in fourteen months! And in those days each would have almost been equal to what a Medal of Honor is today. On top of that, Charles Hudson was posthumously breveted ***as a captain. But his life was over at age 29*****—the saddest part of war.**

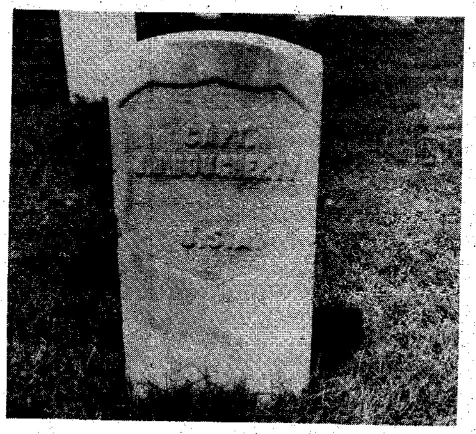
Above: The rest of this name like so many is not now known, but with the unusual spelling, Colleng, perhaps someday his trail will not be lost.

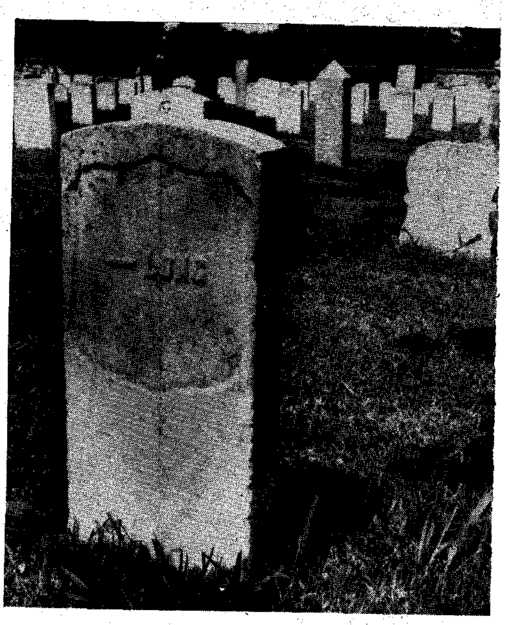

TO THE
UNKNOWN DEAD

The most poignant area of National Cemetery. The bones of an undetermined number of bodies are buried here. People pause, feel humble, and walk slowly away.

Left: Close to the flagpole, among the oldest marked graves is this one. It is likely that some accident happened to the original marker and only a fragment of information remained.

Right, top and bottom: Two other stones circa 1880-90 with important omissions for complete identification.

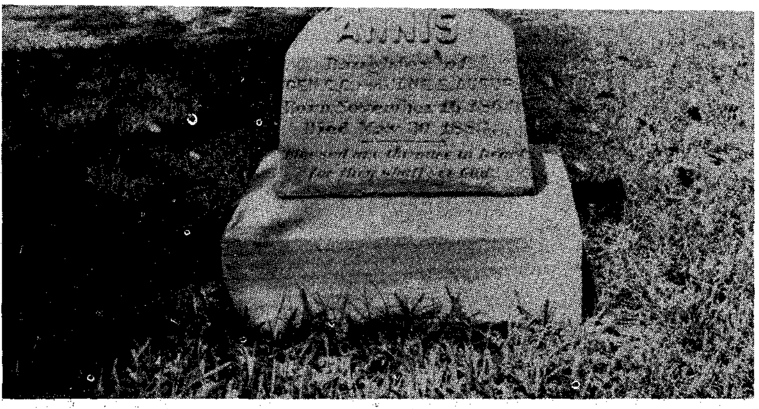




Above: Countless thousands of GIs know where Camp Bullis is. Here is the family stone—father, mother, and one of the children.

Below: Close by is the opulent stone of Col. C. C. Cresson and his wife. The age of this child—girl or boy—in not known. The brother of this child, however, was the designing engineer of the Olmos Dam in the north part of San Antonio in the 1920s.

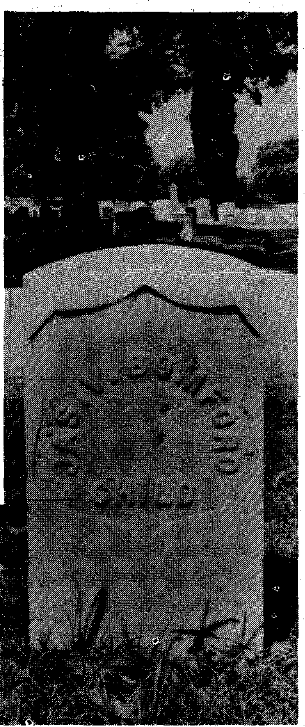
CHILD OF
CRESSON



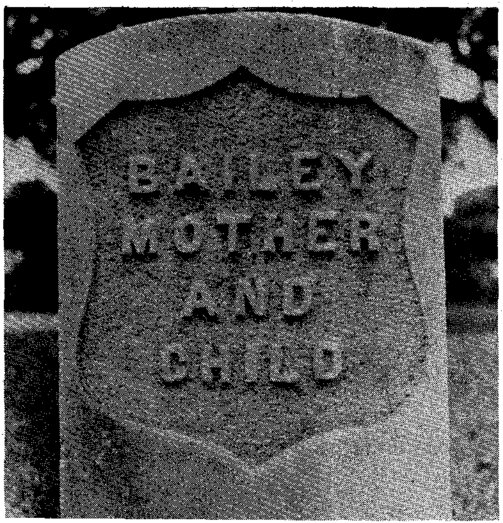
Above: A stone among the older ones that practically tells the whole tale—General C. C. Augur's daughter, just the right age at 19 to have been the belle of the post. Only now do we realize how little medical knowledge existed in those days.

Below: A big stone for such a little boy just two-and-a-half months old. How they must have loved him.

IN
MEMORY
OF
JOHN WEEKS
BORN
DIED



Above: Was Jas. V. Bomford the name of the child or the father? Another very old stone of a youngster among these hundreds of men. Few realize how the soldiers in camp cherished children. Left: Did the frontier soldier's wife and baby die in childbirth? Were they at an isolated fort where life was precarious? Were they caught by the Indians?



The Scramble for Klondike Gold

(Continued from page 21)

Upon reaching Dawson, Bert went to work for a survey team while sizing up the situation. The legal problems, claim jumping, and the unlikely looking areas for gold that were often surveyed convinced him that mining for a large, already established company held more promise than trying to make it on his own. In California few individuals had made really good strikes; most were rewarded with very little for their efforts.

Typical of prospectors everywhere, many of those in the Klondike moved about continuously, looking for elusive riches. Some worked their claims only a short time before becoming so disillusioned that they sold their supplies and equipment for half price or just enough for passage home.

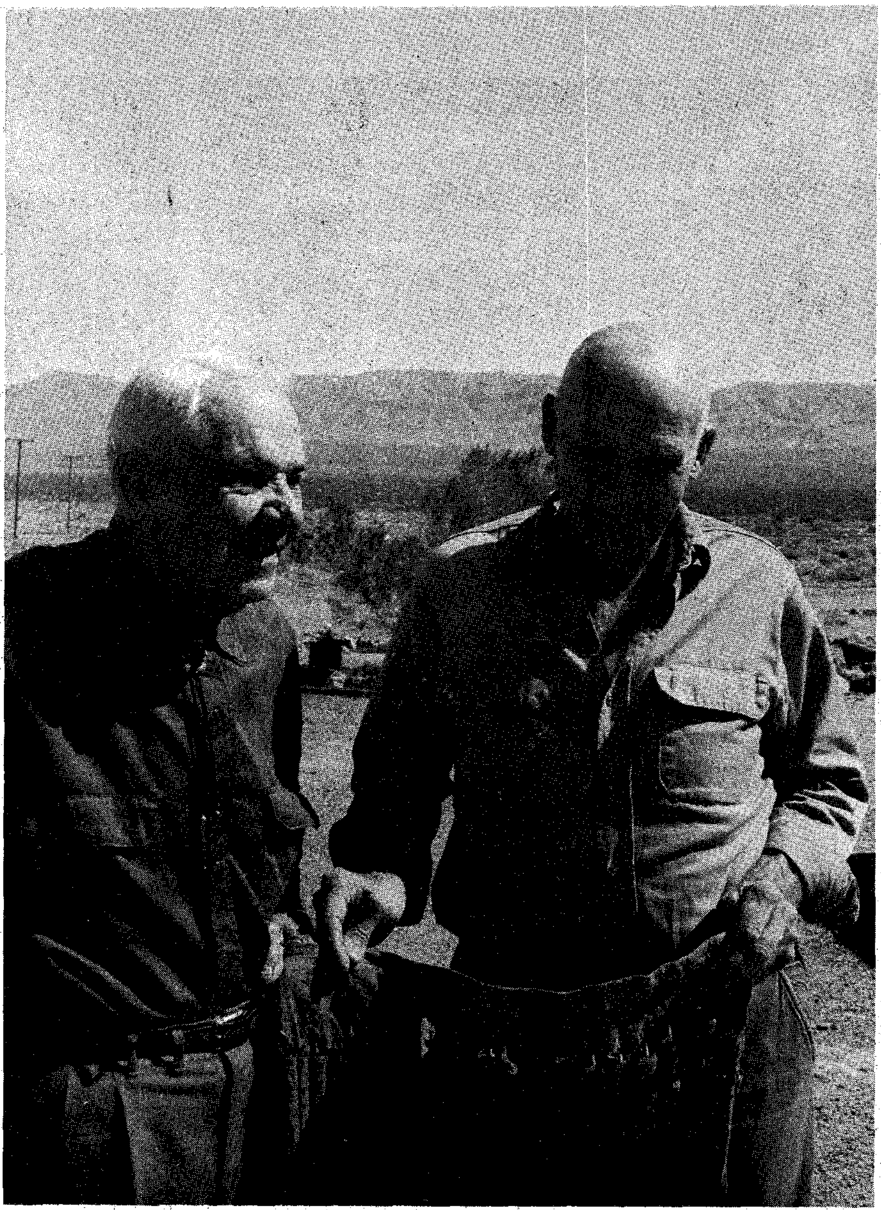
BERT worked for nearly two years in the Eldorado Creek country southeast of Dawson. Not being a gambler or drinker he seldom left the mining camp except to hike sixteen miles to Dawson to send money and letters home. There he talked with men coming in from other creeks and remained convinced that a lone prospector had little chance to make a living, much less a fortune. Dawson as a settlement held little interest with its muddy streets, false-front stores along the Yukon riverbank, and every item offered for sale priced to separate a miner from his gold.

Bert said that the winter of 1898-99 was an especially rough experience. Weeks of long dark days and being crowded into a small cabin with a number of other miners wore on everyone's nerves. Work hours were monotonous—slow steam-thawing the gravel and stockpiling it for the summer months when light and warmth returned to the land.

Spring finally did bring an end to the never-ending night, and natural thawing let the men get back to mining. Spring also brought the mosquitoes that seemed determined to sap the life's blood of every gold seeker.

As the cold moved in again the following autumn and there was less and less sunlight, the thought of another winter on the Eldorado brought Bert to a sudden decision. No amount of gold or high wages was worth the confinement and misery of those long months of darkness. Overnight he sorted out his things, keeping only what he could pack out and items he wanted to share with his family. The majority of his belongings, including a bearskin coat, he divided among the men of his cabin who planned to stay.

In Dawson, Bert hunted up his favorite Mountie, known to everyone as McKella. They had a long discussion of the hazards of hiking out of the Klondike at the height of the cold season. Finally the Mountie consented to give him clearance to make the trip, with the understanding that he would register at each roadhouse, stick to the trail they mapped, and no matter what the circumstances keep on the move between the roadhouses that were spread about a day's travel apart.



Loren and Jack Starry hold a bit-kit fashioned by their mother from the lining of a parka their father wore in the Yukon. Loren, now 82, recalls the day his father left to board the ship in Santa Monica.

Heavy with gold dust and nuggets, a few souvenirs, and food enough to see him through to the better supplied stops, Bert Starry left Dawson at a trot that he held to all day, day after day.

The third day on the trail he caught up to a man sitting on a pack, seemingly lighting his pipe, match in hand. When Bert discovered that the man was frozen stiff, the Mountie's warning to keep moving carried more meaning! At another point he joined a fellow with a dog team. For a while the companionship was welcome, but breaking trail for the dogs slowed the pace to such a degree that there was danger of not reaching the next roadhouse by the end of the day's travel. Unable to convince his new friend that there was a real risk in staying with the dogs, Bert finally jogged on by himself.

THE INNS, or roadhouses, like the Mounties, were there to help men survive in a land where the average temperature ranged from 14 degrees in the spring to 59 degrees in summer, and dropped to 30 or more below zero in the winter with snow gusts cutting visability and adding to the problems of keeping to a marked trail. Few travelers attempted the trail in winter so if an individual was careless and got into trouble it was up to him to manage someway or freeze.

Many of the roadhouses were well stocked with trail food and clothing; others were not occupied but were open to the traveler. A note on the door explained that there was food, wood and shelter for use; pay was to be left at a designated point, usually the next occupied house. Roadhouses that were in operation all year around had a steaming tub of water ready for each new arrival so he could plunge his aching feet into immediate comfort.

Because of the almost unbroken darkness, trail markings were frequent and the roadhouses kept a lighted lantern hanging in the tallest tree near their location. Limbs were cut away so nothing obscured the dull golden light that swayed high above the snow. No light was more welcome than that lantern off in the distance after a long non-stop day through the snow and cold.

Four hundred miles and twelve pairs of native-made moosehide moccasins carried Bert Starry to Skagway. He checked in with the Mounted Police, received their congratulations for a successful trip and reported conditions observed along the trail. Then he rushed to the dock hoping that he wasn't too late to find something going out. The *Walla Walla*, a heavily loaded lumber boat was just leaving. His luck had held!

It was a miserably cold trip with rough seas. North of Seattle they ran into a storm and chances of survival looked pretty thin. The captain ordered everyone below deck to prevent passengers being washed overboard. Bert refused to comply, lashing himself to a couple of timbers. To the captain he explained "I'll take my chances up here. If this boat goes down the timber will float and these two are mine."

When the ship docked in San Francisco, the captain warned returning miners that there was danger of being robbed after they left ship. Bert decided that now was a poor time to be in a hurry so he stayed aboard, sending a messenger to Hank Whiting, a buddy of the California gold field days, who then resided in San Francisco. Hank came to the boat and acted as guard as they made their way to the mint. Gold dust was exchanged for $5, $10, and $20 gold pieces; unusual nuggets Bert kept for his family.

IT WAS one night just before Christmas. The oldest Starry boys, Frank and Loren, were about to go down the street from their home to spend the evening with friends, when they heard a sharp, staccato step across the street. Before he realized what he was saying, Frank called out, "That you, Dad?" No one had known that Bert Starry had left the Klondike but his footstep was unmistakable.

What a night of celebration as the long absent father heaped gold coins on the dining room table, gave each boy a nugget, and his young wife a beaver cape. Among the treasures were claws of a bear Bert had killed for food, and a mastodon tooth dug from a frozen mine shaft on the Eldorado. There were pieces Bert had carved and Indian good-luck carvings. An oil-treated tube about six inches long with metal ends held Klondike newspapers.

The *Klondike Nugget* was just one sheet folded in half, making a two-page, four-sided newspaper, eleven by sixteen inches. Nevertheless, the very fine print offered a lot of reading material, with local scandal on the front page, mining news inside, and a bit of world news scattered throughout the whole paper. The issues Bert brought home probably had something special he wished to share with Allie, though today one can only guess at why he chose May 24, June 3, August 16, and November 18, 1899 to bring home.

The May 24, 1899 issue under "New Arrivals from Outside" told of the first party to make its way in since winter. The men were twelve days coming from Skagway over difficult country since a thaw made it impossible to stay on the trail with dogs and sled. They were forced to use a variety of methods of travel—floating thirty-five miles on a cake of ice, then hoisting a sail on a Peterbourough canoe mounted on a sled to cross one lake. Men and dogs, "mushed over Marsh Lake, floated down Fifty-mile to the canyon, shot the canyon and portaged around White Horse. The steamers there were all found high and dry. The river was open to Lake Lebarge and then the sled and dogs were used again."

The whole article showed the excitement and the danger of early spring travel in statements such as: "At one place the ice closed in on their boat, lifting it, without injury, to the floating mass." Through all the wet, cold trip they had managed to hang onto newspapers from the outside, the most recent date being May 10. World news would thus reach everyone through this May 24th issue of the *Klondike Nugget.*

In the same issue was a notice: "Hand your letters for the outside world to the *Nugget* Express Messenger. Rates from the creeks: 50¢; from Dawson: 25¢."

Almost the entire June 3 issue was devoted to a trial in which the paper had been sued by James Church McCook, the American Consul to Dawson. The trial before Judge Dugas of the Territorial Court drew a large audience and interest ran high. The *Klondike Nugget* had printed a story about the Consul disgracing his country and himself in a brawl at the Phoenix Saloon and Dance Hall.

At the trial Pearl Hall, one of the girls at the dance hall, explained at length how Consul McCook came in at 3:30 a.m. with Gertie Lovejoy, "Diamond Tooth Gertie." He was quite intoxicated but kept on drinking and treating the girls to drinks because "they were all Americans." At ont point he emptied out his pockets, asked if anyone was not an American, then ordered drinks for everyone else. A young fellow said he was a Canadian and McCook attacked him, with both of them rolling all over the floor. The girls and various miners verified the testimony, adding that finally a couple of men separated the Consul and the Canadian, taking McCook out the back door.

John A. Glover, bartender at the Rochester Bar, stated that he saw McCook trying to traverse the alley about 8 a.m. that same morning. Finally McCook managed to get out of the alley, cross the street on his hands and knees, and enter a saloon. There he asked for whiskey but was refused. There was no question but that the *Nugget*'s story had been well founded.

THE August 16, 1899 issue had two interesting features. The cover story was about another trial in which Fire Chief W. J. Allen and his affair with Nellie James was paraded before the police court to the great enjoyment of a large audience. Nellie had charged the chief with theft of a coat and assault occurring on July 2, 1898. Testimony showed that Allen and Nellie had arrived in Dawson together and that Allen often referred to her as his wife.

Nellie went to work at the Combina-

THE TRUTH WAGON!

TRUE WEST
Frontier Times
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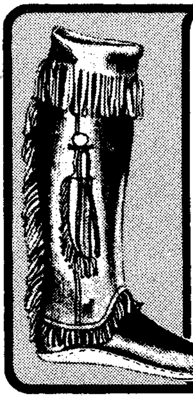

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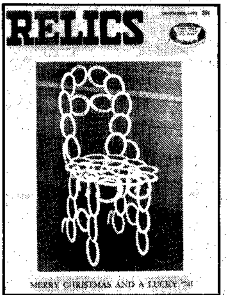

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tion for $50 a week and a percentage on all dances. She managed to accumulate $700 in three weeks. Allen had hit her over the head, taken her choice clothing, and about $300 plus the $80 she had given him for a prospecting outfit.

Allen had gone to explore the creeks after the assault and had sent messages to Nellie as Mrs. W. J. Allen, asking forgiveness. Nellie claimed Allen had a wife in the states. Additional testimony pointed to Allen's continuous demands for money from Nellie.

The other front page story started out: "A rather sensational episode transpired a few night ago when Jack Glover, a well known citizen, unceremoniously emptied his cabin of the clothes and chattels of the two Payne sisters who had been his guests." It seems that he and Babe Payne were going to reform sister Dot. In time, Glover discovered that Babe was constantly drinking absinthe and whiskey and living with Glover only to make another man with whom she had lived, jealous. Glover claimed that the girls had "caused him much misery and made life a burden to him," so he put them out.

Inside the same issue an item read: "The tide of travel has been outward for the past few days, due in part to the low rates and competition prevailing and also the fact that time is now getting short when one may go out and return home by boat. Thursday 112 persons left on one boat, among them a number of well known sourdoughs. Cad Wilson, whom everyone knows and who has contributed no small amount to the sum of human happiness since her arrival here last year, was among those leaving. It was easy to see that she was leaving with regret, but it is believed that she will find solace in the comfortable fortune which she takes out, not to mention the golden adornments with which she was loaded by her numerous admirers. She goes to San Francisco first. . . ." There was also mention of "Jack Kerwin, a big souled fellow who ran a roulette table at the Monte Carlo for a long time."

NOVEMBER 18, 1899 headlined "He Used Marked Cards." The article read: "On Friday evening last, as Thos. Forrest was dealing his blackjack game as usual, a sedate looking young gentleman sat down and joined in the innocent looking pastime. Stakes were cheap, being from 50¢ upwards, and the stranger flashed a comfortable roll. In the crowd near the stranger stood the unobserved form of Constable Arnold in full North West Mounted Police uniform."

The paper went on to explain that the stranger proved to be Constable Cunningham in private clothes and the game proved to be the downfall of dealer Forrest. The Mountie found marked cards—a dash of color on the backs at either end, the color being just a shade different than the color of the scroll pattern on the cards. Positions of the dash of color gave the value. Kings, Queens, and Jacks were unmarked. A Northwest Territorial ordinance stated that cheating with marked cards or loaded dice brought three years imprisonment.

Another interesting item read: "3:30 Thursday afternoon the *Nugget* Express dispatches its first dog team this season for the outside. Five hundred pounds of Christmas gifts and small money orders will go out on this first trip expected to reach Skagway in 15 days. Next one out will be in two weeks and mail should reach the U. S. before Christmas."

Better than gifts, mail or money orders was Bert Starry's arrival home for the holidays. The gold coins paid off the remainder of the mortage on the home, and the Chinese vegetable man got a gift of a $20 gold piece in appreciation when the grocery account was settled. For the time being, the family had their husband and father home, and gold to spare!

Kid Wilson's Missing Cache

(Continued from page 25)

to get ready. The lookout said the nine carts had nine drivers, and three guards were alongside of each cart. There were also some *peons* walking. When everyone was ready, Mr. Wilson gave the order to shoot but spare the *peons* for they were needed.

"After the smoke died down, only the *peons* were alive—face-down and praying for their lives. One of the gang who could speak Spanish told the *peons* to get up and drive the carts. Then the mule train departed the Mimbres Mountains, leaving the drivers and guards where they fell.

"Mr. Wilson and his men took the mule train some twenty-seven miles from the mountains into the low land. He headed the train to the northeast into the Cooks Range where there were many large boulders. This was the nearest place to hide the cargo for a while. By the time they reached this place that Mr. Wilson had picked out, it was getting dark. The *peons* were ordered to make camp. After supper was over, each *peon* was placed at the front wheel of a cart and tied up for the night.

"The next morning, one cart at a time was taken to the front of a small cave some six or seven feet wide and five or six feet deep. The *peons* were ordered to stack the bars—all seven muleloads inside the cave. After this was done, they took the remaining two muleloads of coins and unloaded them inside the cave.

"While all this was taking place, Mr. Wilson decided that his men should take forty pounds of gold apiece; this would last until things cooled down for the gang, for they knew that the army would be investigating. After the men were given the gold, Mr. Wilson ordered the *peons* to stick rocks in the cave, then put dirt over the area till no one could tell that it had been disturbed. A boulder was put at each corner of the cave so it would be easy to recognize when they returned.

"Mr. Wilson's men wanted to kill the *peons* right there, but he said, 'No. If anyone found them they would start looking around.' So he had the empty carts driven another five miles northeast before killing all the *peons* and mules. The carts were burned.

"THE WILSON GANG rode fifteen miles that day before making camp. That night while drinking coffee, Mr. Wilson and a Mexican man, who had been with him longer then any other, made plans to kill the other four men and take their gold for themselves and they would have to do this before they reached El Paso Del Norte. The next night, when the men were asleep seemed the best time.

"The following morning, just as the gang was ready to leave camp, a band of Indians surprised them. Mr. Wilson said they must have fought for two hours before he realized they had to make a run for it or get killed. The Indians had already killed two of his men and three of his horses. Since there were four men and only three horses, Mr. Wilson turned and killed one of the gang. He told me the gold was still in the dead horses' bags. They had only what was packed on the horses they rode.

"They traveled till dark that day without stopping, and they were ten miles out of Mesilla, New Mexico before they made camp. During the night the Mexican rose and cut the gang member's throat, and then started for Mr. Wilson but was shot. Before he died though, he pulled his gun and killed every horse left.

"Having all this gold that weighed too much to carry, Mr. Wilson buried it and started walking toward Mesilla. His boots were worn out by the time he reached town. He had left the ranch with very little money but he had to have boots, so he went to the general store there. When he entered, he heard a surprising story. Two government men were talking of the robbery of a mule train out of Silver City going to Santo Tomas. Mr. Wilson left the store, and using the blacksmith's shop that night he ground what gold he had to powder. The next morning he bought a horse and some other things for the trip home.

"Something got in his way from going home at that time, however. The news had spread that a *peon* who was with the mule train was found half-dead, and the soldiers had taken him to El Paso in Texas that morning. The law was in hopes that the *peon* would talk before he died. Mr. Wilson knew then he had to get to El Paso; he had friends in Juarez where he could stay and keep abreast of what was happening. If the *peon* did talk, he could go deeper into Mexico and stay a while.

"When Mr. Wilson got to El Paso, he went across the Rio Grande to the home of his friends in Juarez and hired the man of the house to go to El Paso and find out the latest news about the robbery. Mr. Wilson was happy with the way things turned out—the *peon* never had a chance to tell what the raiders looked like or where the cave full of gold and silver was located.

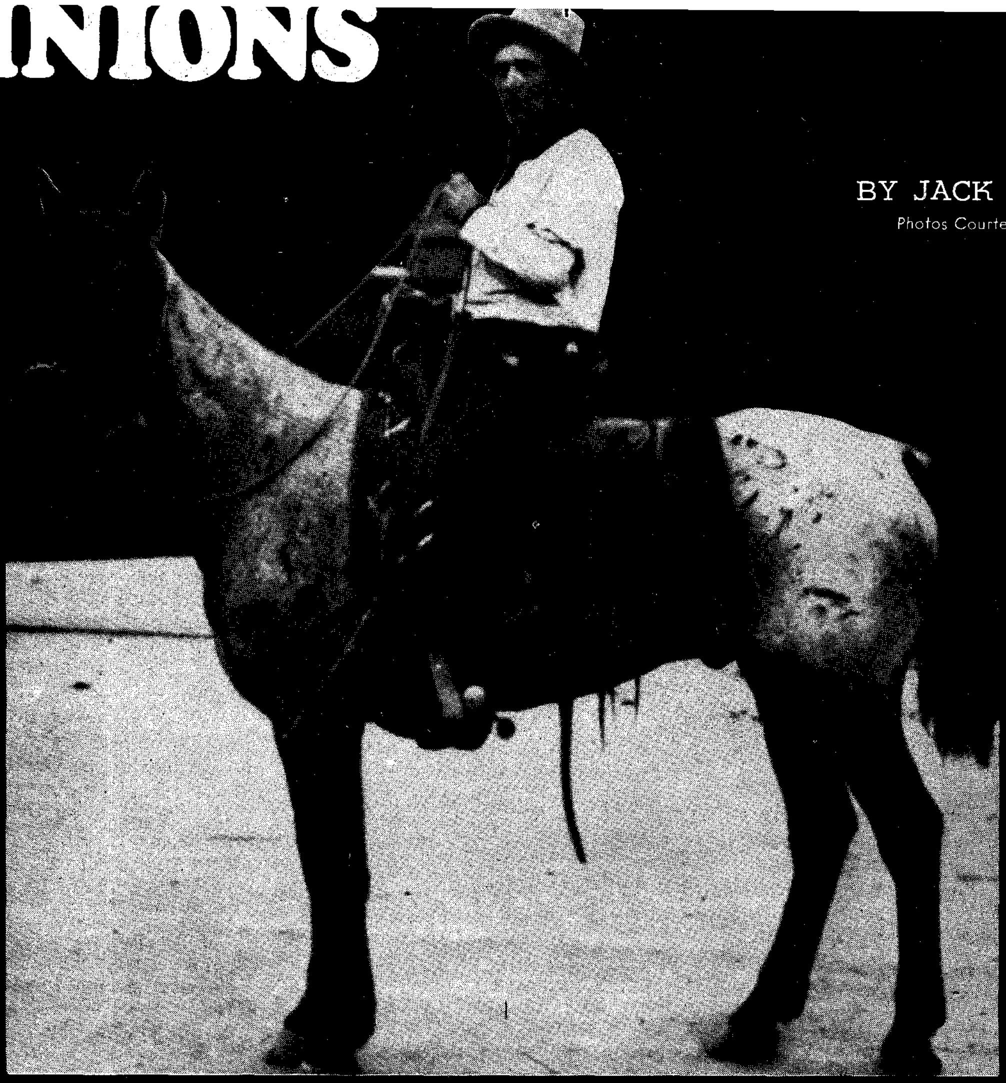
"Mr. Wilson returned to Hillsboro, never to rob again and never going back for the treasure. By the time Mr. Wilson told me this story I was not young anymore and, not knowing someone I could trust, I was afraid to try to find the cave alone."

Rosea Padilla said to me, "Why should I go and get it now? I am old and don't need gold. Mr. Wilson killed my people to get it, but if you want go and find it, it is yours."

OPINIONS OF AN OLD-TIME HORSE RAISER

BY JACK SMILLIE

Photos Courtesy Author



Dode Wykert on Roan Sam.

Endurance is the key . . .

A LOT is being done at the present time with trail riding, stressing endurance of horse and rider, and these rides have proved that *fitness* is the winning factor for both.

I doubt if there is much difference in stamina in any of the saddle breeds of horses; but they must be *fit*, the rider must be fit, and he must know his horse and how to care for it. I lean a little toward the Quarter Horse, because I have been raising Quarter Horses for a lot of years and I saw an endurance race that was won by a Quarter Horse in 1908.

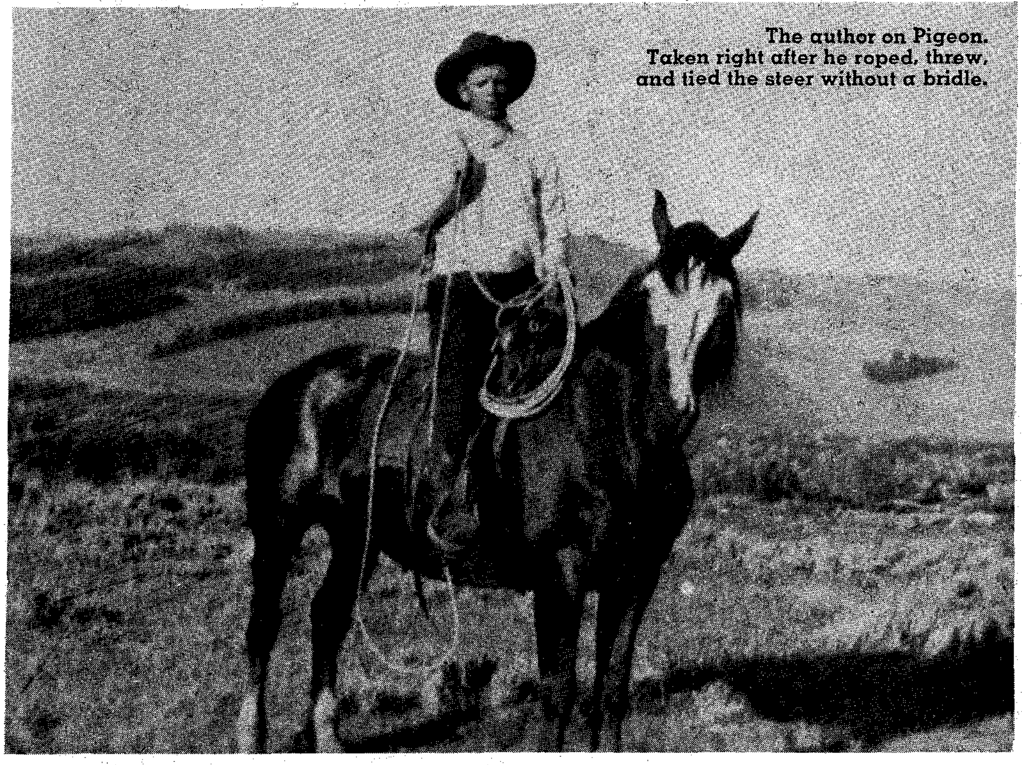
They called that horse a *bronco*, but he traced back to Quarter bred saddle stock, long before there was any A.Q.H.A. I am referring to "Roan Sam," the horse that won the 500-mile endurance race from Evanston, Wyoming to Denver, Colorado. He won the race because he was fit, his rider was fit—and, of course, he was a real piece of horseflesh. A lot has been written about the race and about Roan Sam. A story, "Into the Sunset," by George S. Ball, includes "The Great Horse Race." It is true, word for word. I know. I was just a kid, but I was there.

Dode Wykert was a soft touch for a kid, and I was one of the bunch that got in on that soft touch—maybe because I was cowboy-minded. Dode owned a livery stable in my hometown, and he also bought and sold cattle around the country. I had my own pony and quite often Dode would take me with him to gather up some of his purchases.

Dick Carroll raised quite a few good horses. He had some little mustang mares and he went far and wide to get the type of saddle bred studs that he figured would cross good with those mares. One good cross was a roan gelding, "Sam." Dick had two stepsons, the Carleton brothers, who broke out most of the colts; but Sam was a little too salty for them, so Dick turned him over to Dode Wykert to break.

In the breaking, Dode realized that he really had a good piece of horseflesh, so when he heard about the endurance race, he bought Sam. If Dode had bought him a little sooner he could have had him for forty or fifty dollars, but Dick Carroll had heard about the race also; and just for the record, Dick Carroll was a *horse trader*! Sam cost Dode a hundred bucks.

However, also for the record, during



The author on Pigeon. Taken right after he roped, threw, and tied the steer without a bridle.

the race Dick Carroll could be found anywhere along the road between Denver and Cheyenne, with all the backing Dode could wish for in money or morale. I didn't know that Dick was a betting man, but he must have been. Anyway, I wasn't interested in bets; all I wanted was to see my hero horse come in first.

THERE were twenty-five horses with riders entered in the event at Evanston but by the time they reached Cheyenne only five were left. These were: Dode on Sam; a horse called Teddy, ridden by a man named Workman and backed by the Denver *Post*, William Cody, Charley Irwin, and others; a little horse called Jaybird; and two other so-called broncs. The big money was on Teddy, a Thoroughbred, but it was conceded that Sam was the horse to beat.

It was easy to get the news, as even at that early date there were automobiles, and their drivers kept everybody along the route posted as to where the top riders were. I knew when my heroes left Cheyenne, so by four o'clock a.m., I had my pony saddled and was waiting alongside the road. We lived on Cheyenne Avenue, just out of Eaton, Colorado, and I didn't have long to wait until Workman and Dode rode by. Another fellow was about a quarter of a mile behind, on a little horse that I found out later was called Jaybird.

I rode out to Dode and asked him if I could ride a ways with him. "Sure, Kid," he said, "only don't get in the way of my friend over here, because he needs all the air he can get." Then Dode started needling Workman. Told him that he should throw away his heavy boots. That is when I noticed that Dode was wearing light tennis shoes.

Later on, when they went down Mumper Hill, Dode got off and led Sam down at a good sharp trot. Workman tried to gallop down but Teddy was too badly spent.

Soon after that, some automobiles drove by and started kicking up dust in Sam's face, and Dode said, "You better go back now. There may be some trouble around here in a minute."

Very reluctantly I started back home. I sure did want to see that trouble, but I knew that I had to mind Dode so I started slowly toward home. When I got up to the Eaton Cemetery, there sat the man who had been riding in third place. His horse had the bit out of his mouth and there was green grass all around, but the little horse was too spent to even want to eat.

I said, "Good morning," and the man answered, "There is not too much good about it for me, Sonny. I've bedrocked this great little horse, Jaybird, and I reckon this cemetery is as good a place as any for us to give up."

Well, I didn't get to see any more of the endurance race, but I sure heard all about it. I don't think Dode carried a gun—that would be too much extra weight—but it was told that he ran the dust-throwing automobiles out of his way with a six-shooter. Anyway, he did get rid of them.

They drove ahead and got humane authorities to make Dode and Workman walk their horses side by side to the finish line, which was the State Capitol in Denver. This was done until within a block of the finish; then Sam just stretched his walk and outwalked Teddy a hundred feet to the line.

Teddy's backers wanted to call off all bets and call the race a draw. Whether they got this done or not, I don't know, but I do know that Dode came home with his pockets full of money and the prize saddle, which I have sat in many times. I also got to ride Sam many times after that race, too. Look at the picture of Sam and Dode, taken right after the race, and you will say, "They both were *fit* and not bedrocked."

AS I got older I became interested in blood lines. They called Sam a bronco, but I had seen and ridden lots of broncos and little mustangs that had been caught out of bunches of wild horses, and I couldn't believe that Sam belonged in that category. He was too well made and too smart. He had cow ability right in his blood, so I asked Dode about his breeding. Dode told me that Carroll had a little black watch-eyed mare that was Sam's dam, but he didn't know the sire; I would have to get that information from Carroll. So I rode over to Dick Carroll's.

He had a real good-looking black stud at the time. He had bought him from the same people he bought Sam's sire from, up in Routt County. He told me that Sam's sire was a dun, stood about fifteen hands high or a little better, with muscle to burn. Not a blemish on him, gentle as a kitten, and with the heart to carry a man a quarter of a mile or a hundred miles.

When I got to be a big boy, I hired out to punch cows for Jack Elliott. I had a camp at the Prunty place. There was a half-section of good grass with a deep well, a small barn, and a little two-room blue-painted house to live in. Bill Merna named it "The Little Blue House on The Little Blue Hill by The Little Blue Lake." It was a good cow camp. Quite a bunch of Dick Carroll's horses used to water at this Little Blue Lake, and one big watch-eyed gelding, about three years old, kind of herded them. There weren't any studs in the bunch, so this gelding was "head man."

I took a fancy to him, so I ran the mare herd in my corral, roped the gelding, and cut the mares loose. I found out real quick that he was halter broke but plenty salty.

He was jet black in color with a full bald face and one glass eye. His two hind fetlocks and one front were white, and he had a white spot on his belly about as big as a saucer. You could hardly call him a Paint, although I figured that he got the white from Dick's little black Paint mare. He was sure well-muscled, with heavy gaskins, long hips, wide fork, good slope to his shoulders and man, oh man! what a heart. He weighed about 1,100 pounds, with a foot that could carry that weight even though, I found out later, an "0" shoe was too small and a "1" was too large.

I'm not much of a hand to sack a horse out. I have found out that if I can once get my hands on a colt's face without said colt throwing a fit, from then on all that's needed is to be slow, quiet and watchful. It is too easy to get rough with this so-called sacking out, and you may make the colt scared of you instead of wanting to get acquainted with and trusting you.

I GOT a hackamore on this big fellow, then I stroked him with my hands from his face right on back to his hip. I then change sides. He was a little spooky but he didn't kick or strike and never tried to jump away. He sure did watch me, though. That watch eye never missed a move I made.

Next I let him smell of my saddle blanket. The horse smell of the blanket seemed to put him at ease; he let me rub him all over with it, so I put it on his back and moved him up a little. He led like a schooled show horse, so I picked up my saddle. The next performance was a little slower. He didn't like the looks of that saddle, but I am long on patience. I just moved slow and easy and talked to him all of the time.

It took most of the day to get the job done, but that patience paid off. By evening I had ridden him in a walk, a trot, and a lope in that round corral, without a buck. He humped a time or two when the wind whipped my latigo against his belly, but I could hold him up and I sure did a lot of talking to him. I knew that I just wasn't a good enough bronc rider to ride that horse if he ever really came undone.

Well, that big pony and I went from there. I gave him several good rides in the round pen, and each time he improved a hundred per cent. He was so light in the mouth that I had him reining like an old cutting horse within a week, so he and I went to cowboying. We didn't play around: we went to work like old pals. I took him with my string of horses on the summer roundup, and Boss Jack let me bring the calves to the fire with him. He didn't quite savvy at first but after three or four calves he was perfect. Slow and easy in the herd and then when I looped a calf he would turn and take to the fire on a good fast trot, ease up when he felt the wrestler grab the rope, and gently turn around and walk back to the herd while I gathered up my rope.

After the summer roundup was over, I took him to a small rodeo and won the steer roping on him. The money wasn't very big but the way that big horse worked the first time out of a box, as Lawrence Welk would say, was "wonderful wonderful." I knew that I had to own him.

As I mentioned, Dick Carroll was a horse trader and a good one. I would have to be very cagey to get this big horse bought within the limits of a thirty-dollar-a-month cowboy. I decided to go see Dick and act dumb; then I decided that I might be able to act a little more innocent over the telephone, maybe have more fortitude than if facing the old horse trader, so I called him up.

"Mr. Carroll," I said, "you have a bunch of horses running out east on Coal Creek."

"Yes, I have," he answered.

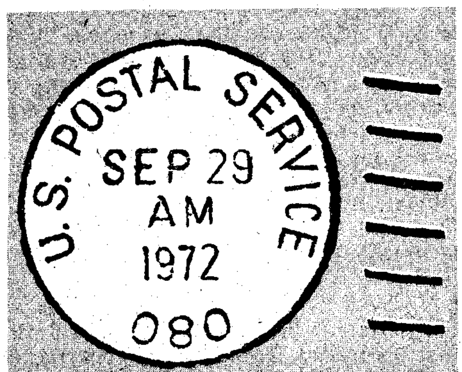
"Are any of them for sale?" I asked.

"They are all mares but one, a black gelding," he said, "and you being a cowboy don't want any mares."

"Oh, I never noticed there was only one gelding among them," I answered. "Is he for sale?"

"Sure, he's for sale. I'll sell anything I got but my wife, and sometimes I think she'd be happy if I was to trade her off."

(Continued on next page)



REMEMBER WHEN WE ALL ACTUALLY LIVED SOME PLACE?

By STEPHANIE COOPER SHULSINGER

TEXAS

Alice (Jim Wells Co.)—named for Alice King Kleberg, daughter of Richard King of the great King Ranch.

Apple Springs (Trinity Co.)—originally "May Apple Springs" because this fruit, which is not really an apple, grew nearby.

Art (Mason Co.)—the last three letters of Dechart, the postmaster's name, selected in a hurry because the post office wanted a three-letter name.

Azle (Tarrant Co.)—this town, originally called "O'Bar" for a local citizen, was renamed for Dr. Azle Stewart when he and O'Bar had a fight.

Big Foot (Frio Co.)—named in honor of the beloved Texas Ranger, William "Big Foot" Wallace, who once lived here.

Blessing (Matagorda Co.)—named in honor of the railroad, which was considered a blessing.

Bovina (Parmer Co.)—originally a line camp of the famed XIT Ranch, this was once called "Bull Town" but was refined to "Bovina" by the post office.

Cash (Hunt Co.)—in honor of its first postmaster, J. A. Money.

Comfort (Kendall Co.)—first called "Camp Comfort" for its clear water and refreshing scenery.

Dime Box (Lee Co.)—the local postmaster charged a dime for running errands, and set up a box here to collect his money.

Direct (Lamar Co.)—so named either as a spot to which Indians came "direct for whiskey" or where local citizens were headed "straight to hell"—take your choice.

Egypt (Wharton Co.)—so named because it was once the source of corn during a drought.

Grayback (Wilbarger Co.)—named for local grayback lice.

Grit (Mason Co.)—named for the quality of both its soil and its pioneers.

Halfway (Hale Co.)—halfway between Olton and Plainview.

Happy (Swisher Co.)—from "Happy Hunting Ground" because water was found here.

Jonah (Williamson Co.)—the post office turned down so many suggested names that disgusted settlers finally picked this one as one nobody else would want.

Liberty (Liberty Co.)—translated from the original Spanish land grant title, "Villa de la Santisima Trinidad de la Libertad" (Town of the Most Holy Trinity of Liberty).

Littig (Travis Co.)—first called "Bittig," the misspelled name of settler J. W. Bitting, the name was further erroneously recorded as "Littig," at which point the townfolk just gave up.

Lovelady (Houston Co.)—named for Cyrus Lovelady.

Medicine Mound (Hardeman Co.)—the location of Comanche ceremonials, where certain medicinal herbs grew.

Mobeetie (Wheeler Co.)—an Indian word meaning "sweetwater."

Paint Rock (Concho Co.)—Indian pictographs were found near here.

Pointblank (San Jacinto Co.)—originally Pointe Blanc, French for "White Point."

Powderly (Lamar Co.)—named for T. V. Powderly, a politician in the McKinley administration.

Rising Star (Eastland Co.)—a hopeful name, chosen because local people hoped their town would prosper.

Royalty (Ward Co.)—named for the money brought in by oil.

Scurry (Kaufman Co.)—named for Scurry Dean, who died in the Civil War.

Seadrift (Calhoun Co.)—named for debris found along the shores of San Antonio Bay.

Star (Mills Co.)—first called "Star Mountain" after the peculiar shape of a nearby hill.

Tell (Childress Co.)—originally "Tell Tale Flat" because certain citizens spilled more than was necessary to a local grand jury.

Turkey (Hall Co.)—wild turkeys once roosted at a nearby creek.

Wizard Wells (Jack Co.)—named for mineral springs considered medicinal by the Kiowas.

Zephyr (Brown Co.)—a name jokingly picked by surveyors who were nearly blown into the next county by a "blue norther."

"What is the breeding of the one gelding, Mr. Carroll?" I asked. "And how old is he?"

"He's out of the same dam as Roan Sam, and he is sired by my black stud. He was four years old last June."

"What are you asking for him, Mr. Carroll?"

"I want $160 for him."

"For an unbroke horse!" I exclaimed. "I'll give you $50."

"Now, Smillie," he answered, "that is a well-bred horse and one that is really good to look at. I know you have done a real good job of breaking him—I even saw you catch a steer off of him. Now mail me a check for $160 or bring him home so that my little girl can ride him to school." I mailed the check.

That big horse, which I named Pigeon, gave me many happy days. I did a lot of things with him that are unbelievable. On a ten-dollar bet, I roped, throwed and tied a steer off of him without a bridle. Not out of a box, just right out in the open range.

Another time I rode up on a bunch of antelope. They were bedded around an old buffalo wallow. They didn't seem to know what that big bald-face Pigeon was, and out of curiosity they just stood and looked until I was within a hundred feet of them before they decided to run.

I had my rope and a loop shook into it, so when they broke I did, too. I knew that a horse couldn't catch an antelope, but one big buck was asleep in the bottom of the wallow and he had never seen or scented me. He was a little slow about coming awake and before he got into action I had looped him by his antlers.

I never told this story too far and wide, because even in that early day it was against the law to kill antelope, and whenever I did tell it, I was called a "big bull slinger." But it is true, nevertheless. I broke the antelope's neck and took him to camp and ate him.

After Pigeon got too old to use as a cow horse, I let my little kids, three of them, ride him to school. They called him "Old Pappy" after the brand P. A. P. that was on his shoulder.

A lot of things a man has to guess about, but I would bet plenty that both Roan Sam and Pigeon were descendants of "Old Fred," the big golden sorrel Quarter Horse that Coke Robards would use as a wheel horse on a four-horse hitch; but he could unhook that big stud and match you for a quarter or a half-mile—and beat you, too!

Coke raised a lot of colts that were sired by Fred, up in Routt County, where Dick Carroll went to buy stallions.

Montana's Underground Inferno

(Continued from page 14)

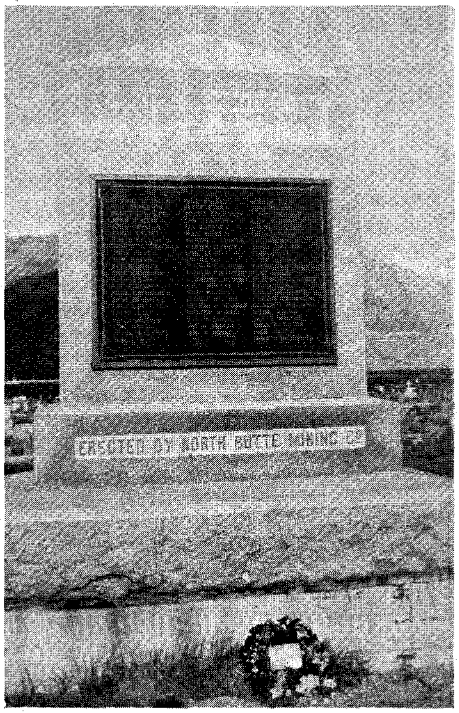
died like a man, and his last thoughts were of his wife that I love better than anybody on earth. We will meet again in Heaven. Tell my Mother and the boys good by. With love to my Pet and may God take care of you.—Your loving Jim, James D. Moore."

The next letter was written the following morning and in it he said: "Dear Pet: We are waiting for the end. I guess it won't be long. We are taking turns in rapping on the pipe, so if the rescue men be around they may hear us. Well, dear wife, try not to worry. I know you will come out all right. There is a young man here of the name Clarence Marthy. He has a wife and two children. Tell her we all did our very best, but the cards were against us. Good-by Loving Wife. It is now 5:10.

"7:00 a.m. All alive but the air is getting very bad, I think the end is near.

"9:00 a.m. In the dark we are dying.—Jim Moore."

The men in this bulkhead remained there from Friday midnight until Monday morning. The stories of individual heroism could go on and on—this gives just a small idea of what the underground inferno of "The Richest Hill on Earth" must have been like.



An early photograph of the monument.

The North Butte Mining Company erected a huge monument with a brass plate on the front telling of the unidentified dead. Vandals took the plate around 1955, possibly to use the metal for scrap. The monument now stand barren, but from a picture I have managed to save the missing names. They are:

Francis H. Allen
Nils Anderson
Henry Bennetts
John B. Bixby
James Cavalla
John Cavalla
Tim J. Callahan
Ernest L. Chapman
John Chytil
Tom Cillon
Pat Doherty
Emil Erickson
Alex Frank
Pat Fritzsimmons
Mike Gallagher
Erik Granbeck
Eben Gustafson
Peter Galfi
Mike Grethas
Tom Harris
Peter Hastings
Tom L. Huff
Paul Drelich
Peter Kelly
Toyvo Kokkonen
Dan Kennedy
Ben Conency
Mike Kubilus
Marion J. Livaich
Martin Livaich
Emil Lehti
Bat Leary
John P. Lalanne
Andrew Mikanikoff
Lawrence Murphy
Mike Murray
Nick Majesky
George Millick
Arthur H. Murray
Walter Morris
N. R. McDonald
Jas. A. Negley
Joe A. Novas
William Palo
Toni Pretti
Claude Powers
Gust Poshorsky
Jim Ponderiskis
Fred Painter
Toivo Rintilla
John Seminkin
Thos. Smith
Saile Sulemi
Frank Skondula
Gust Sulemi
Gust Sallis
Melchior Sheldrup
Frank Semich
Kenneth Tombe
Vernon Thompson
Oliver J. Williams
Nilor Wilson
Sam D. Wuituk
Chas. H. Welch
Nick Xelrus
Mike Yukonovich

The Splawn Brothers and Grandma Rice

(Continued from page 24)

settled around the steer's horns, Saganall stopped so suddenly he slid about two feet. Josh said, "Well, Saganall's stock has just now jumped to $200!" (About four years later I was offered $200 for him after I put on a little show for the boys on the Four 6666.)

THE TWO Washington cowboys helped us to the west line of their ranch and we drove on to Addington and camped for the night. Some cattle inspector was there and told Josh he would have to have every one of his cattle dipped before crossing the line into Oklahoma Territory. The line, which now is Highway 81, ran north to south right straight down through the center of the state. Josh said he would have to leave the cattle then, and go on, and come back later.

It so happened one of Grandma's boys lived nearby, so he fed and watered the cattle for a few days. We drove on a bee-line to John Rice's farm two miles northwest of Temple. Josh then let Del Ray go, and I heard later that he set in on the Washington spread.

In a day or two, after the horses got rested up, Josh, John Rice and I started back to Addington at sundown. We managed to get there about 4 a.m. Josh took along a hacksaw. We stopped just before we got there and let the horses rest awhile. When we got to the yards we didn't need the hacksaw but just opened the gate. Josh told me that since I was riding the best horse, for me to go in and shove the cattle out and not make any noise, that they would head them west as they came out. Well, by good sunup we were four or five miles west of Addington. Those cattle didn't need dipping. They didn't have a tick on them. We had all 110 head of them in Johnny Rice's pasture that night. The next day Josh and Grandma and I drove them over on West Cache Creek where Josh had leased some Indian land. And that's the end of that cattle drive. We drove it with little cost, and we all enjoyed it.

On that little sneak trip to Addington, Johnny had put a bug in my ear. He said Josh had told him that Saganall and I were in love and that Josh was going to give him to me. So after we got the cattle to their last grazing ground and got back home, I told Josh the next day that I guessed I would be going.

"Where?"

"I'm going to Texas to get me a job on the Four 6666 wrangling horses, and when I get a little bigger I'm going to get me a job as cowpoke."

"You don't know where that ranch is," Josh said, "and, besides, how are you going to get there? (Well, I had already got the news that he was going to give me the horse.) I'll tell you what—since Saganall won't work, I have no more use for him. He is yours if you will promise me to keep him the rest of his life. Here's a $20 bill, and I am going to fix you up a letter to give my nephew, Jim Splawn, but you are to promise me you won't open it. Just find him and give it to him."

"Where does he live?"

"He lives just about where you are headed for," Josh said. "My brother Herod and his son are in the cattle business about fifteen miles southeast of Wichita Falls, Texas." He went on to say, "The reason I am giving you Saganall is because I am through with cowboying. You see what a limp I've got. Well, that was done in the early '80s on the Goodnight Ranch by one of their mean broncs."

THEY gave me a couple of heavy blankets and Grandma slipped a handful of sugar in my pocket. Josh said, "Go to Temple and take the road at the southwest corner of town (Temple was then and now not over 1500 population) and take that road and keep on it for eleven miles to Red River. There's a good ford there. The water will be about stirrup deep, but don't let your horse stop to drink while crossing, for it is full of quicksand."

Josh had a piece of a Texas map that he had torn out of some kid's geography book and he showed me how to get to Wichita Falls. I rode on that old dim road for eight or ten miles before I came to a store. Then I had a big feed—cheese and crackers and a pickle. I spied some sugar, and guess what—old Saganall had a treat that night just before I hobbled him. I made me a good bed out of my saddle blanket, slicker and Grandma's blankets, and started counting stars till I fell asleep.

The next night I was in Wichita Falls. I stayed in the wagon yards and there Saganall got his sugar and oats and a block of alfalfa hay. The next morning I started trying to follow what Josh had told me about how to find Jim Splawn if he was in town. Josh said as it was the first Monday in the month, which was horse-trading day in Wichita Falls, Jim was apt to be there. He told me to locate the Senate Bar and try to get inside and ask the bartender, Doc, if he knew Jim Splawn.

I took the town in and right after noon I found the Senate but wondered how I could get in. I was sort of scared. Finally I spied a little waif a few feet away, trying to sell his papers, so I went over and asked him how much he would take for all of them. He had eight left and said he would take a quarter. Well, I paid him, and I remembered a "spiel" I had heard a newsboy pull in Ardmore.

I yanked my cap down over my left eye, breezed in through the bat-wing doors and cried out "Ex-tray, Ex-tray—read all about it—10,000 souls lost in a big fire!"

The bartender yelled at me to get the hell out of there, but I continued to yell, "Ex-tray, Ex-tray, read all about 10,000 souls lost!"

The bartender sort of gave up. "Come over here! I'll take your papers—how much?"

"Four bits."

"I want all the boys here to read about those poor souls burning up," he said. Well, he looked all through the paper. "I don't see where anybody was burned up."

"I didn't say there was. I meant that a shoe shop burned down."

Just then one of the cowpokes said, "Doc, the drinks are on the house!" Doc said, "You're right," and he stepped next door and came back with a red sodapop for me. "Mister," I said, "do you know Jim Splawn?"

"Yeah, that's him back there with that twenty-gallon hat on, bending his elbow and talking to those other three Four 6666 cowboys."

So, I walked over and said as quick as I could, "I've got a letter for you from your Uncle Josh."

Josh was Jim's favorite uncle, so he took the letter and read it. "So you want to be a cowboy!"

Later I found what all was in the letter. Josh had written Jim to put me to work, if he could, that I was a good worker and wanted to be a cowboy, and that I had a good all-around cowhorse—a horse that knew more about cows than I did.

Jim looked me over and grinned. "Well, you've sure got a good-looking cowboy

(Continued on page 46)

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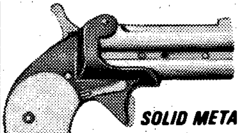

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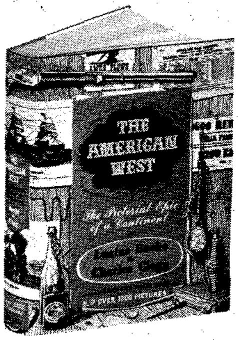

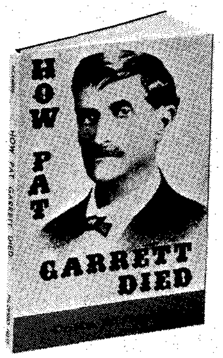

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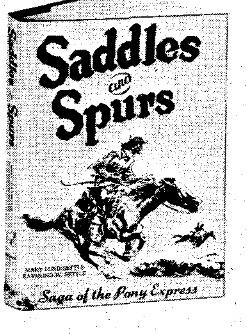

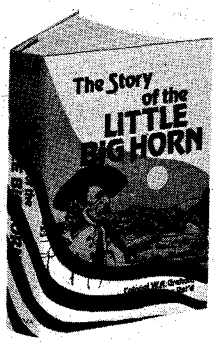

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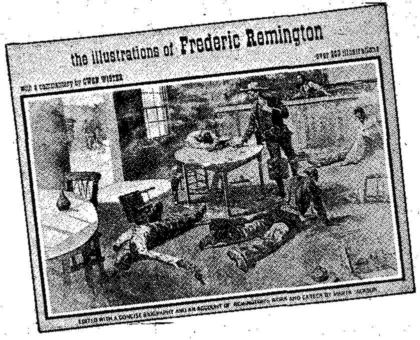
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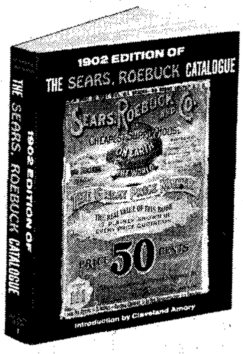

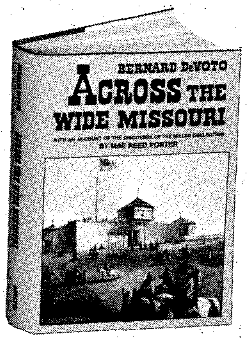

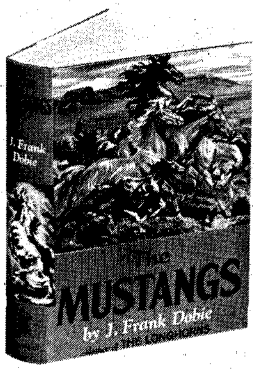

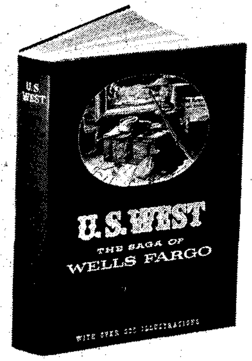

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City__________ State__________ Zip__________ outfit on." I had on knee pants, black ribbed stockings, button shoes, and a cap.

One of the men at the table was the foreman of the Four 6666 and he spoke up and said, "Pardner, how would you like a job horse-wrangling?" It so happened it was about time for the fall or beef round-up. I said I'd never done anything like that but I'd try. He said, "You are on the payroll right now. How would you like to have a good beef sandwich?"

In those days nearly all saloons had all you could eat free. He went out and got me a pop, and pretty soon Jim and the boys took me to a boot shop to get me a pair of boots made, then took me to a dry goods store and bought me a John B. hat and a pair of Levi's. Well, in a few days the boots came and Jim set those button shoes down and made a picture of them. (In 1950 I was at Jim Splawn's house in Glorietta, New Mexico and he showed me that picture and we had a good laugh.) I liked the boots so well they told it on me that I would go to bed with them on. It was almost true.

AFTER I had been at the ranch about a month I showed them what a cutting horse was. The foreman offered me $200 for Saganall but I said, "No," and strolled by the cook and swiped a handful of sugar. After the roundup was over, Jim quit or got fired and so I quit before I got fired, and went with Jim. He had a place with a three-room house on it and quite a lot of cattle, so we started batching.

Jim was a fair cook, so all that winter we just lay around and got fat. He would go off to a country dance every few nights. About the first of December Jim told me he had got a letter from his Uncle Josh, "and he asked me if I would send you to school." He wanted to know how far along in school I was, and I said almost through the third reader.

Well, I thought I had everything fixed up. Jim's father, Uncle Herod, told me I could move up to his house and ride my horse to school, that it was four miles away and that there was a good warm stall for Saganall at the schoolhouse. He said he needed a boy at his place to do up the chores and things, and that he would give me $3 a week and if I'd stay till school was out I would go back to $30 per month. I asked him if I could wear my boots to school, and he said, "Yes." Uncle Herod said Jim went to that school when he was my age.

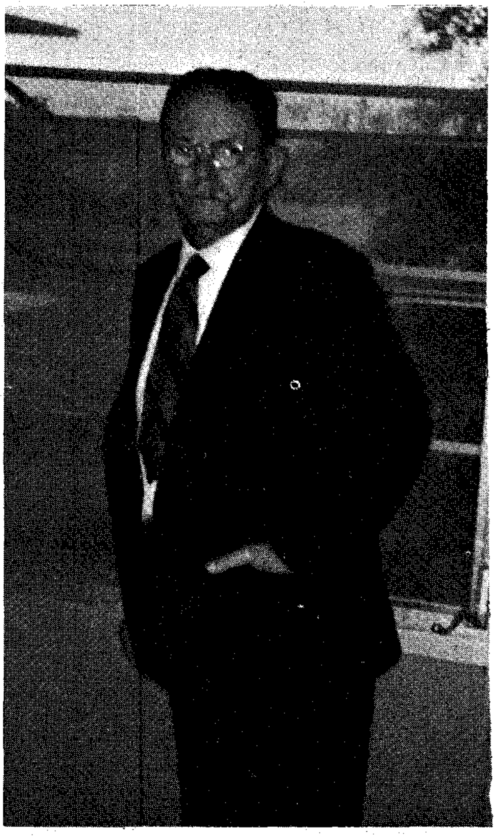
Jim was twenty-six years old, and just before school was out he and I both went back to the Four 6666 for two or three months. Then I went with Jim to his place. He was buying and selling cows. One of his buggy horses got cut up in a wire fence so he had to go to Wichita for groceries and he wanted to work old Saganall. I told him about Saganall but Jim said, "He will work if he ever gets hitched to the buggy."

"If you promise me you won't hit him one lick you can try him," I said, "but you are just wasting your time as he will run away if he has a chance, and tear your buggy up."

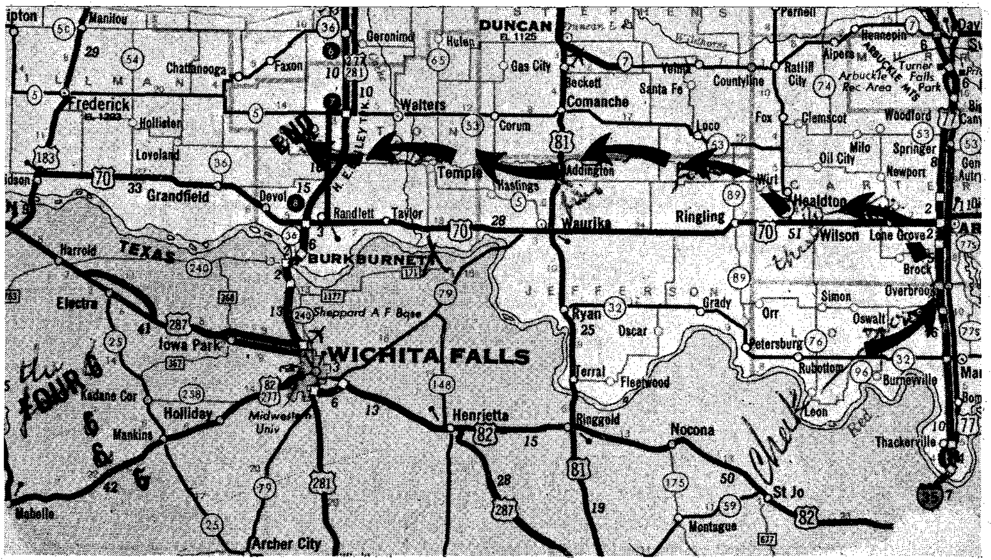
Jim said the buggy was paid for. I told him I was afraid he would have to buy another one. He asked me if I wanted to go with him and I said, "Not me."

Jim finally got the team hitched to the buggy and got in, and Saganall, as usual, balked. Jim reached and got the buggy whip. Saganall saw him out of the corner of his eye and the race was on. Jim finally saw he couldn't hold him. He jumped out, and the buggy turned over. There was a little privy nearby. One horse went on one side and Saganall on the other. The end of the tongue hit the privy about the center and tore it completely up. Jim got on his saddle horse and had to go about a mile after them. All there was left of the buggy was part of the tongue.

When Jim got through with cussing, he asked me if I would sell Saganall. I said, "No, Jim, the horse is not for sale or trade." I knew what he would do for I had seen him do it before. He would beat him up with a fence post. If a horse was not mean, Jim Splawn would make him mean.



The author, Harry Hudson.



Indicated with arrows is the cattle drive that was the beginning of the end of a way of life. The present Highway 81 was the line between Indian Territory and Oklahoma Territory in those days.

ABOUT TWO YEARS later Jim and I were in Wichita and took in what they called a Wild West Show. It was just a side tent with no top and a circle forty or fifty feet, and they had a few bucking horses and a red Durham bull. The man offered $25 to anyone who could ride his bull to a standstill. Jim tried him. He was easing over in the saddle, trying to get the right spur hung in the cinch, but he never had time to do it. There were no holds barred. You could pull all the leather you wanted to.

The man told Jim he rode him one jump longer than anyone else had ever ridden him. Jim stayed on eight jumps. The last man had stayed on seven jumps.

The next year Jim said, "We are going over in Oklahoma to buy some cattle. We are going to Temple." He said we would pay Uncle Josh a good visit. So we got ready and started. We had a four-horse remuda, counting the ones we were on. We would go north one day, east one day, west one day and so on.

Josh had been farming for four years. I was then sixteen. He had sold out and moved to Temple and put in a complete powered blacksmith shop. Josh was the happiest man I ever saw. He had six or seven good blacksmiths working for him. Josh would order the raw materials and build a wagon—Bois d'Arc felloes, hickory spokes, oak or black walnut hubs and red cypress for the bed. He even got the tires in one long straight bar 2½" x ⅜". He had a tire bender. He would have these wagons sold before he got them made. Just to point out how good a wheelwright he was, in 1918 he went to San Antonio to join the Army as a wheelwright. He took the written test and passed it 100% (78% was passing). The sergeant said no one yet had come close, and they wanted him bad, so they started to sign him up and when they asked him how old he was, he answered, "Fifty-eight." That old sergeant jumped out of his seat and said, "Well, I guess it would have broke your jaw to say forty-eight! I could sign you up, but fifty-eight is too old." Josh was downhearted.

When I was seventeen, Saganall died so I just gave up and took to the oil fields at Ringling and Ragtown, Oklahoma. Later I moved to Electra, Texas to the oil fields. I could make more money than cowboying.

When I came out of the Navy in 1919, my wife and I moved to New Wilson and there our baby was born in 1920. I lived just one block from Bud Ballew, the first deputy under Buck Garrett of Carter County. Buck stayed in Ardmore while Bud took care of things in the Dillard oil field. Mrs. Ballew had two good milk cows, so I ordered a quart of milk from her every day (or night, I should say, for it was always night when I got in from the field). I would just walk up on the porch and knock at the front door and Mrs. Ballew would come to the door. Bud had learned my nickname some way so he told his wife one night when I knocked to tell Blackie he wanted to see me. It scared me at the start.

When I went in I noticed a chair in front of one window, and the window shade drawn down. Bud said, "Have a seat, but not in that chair." He never sat in front of a window, he said. Bud pulled out a quart of whiskey and asked, "Care for a drink?" I was afraid to refuse. He told me that when I came over in the future I was to start whistling as I stepped up on the porch. Well, I did from then on.

ONE MORNING before daylight I was walking uptown to catch my ride out to the field. Bud, riding his saddle horse, came to a stop when he got to me and asked me how my wife and baby were. I told him we were having trouble with the nurse. She was our landlady's daughter. She would curse my wife and complain about what she had to do. "I'll tell you what to do," Bud said, "get her out of your part of the house, and I will see that you don't have to pay a fine." Well, I fired her that night when I got in, and I got a good nurse in her place.

Bud knew he would finally get gunned down, for he told me so. He said it would happen in the next three or four years, and he was right. It happened in Wichita Falls, Texas.

I was in Temple the day I was twenty-one years old and of course went up to see Grandma Rice, and I had to stay for dinner. In those days when they set the table they put the plates upside down. After grace was over, I turned my plate up and there was a double eagle ($20 gold piece) under my plate. It came from Grandma. I'll say this, she was a very vivid person and she did not let her old age bother her one bit. She still rode her mare out to visit her two older boys seven miles out in the country.

Grandma was born in the South and was a grown girl when General Sherman came marching to the sea. She told me he and those "other damn Yankees" stopped at her father's place for three days and ate up every hog they had and a couple of steers. She was still fighting the Civil War when she died in 1927 at age eighty-one. I attended her funeral at Marlow, Oklahoma. I also attended Josh's funeral in Oklahoma City in 1956. He was ninety-five years and six months to the day.

When Saganall died I sold my saddle and bridle and gave my spurs and boots to a kid who had more cowboy ambition than I did—and I put on a pair of shoes and have not had on a pair of boots since. But as I look back, I wouldn't take anything for all those good times. There is no future generation that can ever know what life was like before "civilization" took over—and they don't know what they missed.

Nuggets

(Continued from page 31)

on Beattie's Prairie." (*Cherokee Advocate*, December 9, 1847)

A young man, intent on hazing a few cows to shelter, found the still figure lying on the open prairie a quarter of a mile from his home, but he was hours too late.

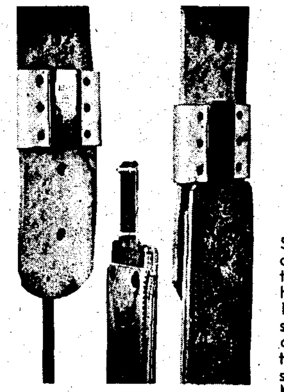
Whiskey! What that fiery liquid did to the Indian people was incredible. The Cherokees, as a whole, had such a hate for it and the trouble it caused that they had little sympathy for anyone who drank excessively.

Besides its sale in undisguised form, whiskey was also peddled by so-called "doctors" from the backs of specially built wagons under the quack medicine labels of John Brown, John Bull, Bay Water, Johnny Jump-Up and others. Whiskey consumption became so widespread that, next to the political battle to keep the Cherokee people united under one government, the most significant development in their Nation was the formation of a temperance society.

After their forced removal from their homes in the East, the most heartbreaking thing to happen to the tribe was the introduction of whiskey in Indian Territory by the white men. At a time when all energies should have been concentrated on the building of homes, schools, and raising crops, whiskey brought reconstruction of the Cherokee Nation to a virtual standstill. Morale was at an all-time low for an already depressed people. People did not feel safe in their own homes and travel was dreaded because they were sure to encounter drunken Indians intent on all kinds of mischief.

The Cherokees did not sit idle in the face of this alcoholic menace. On September 12, 1836, they formed the Cherokee Temperance Society and it grew rapidly.

Largely due to the Temperance Society a law was enacted by the tribal council on October 25, 1841 to stop the distribution and sale of whiskey in the Cherokee Nation. Two years later the Society had enrolled more than 2,000 people, but they still had their work cut out for them,



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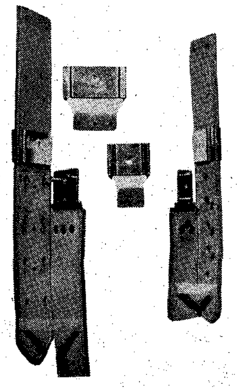

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illustrated at the International Indian Council held in 1843 at Tahlequah, I. T. where over 1,700 gallons of whiskey were confiscated and destroyed by the sheriff. Congress had enacted laws making it illegal to sell whiskey in Indian Territory, but the white men circumvented these laws by staying over the border in Fort Smith, Evansville, Maysville, and other towns in Missouri and Arkansas. The main business of these border towns was selling whiskey to the Cherokees. It finally reached the point that the Cherokee Council, on January 10, 1845, sent resolutions to the governors of Missouri and Arkansas asking their help in stopping the flow of whiskey into the Nation, but the pleas were ignored by both governors. Whiskey continued to flow down the Cowskin River from Missouri and from Arkansas border towns.

FORT GIBSON provided another lawless area, not the fort itself but the area adjacent to it. Here saloons and houses of prostitution were built, most being managed by corrupt Cherokees intent on separating the soldiers from their cash. In March 1845, some soldiers were killed during a whiskey-incited riot. In retaliation, fellow soldiers burned the homes of some of the Cherokees involved in the killings. The military at Fort Gibson investigated but when the Cherokees were asked to testify, Colonel Mason objected on the grounds that an Indian's testimony was not valid when it contradicted a white man's statement. This was actually an Arkansas law but should apply to Indian Territory as well, or so Colonel Mason contended.

Of course, this caused quite an uproar. The Cherokees called a mass meeting at Tahlequah to express their indignation at the military ruling. Resolutions were sent to the U. S. Government requesting the removal of Fort Gibson because it was "creating a menace to the peace and order of the Cherokee nation." This matter reached the grand jury at Little Rock, Arkansas. The jury censured the Cherokees for having "grog" shops near Fort Gibson, and this same jury of white men said those shops and brothels should be suppressed by the soldiers. This grand jury had no words of censure, though, for the whites who were unlawfully supplying the whiskey.

The Cherokees had to rely a great deal on the temperance societies. The first children's temperance society meeting was held at Tahlequah, on October 2, 1845. At that meeting the "Cold Water Army" was formed. Its members were to be temperance children of the Cherokee Nation, under the age of sixteen. Two of the favorite songs of the group were subsequently, "Come and Join Our Temperance Army," and, of course, "Water, Sweet Cold Water." The Cold Water Army was the idea of the Reverend Samuel A. Worcester, one of the most active of the temperance leaders until his death in 1860.

To become a member of the Cherokee Temperance Society one had only to sign the following pledge: "We hereby solemnly pledge ourselves that we will neither use nor buy, nor sell, nor give, nor receive as a drink any whiskey, brandy, rum, gin, wine, fermented cider, strong beer, nor any kind of intoxicating liquor." An admirable pledge indeed but it seems that some men, no matter the race, will always by tempted by euphoria.

The following is an example of how a great deal of whiskey was transported and is quoted from Grant Foreman's book, *The Five Civilized Tribes:* " . . . notes a party of Seminole Indians who had come 150 miles to purchase Texas whiskey which they intended to transport and sell to other immigrant Indians. They brought it across the river [Red River] from Preston, Texas in five-gallon kegs which they slung on their pack horses in netting of rawhide. However, they had not proceeded far on their route when a Chickasaw officer captured and destroyed the whole lot. The ferryman was also engaged in flouting the law by bringing whiskey across the river and retailing it at two dollars a gallon, a vile concoction that cost him about fifteen cents a gallon. . . ."

The *Cherokee Advocate* on December 9, 1847 reported: "Early in December a boat was seen ascending the Arkansas River with twelve barrels of whiskey belonging to whiskey dealers near Fort Gibson. Tatnall H. Post, sheriff for Illinois District, intercepted the boat, smashed in the barrel and poured the whiskey in the river." So it went. The

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Cherokees and Oklahoma in general still have some trouble with whiskey, but not like the days it took the Cold Water Army to prevent Johnny Jump-Up from decimating an entire Indian Nation.

THE LAST HOLDUP OF THE DEADWOOD STAGE

By A. F. Effinger
Submitted by Doris Jenkins

THIS is a true account of the last holdup of the Deadwood stage by the only eyewitness, written from memory in 1929.

Shortly after this government protected, instead of arresting, as they did at first, gold seekers in the Black Hills about 1874, some concern, if I am not mistaken, headed by Holladay, the man who also organized the Pony Express, ran a line of stage coaches to a settlement which was called Deadwood.

The only railroad at the time was the Union Pacific, several hundred miles to the south. For their starting point they chose Sidney, Nebraska, a short distance east of the Colorado line.

The coaches were the Concords without springs, the bodies hung by heavy leather straps. It required six strong heavy horses to pull coach and load. At intervals of twenty to twenty-five miles —generally close to a water supply— were stations with stable room for about eighteen head of horses. When a coach arrived there were six horses already harnessed and lined up to take the place of the tired-out horses. This change required only a few minutes, the driver very seldom getting off his seat.

Since these horses were driven at topmost speed it happened often, and I have seen it several times myself, that a horse would drop dead. The driver, perhaps with the help of some of the passengers, would take off the harness, hitch a team to the dead horse and pull it just far enough to one side to clear the road. In a very few days there would be nothing left of a 1500- or 1600-pound carcass but a few bones.

When in July 1885, the C. & N. W. R. had laid their rails to Chadron, just a few miles south of the Dakota line, the stage company moved to the latter place, thereby saving at least two-thirds of the distance.

While freighting from Chadron [Neb.] to Buffalo Gap, Hot Springs, etc [S. D.] I drove over the same road. On or about September 20, 1884 I unloaded at Buffalo Gap shortly after noon; there being no pasturage around there and having plenty of time to reach some before dark, I started back.

I had reached the north rim of the South Fork of the Cheyenne River when I noticed the stage coming down the slope from the south, and about to enter the river. The only way to reach the north side of the river is by a winding canyon, dry except when there happens one of the frequent cloudbursts.

Knowing that two vehicles could not pass, I stopped near the mouth of the canyon waiting for the stage to come out I could see as far as the last bend, perhaps 100 or more feet from where I waited.

I was looking at a *Police Gazette* to pass away the time when I happened to look down and saw the leaders coming and then the others and the stage hove in sight. At that moment four unmasked fellows, whom I recognized at once, slipped out of the sagebrush with a .45 Colt in each hand. The stage came to a stop, the lines dropped as the driver raised both arms. The passengers were lined up and while one bandit covered the driver who, by the way, was not robbed, one other covered the passengers, the other two going through their clothes.

All of this took perhaps not more than five or ten minutes, and by the time the driver recovered his lines the four fellows had slipped back into the brushes.

AFTER the stage came up to where I stopped, I waited a few minutes longer before entering the canyon. I had a good sum of money—$800 in gold—in with my horse feed to be delivered to a bank in Chadron, and since they could not miss seeing me while all of this was going on I did not wish to tempt them one way or the other.

All of the four were, so they had told me before, ex-members of Doc Middleton's gang. Their camp was located on Grass Creek, the very location where I had intended to stop for the night. In order to avoid them, I did not, after fording the river, take to the regular stage road, but instead followed a dim trail also leading south through the Bad Lands, and since it turned out to be a very bright moonlight night I had not much trouble in keeping track of it.

About 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning I hit the stage road again. After feeding my horses I started out and arrived at Chadron about the time the northbound stage was getting ready to leave. There was great excitement all around. The passengers turned their money, watches and other jewelry over to the messenger to put into the strong box, and four guards armed with Winchesters occupied the top when the stage pulled out.

For very good reason I did not mention the fact that I had been an eyewitness. On my next trip north a day or two later, I found that the birds had flown, and I did not see or hear of them until the following spring, when one of them was caught stealing a horse near Silver Cliff, Wyoming, and paid the penalty at the end of a lariat.

The others were in that part of the West for several years, but since no one suspected them, they were not arrested. Years later I spoke to their former chief, Doc Middleton, about it.

Some six or eight years ago I heard of a movie said to depict the "last holdup of the Deadwood stage," but never saw it. Since there wasn't another person within miles the picture must be, like so many others, purely imaginary.

When in the latter part of November 1885, the railroad ran into Buffalo Gap, this place become the starting point, and in 1887 the rails having reached Deadwood, it meant the finale of the world-renowned stagecoach. Except for the Wild West shows and the movies it would be as extinct as the Dodo or Great Auk.

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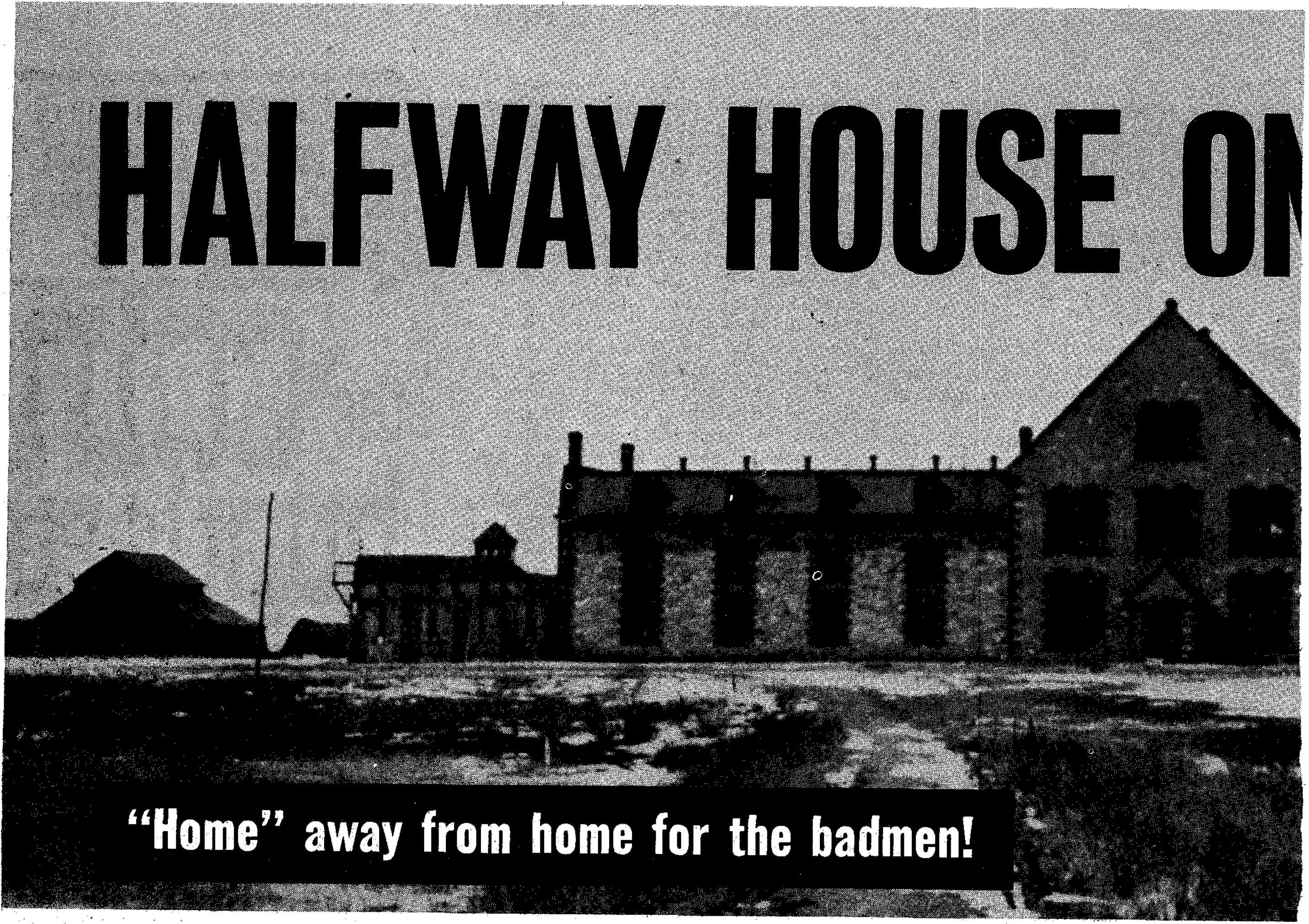


"Home" away from home for the badmen!

SNOW whirled in through the door of Laramie City's depot along with passengers just off the morning train, Christmas Day, 1885. Eager for sight of loved ones, few noticed the slight, moustached stranger in a woolen muffler and brown greatcoat who inquired about hiring a wagon.

By nightfall, however, word was out of Department of Justice Examiner M. S. York's surprise visit to Wyoming's Federal Penitentiary. In the fortress-like limestone prison west of town, York found ten inmates, plus three guards, United States Marshal Gustav Schnitger, and his wife and child—all living in a sort of commune.

Sent West to check out the high number of escapes from the prison, York began assembling information. He learned that within one twenty-four-month period, nearly a fourth of the inmates had escaped.

Probing the records, he learned that there had been many problems since the penitentiary opened in 1873. A costly fire had ravaged the upper story of the building. Crowded to nearly double capacity, with three to four men to a two-man cell, an influenza epidemic had raged uncontrolled. Support of some seventy prisoners at $1 a day was draining close to $25,000 from Territorial coffers each year. To cut costs, prisoners with long term or life sentences had been transferred to state prisons at Joliet, Illinois and Lincoln, Nebraska.

Assuming charge of only a handful of convicts in the late 1870s, Gustav Schnitger's administration seemed, to townspeople, like the calm after a long storm. But, secretly, the marshal had put into practice a radical program of convict rehabilitation.

Now uncertainty swirled like winter blizzards through the streets of Laramie City, and formal hearings began early in January.

"There is a report that Marshal Schnitger [may be] removed," read an editorial in the Laramie *Weekly Sentinel*. "We do not believe it. He has been the best U.S. officer in the Territory, is an old Union Soldier and if there is anything in 'civil service' at all, he will be let alone if every other officer in the Territory is removed."

But the tangled tale unfolded under York's questioning. Schnitger's own testimony brought to light evidence which might have put him behind bars. To pare down his budget and because he "couldn't live on the salary they paid. . . ." Schnitger first reduced the warden's salary, then demoted him to guard and moved his own family into the warden's quarters. During spells of bad weather he laid off guards.

The marshal also admitted falsifying records. Several prisoners entered as "dismissed at expiration of term" had actually been released ahead of time. Convicts John Biddle and Warren Keeler were unaccounted for in daily reports.

Asked why he had concealed escapes, Marshal Schnitger told York he was "afraid they would shut up the penitentiary if I would record escapes. . . . They will slip away from us, even with utmost vigilance," he added. "You see, we have only a wooden fence around the jail."

Schnitger revealed that Biddle had "gone out to feed the pet antelope," unlatched the wooden stockade gate and walked away.

Since prisoners hauled their own water, Schnitger did not have to pay a local drayer $10 a month to do it. This saving went into a common fund which the marshal used to purchase winter clothing for the men. Weekends, he doled out pocket money so they could go to town on social furloughs. And two men, sentenced to serve time in the Federal prison, had been released to unsupervised work-release projects.

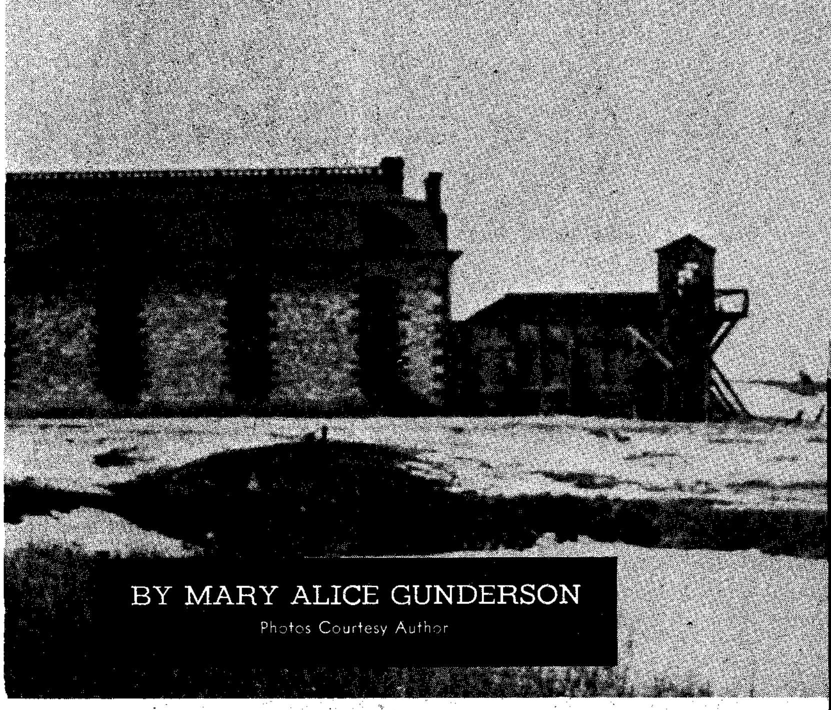
Schnitger told the strange case of prisoner John Moore, just eighteen and with another year to serve of a 3½ year sentence, adding, "My heart ran away with my good judgment." Moore showed unmistakable signs of tuberculosis. He begged for light work and fresh air. The marshal allowed him to work on his ranch thirty miles from town, and paid him $14 a month in wages. "Moore did well, gained his health, and is a better boy morally today," the marshal told the stunned York.

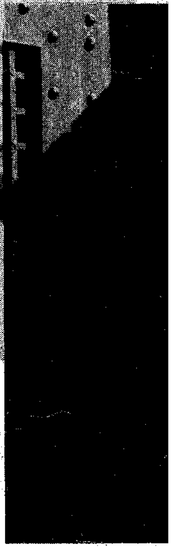
AFTER interviewing each of the prisoners, Examiner York turned up only one real complaint. Charles Condon, alias "Kid" Condon, serving a long sentence for train robbery, charged he had been put on bread and water for three weeks. But other prisoners explained that men on bread and water routinely received hot meals every third day—beans,

THE PLAINS

BY MARY ALICE GUNDERSON

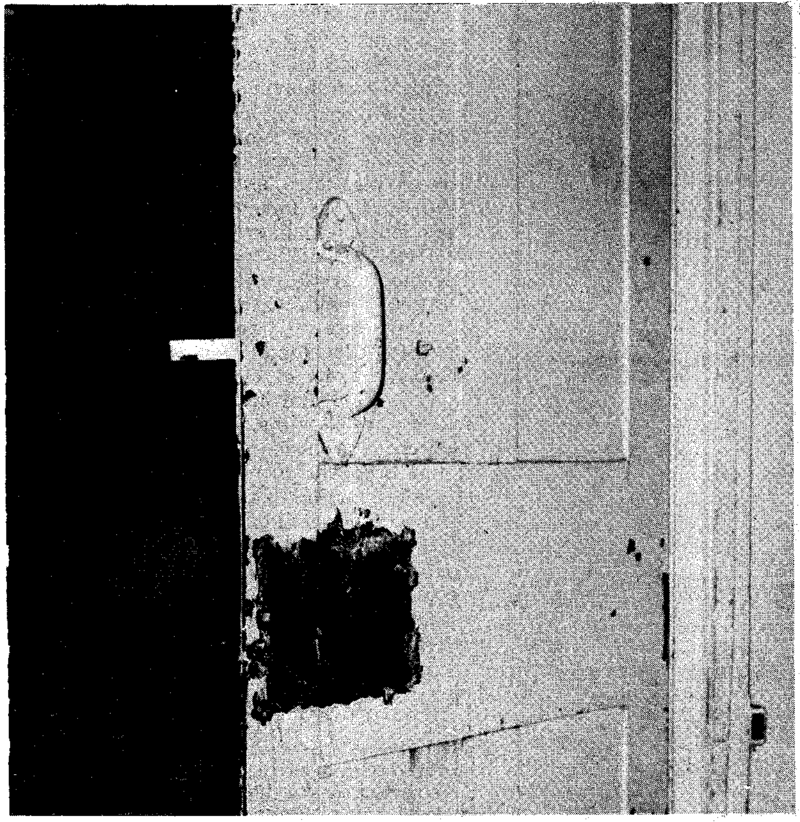
Photos Courtesy Author

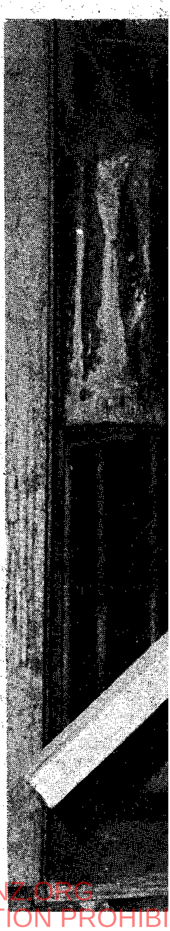


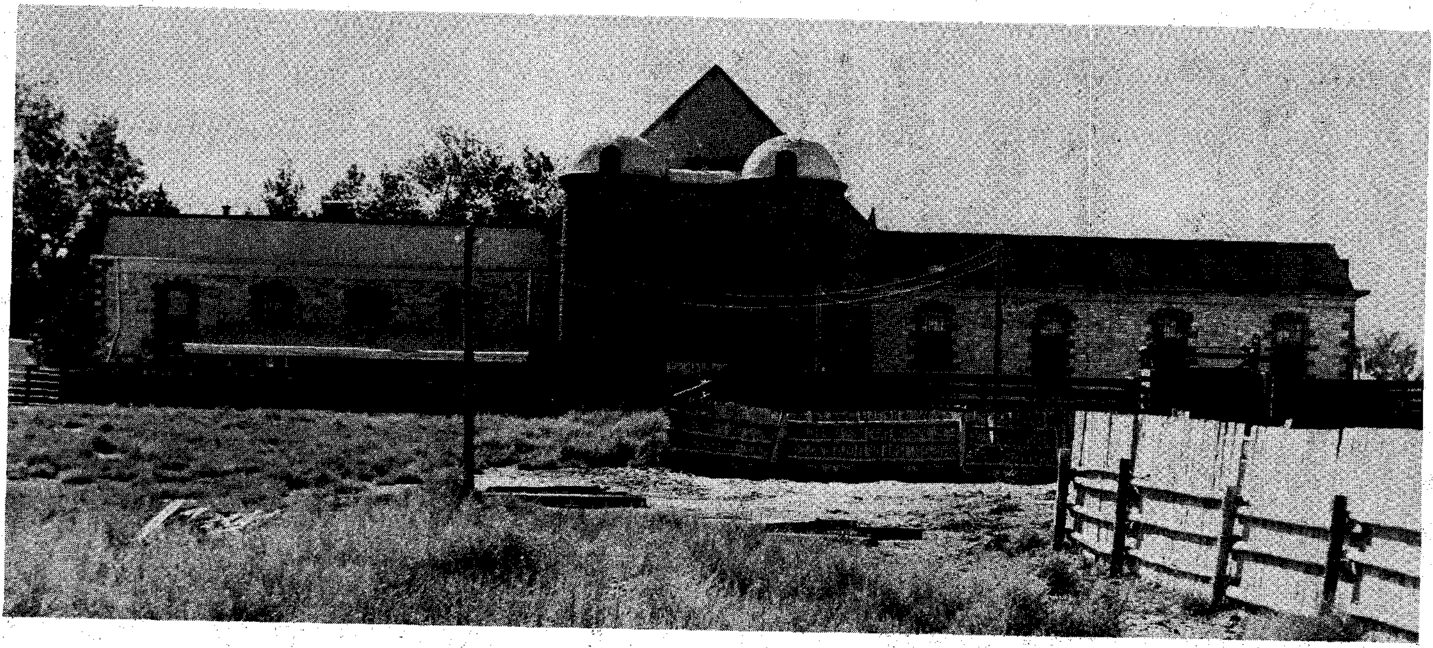


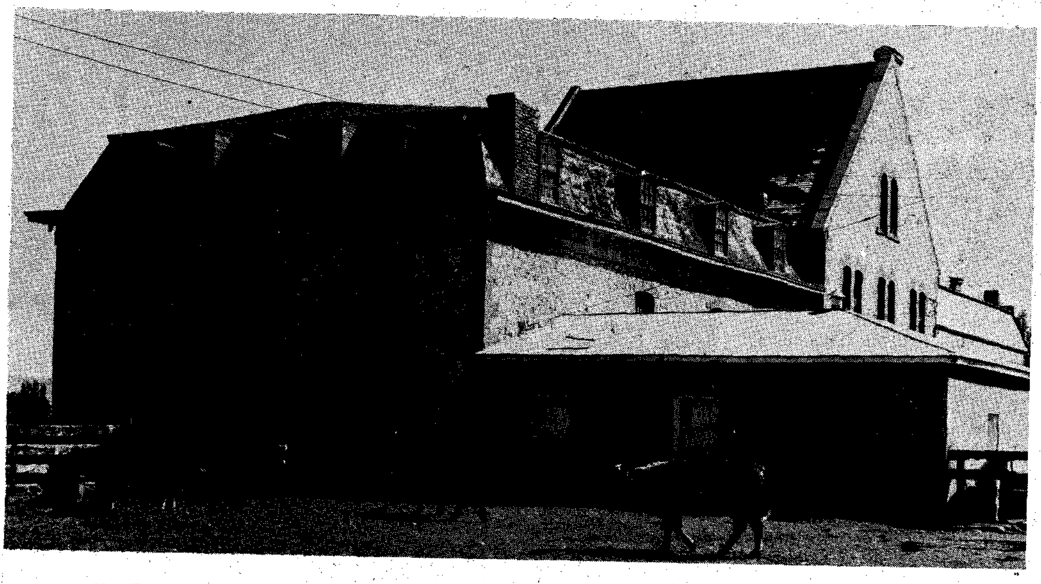
Above: Federal Penitentiary at Laramie, circa 1903. **Right:** The door which opened to the exercise compound. The prison had three-foot thick walls (inset) of native Wyoming limestone.

Below, right: Stairway to the upper story is now off limits. Note the original bars on the window. **Below:** Scarred steel boiler-room door shows the size of an old lock and the massive keyhole.









Above: Dedicated to "evil-doers everywhere." Laramie City's Big House across the river looks much the same as it did after the remodeling in the 1890s. The original prison consisted of the center section and right wing. Fences, electrical wiring and silos are 20th century additions.

Left: Prize-winning cattle at the University of Wyoming's Experimental Livestock Station feed in corrals where convicts used to exercise. Low attached building was once a broom factory.

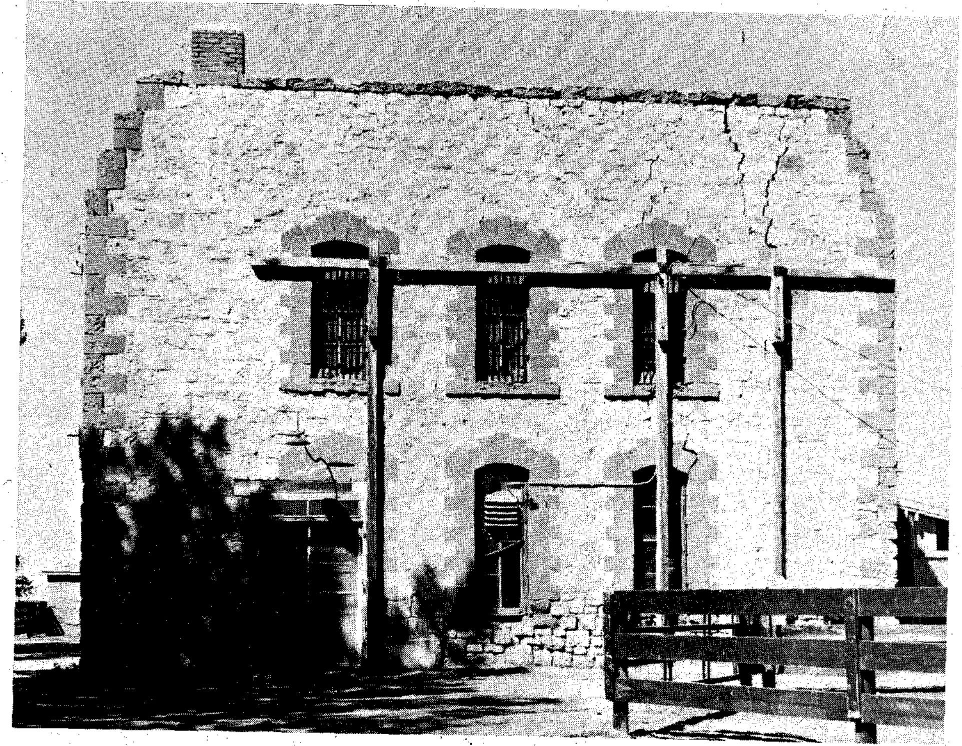
a little meat, and coffee.

"I don't live any better than the prisoners do," maintained Gustav Schnitger, "except I have buckwheat cakes. We all live off the government. I can run the pen this month for $475."

In the privacy of his hotel room, York drafted his final report, requesting Schnitger's removal, apparently without reprimand, calling him "an unfit person though he is an innocent sort. . . ."

But the marshal wasn't naive. "The loss of this office isn't so much," he said, "but to be removed by a Republican President is a disgrace which I cannot overcome. If it is not too late, induce President Arthur not to remove me. Cleveland will do it soon enough." Months later, Democratic President Grover Cleveland removed Marshal Schnitger from office.

Until 1902 and construction of a new prison at Rawlins, the Laramie City penitentiary housed prisoners. Since 1907 it has been the property of the University of Wyoming. The building dominates the peaceful setting of the Experimental Livestock Station, rising above the sheds and white frame buildings that dot the grounds. Twin silos straddle the original entrance. Cattle feed in corrals where convicts exercised. Hogs doze in pens



Left: Shored up against the ravages of a hundred years of use, the newer wing—constructed in the 1890s—still has original bars on many windows.

below barred windows of old bath cells.

Inside, many changes have been made since Gustav Schnitger dined on buckwheat cakes. Brick-walled cells are gone, their steel doors long ago wrenched off. The dairy room holds separators and milking machines. And there are stalls for cattle and a large calf pen.

One of the oldest buildings in use in the State of Wyoming, it is a popular tourist site. Beside U.S. Interstate 80 a mile west of Laramie, the prison-turned-barn is more easily reached today than when Examiner York whipped his rented horse and rig through heavy snow to discover the Schnitger "half-way-house."

Western Book Roundup

(*Continued from page 7*)

and local, state and national administrators. A natural and courageous military leader, Zapata represented the peasant farmers in Morelos, a mountainous area with large fertile valleys south of Mexico City. Parkinson has produced an intensely written book. The reader is kept busy following the details of the peasant revolution and army disciplinary tactics including arson, murder, rape, and land destruction. This fiasco started in 1910 under Diaz and continued under Madero, Huerta and Carranza until 1920 when army commander Obregon unseated Carranza. Normally a shrewd strategist, Zapata lowered his guard once and was assassinated by crafty Carranzistas. This book is excellent for those with military and/or Mexican interests.

A TEXAS FAVORITE

George Sessions Perry: His Life and His Work (Jenkins Publishing Co., $8.95) by Maxine Cousins Hairston is a scholarly biography of a writer who the author claims "did more than any other writer to shape the image of Texas, past and present, in the minds of the American public and even the world." Perry (1910-1956) lived a troubled but colorful life during troubled times. He was an only and spoiled child who grew up in Rockdale, Texas on the edge of the blackland cotton country. The death of his father when young George was only eleven was followed a few years later by his mother's suicide following an unhappy second marriage. Granny Van, his grandmother, became the nagging and temperamental family influence about whom he wrote in his autobiographical book *My Granny Van*. A wild youth, poor scholastic records, and other influences were mixed with a love of the land, hunting, fishing, and poor rural people. Though relatively well off as the son of a country druggist, Perry maintained close kinship with the Negroes, Mexicans and poor whites of the area. Their lives, plight, humor and activities were reflected in his later writings. The author traces Perry's career—his books, *Saturday Evening Post* stories, his extensive unpublished material and notes saved by his wife, and extensive interviews with folks who knew him personally were interpreted in terms of the man's accomplishments, frustrations, and deeper side which never really came to light before. The book is not only an important and illuminating source, it is extremely interesting reading.

INDIAN FIGHTING ARMY

Crimson Desert: Indian Wars of the Southwest (Oxford University Press, $8.95) by Odie B. Faulk, is an abbreviated account of the Navajo, Comanche, and Apache conflicts with emphasis on broad strategies and leaders. Covering the period after the end of the Mexican War, Faulk presents capsulated material on Kit Carson, Cochise, William T. Sherman, and Geronimo. Books have been published about many individuals and events covered by Faulk in his 200-page narrative, but it will serve to whet the appetite of those who wish to pursue the subject more deeply. Pictures, notes, and an index add to the book's utility.

SOUTHWEST CLASSIC

Adventures in Apache Country: A Tour Through Arizona and Sonora, 1864 (University of Arizona Press, $9.50 clothbound) by J. Ross Browne, illustrated by the author, is a re-release of the Southwestern classic which first appeared between hard covers from Harper and Brothers in 1869. Donald M. Powell has enhanced the original material with an introduction, annotations and an index. The annotations are especially helpful in identifying persons and tracing the route. Browne, born in Dublin in 1821, moved at the age of twelve with his family to Cincinnati, Ohio and later the same year to Louisville. In 1838 the young traveler spent a year on a trading boat between Louisville and New Orleans. Thus began a career of traveling and writing which carried him throughout the world. His tour through Arizona and the published *Adventures in Apache Country* is both interesting and informative on a region and at a time following the Civil War when factual information was hard to come by. Browne's interpretations of the natural resources, political and social problems and opportunities in Arizona, as presented in the chapter "Return to San Francisco," have proved to be fully accurate. Every Western buff will want this item; either hard or soft cover.

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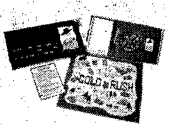

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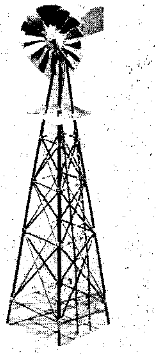

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Buffalo Bone Pickers

(Continued from page 29)

"Just a room an' bed that's all I want," said Cyrus. "Can't hardly keep my eyes open."

In the distance a train rumbled. They rode on, not talking, watching the engine's head lamp slicing the night as it rolled towards Abilene over the new Union Pacific tracks.

Ed carefully planted his rifle against the inside corner of the wagon and squirmed around on the seat. He gazed back over the loaded box; sun-bleached bones, gathered off the plains the previous day, weighted the wagon heavily—skeletons which would be sold the following morning.

The sod busters would receive a few dollars a ton for the bones. With seventy-five cents rated a good wage for a day's work, their wagonload would provide them with a little much needed cash.

The men planned to pull out for the old Overland Stage Station at Diamond Springs, several days away to the southeast in Morris County. There they hoped to collect enough bones to buy seed for planting and maybe a few head of livestock.

Following the Civil War, settlers in Kansas were hard put. They were being starved out. Many were abandoning their plows and leaving the desolate country. Whoever wanted their land could have it. Kansas was nothing but a living hell, created by the forces of nature, all of which threatened to kill off the settlers, along with their crops.

Helplessly, they had watched as their crops withered and died beneath a burning sun that cracked the dry stream beds. Just when the corn got tall, skies darkened, blotting out the sun, but not with rain. Clouds of buzzing, flying grasshoppers descended. They devoured everything in sight.

With brooms and torches settlers stormed the fields, trying vainly to destroy them. Nothing worked. They kept coming down out of the skies. There was no end to them. When they moved on, they left behind stripped fields. Fear of starvation was in the eyes of each settler.

Winters were no less terrifying. Stock froze and settlers died trying to save them. Men homeward bound from town, wagons loaded with stores, were caught up in sudden blizzards, never to be seen alive.

A few struggled to stay on. The Kansas frontier had lured them with promise of prosperity and a new life. Despite one disaster after another, some would not give up. They were determined to

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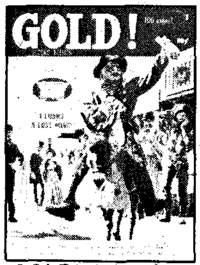
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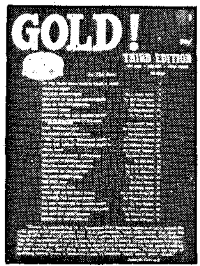
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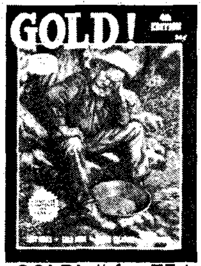
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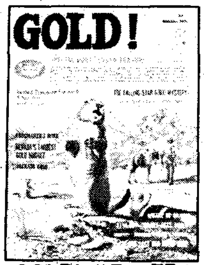
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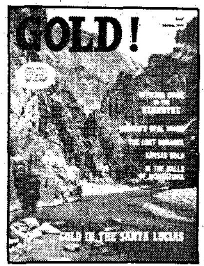
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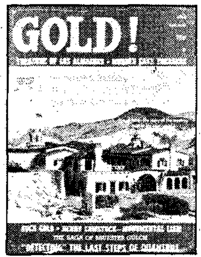
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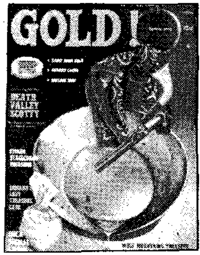
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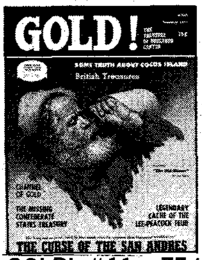
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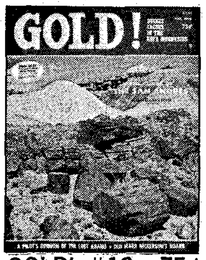
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find the good life in the rich soil of the prairie.

Late in the 1860s, they found a straw to clutch at. Advertisements appeared in newspapers and circulars. Firms were wanting to buy bones, and they offered up to $6 a ton. Desperate settlers seized this method of earning a few dollars. For many it was their last chance.

THE PRAIRIES in many areas were white with bleached bones. Hundreds of wagons streamed out across the plains. Filling their wagons, settlers drove to the nearest railroad point and sold them. From 1868 until the 1880s, Kansas was in the midst of a bone rush. Like the Forty-Niners, men converged on the richest sites. Every section of the state had at least one trail popularly called "Bone Road."

Before the slaughter, buffalo herds had extended farther than the eye could see. In 1852 Colonel Alexander Doniphan stood atop Pawnee Rock, a famed landmark on the Santa Fe Trail near Larned, Kansas. Below him spread a herd estimated at 300,000 to 800,000. Yet this was small compared to the herd observed by Richard I. Dodge in 1871 from this same rock. He said there were 4,000,000 buffaloes in one herd, and the mass stretched to the horizon.

No one would think it possible, but by 1876 the shaggy beast was practically exterminated from this very area. Still they had one last gift—their bones. The buffalo had provided warm robes for the sod man. Its flesh had filled his hungry belly. Its tongue, a delicacy sold by the barrelsful, had brought him riches. Ironically, years later its bleached body frame would enable the homesteader to survive a few more winters.

In ten years dating from 1872, sod men would sell 32,380,850 pounds of bones from one locale. In the East, mills would grind them into flour to be used as fertilizer.

Mills paid $25 to $30 for a ton of bones. If they were not sun-bleached, the price was less, for then they would have to be boiled until all the grease was removed. Otherwise the grease would clog the grinders. Once the bones were milled, they went for $40 a ton. The calcium was acclaimed for its growing qualities. It was in demand everywhere.

C. S. Weld of Olamon, Maine, had done a lot to keep the mills humming. About 1869 he had grown the biggest watermelons anywhere. Everywhere they took first prize at state fairs. When he told his secret for growing them, it received wide publicity. His secret was simple. He had used bone meal for fertilizing the melons.

Soon bones were in demand for growing everything from potatoes to cabbages. The healthiest potted plants on window sills from St. Louis on eastward were those treated with bone.

AT 10 o'clock the next morning, Ed and Cyrus waited impatiently for their wagons to be unloaded. They had been at the railroad siding since early morning. Now only one wagon was ahead of them.

Huge mounds of bones spilled over into the street. Curious shopkeepers and youths milled about, watching the bones being sold and loaded into railroad cars.

A boy had climbed half-way up a bone pile, when suddenly he yelled to his friends. "Hey! Come see this!" Several youngsters scurried up the slope towards him.

Saucer-eyed, a boy stared at a skull the other held in his hand. "Gosh! I wonder what it was!"

"Let me see it a minute," another said. "Look at them teeth! They was sure big ones!" Just then Ed and Cyrus saw a woman running across the street, eyes blazing in anger. She tugged at the youngster with the skull, "Put that down this very instant! Get down off'n them bones!"

"Heck, Mom, I was just showin' it."

"Get down down off'n that pile, right now!"

She snatched him by the arm, and started back across the street with him. In front of Ed and Cyrus, she stopped. With eyes flashing, she spat out, "Bone pickers!"

The men walked to the livery where they had borrowed another wagon and coupled it onto theirs, in anticipation of a bone bonanza at Diamond Springs. A short time later Cyrus ya-hooed the mules and they clopped down the street. As they rode, neither spoke. Something had come over them as they watched the bones being unloaded from the wagons. Then that kid.

The wagon bounced over the railroad. Finally Ed turned to Cyrus. "You think it's wrong?" he asked.

"Don't rightly know," said Cyrus. "But I *do* know if it wasn't for them bones, we'd be starved out."

Cyrus nodded and snapped the reins. "But I'd like to get enough from Diamond Springs so we wouldn't ever have to pick up another."

Then they were silent. The trail stretched out ahead, winding over the wide plains.

Ed and Cyrus had discovered the bonanza at Diamond Springs a few weeks before. Scouting the area on horseback, they had come upon deep ravines filled with bones deposited there years before. Some were the remains of oxen from wagontrains.

The prairie was reddish in the lowering sun. The wagon was still an hour away from its destination. Cyrus snapped the reins and urged the mules on with a string of oaths.

At dusk the wagon rolled up alongside a bone-filled ravine. Stiffly, the men climbed down. They shook their heads in amazement.

"Nobody's been here," Ed said. "They're all ours."

"We won't have to be in this business after these," Cyrus replied.

They walked back to the wagons and began unloading their gear. Then they set about making camp for the night. After cooking some grub, they spread their bed rolls under the wagon. Then, sprawling on top of them, they went to sleep.

About midnight, Ed awoke with a start. He sat up. Staring through the wagon wheel spokes, he listened. No mistaking it, he heard the heavy rumbling of wagons. He shook Cyrus awake.

"We ain't goin' to be alone come mornin'," said Cyrus. "Everybody must have heard about it at the same time."

In the deep shadows of the wagon, they sat, waiting in silence. After a while Ed spoke. "Maybe it's for the best," he said. "In a way, I don't care if we don't pick a bone from that gulch."

"Yeah, I know how you feel," said Cyrus. "I feel the same way."

They rolled over and went back to sleep.

A Woman Who Needed No One

(Continued from page 15)

rises before the sun even begins to hunt the dense tree shadows that close in about her cabin nightly. She goes to bed by the smoky light of a lantern, with a mongrel watchdog at the door and a double-barreled shotgun propped within ready reach. In one day this Amazon performs more actual manual labor than is dreamed of in the average workingman's philosophy. And she multiplies her daily achievements 365 times in the year.

If work can wear out a woman's physique, if ceaseless slavery can sap the vitality of woman's constitution, if the thread of life can be made to snap from persistent tension, this solitary dweller on the mountain height is slowly digging for herself a 400-acre grave.

IT IS Miss Rupert's ambition to prove that she can do any kind of work on a ranch as well as a man can do it. She has provided a home and an income for herself because she regards man as a useless and bothersome excrescence on the earth's surface, marriage the worst of all mistakes and a legalized disturber of woman's peace. The only man who ever won her admiration was James J. Corbett, and him she still worships for the solar plexi he has punched. But even the ex-champion did not strike fire from the flint of her affections.

Miss Rupert has improved five acres of her sky farm. Every foot of it that is cleared she grubbed herself, root by root, stone by stone. She fells trees 125 feet high, managing cross-cut saws five and seven feet long, wielding a double-edge ten-pound axe and entering the wedge afterward that directs the tree's fall. And when a monster pine lies prone upon the ground before her, this creature of Herculean efforts is happy in her grim, unaccountable, pessimistic way, for she has demonstrated her independence of man, who, poor worm, crawls about in the world 3,000 feet below the level of her contempt.

Much to the discomfiture of her pride, the woman hermit was obliged to employ a carpenter to help her build the little four-roomed bandbox in which she intends to live out her solitary days and the barn nearby, which holds ten tons of baled hay and nine head of livestock. The carpenter quit his job before the bandbox was battened, declaring with verbal explosives that he knew his trade and wasn't going to let any woman boss him. His successor held out for a day. The third man managed to keep his temper and contract but he

(*Continued on page 58*)

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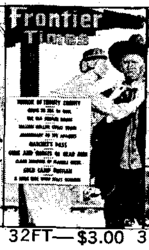
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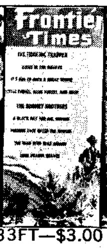
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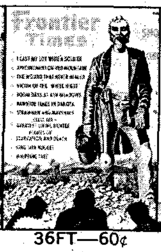
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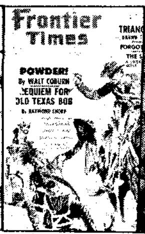
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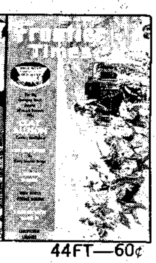
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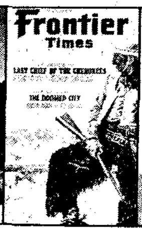
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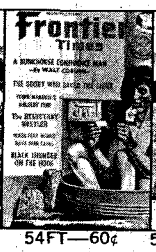
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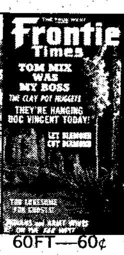
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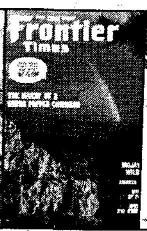
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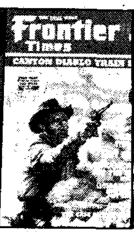
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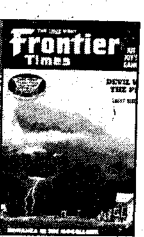
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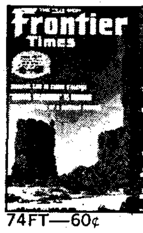
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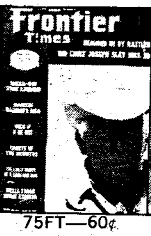
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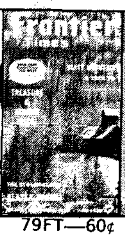
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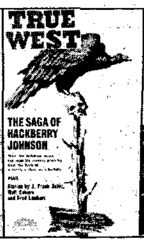
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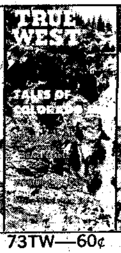
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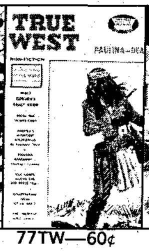
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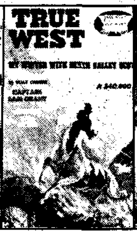
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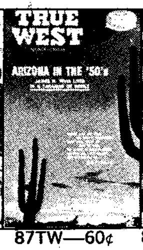
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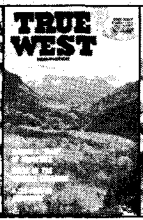
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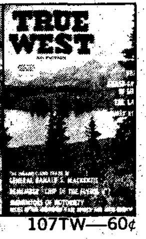
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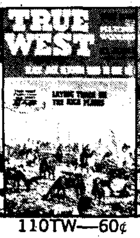
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was dismissed the moment his work could be completed by his eccentric employer.

Miss Rupert is one of the few women on record who can hammer nails without disaster to her fingers. She cut all the pine shakes that cover her barn and picket her flower garden. There are thousands of them in evidence, the low fence being as neatly and strongly bound together with wire as any pair of patient hands could fasten them. The five acres are enclosed by a fence of pine posts with pine links for bars and heavy wire extended on top. All of these posts, which are as tall as the woman who split them, are of uniform size.

The average tree felled by her measures 50 inches in diameter. She dug all the post holes and has made brush fences by the hundreds of yards. She pitches her own hay, milks six cows daily, delivers the milk that she sells to summer resorts, raises hay, barley, chickens and vegetables, and for fresh meat goes a-gunning on her own acres for grouse, quail, tree squirrel and young jack rabbit. . . .

TWO YEARS AGO this eccentric young woman became a hermit. She has lived on California ranches since her parents came hither from the Fatherland twenty-five years ago. They had lost ten thousand dollars in unlucky investments and looked to the land of gold for the retrievement of their fortunes. By hard work they kept a roof over their heads and enough acres to yield them a living.

Now, the mother of Frances was born to better things than the poverty that overtook her and the field labor and scrubbing and washing that have been her lot. Her family was distinguished in the old country for professional and business attainments. The daughters had married wealth, the sons had achieved fame. . . . Her nieces belonged to fashionable society; and so, when she saw her Frances growing up a wild thing of the woods, the poor old mother heart within her was heavy with crushed hopes and the sorrow that always draws its funereal length wherever hope lies dead. Her marriage had brought her to this. Her daughter must be made independent of marriage and its miseries. Lacking the accomplishments of her cousins across the sea, Frances could not wed to advantage. Therefore she must not wed at all. She must be taught to do a man's work in order to make her independent of man's help.

As the constant dropping of water will wear away a stone, so the continual warnings and teachings of her mother have obliterated what natural impulses the girl Frances might have felt for a home with the attendant husband.

A hatred for the world gradually filled her breasts. She had seen her mother grow aged and bent beneath the white woman's burden. She had seen in the summer days, when she passed the county's resorts, pretty girls and handsome women in bewilderingly beautiful gowns such as she had never worn and never could wear. Her dresses were made in out-of-date style from cheapest calico; her lingerie, fashioned clumsily

(Continued on page 60)

TRAILS GROWN DIM

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Mary Murtha of New Jersey

From early in 1937 until his death in December 1938 Matt Warner, outlaw-turned-lawman at Price, Utah, corresponded with a young lady in New Jersey who was very interested in horses and the West. She kept a scrapbook on the subject which included Matt Warner's letters, photos, and a copy of the article which was written about Matt in *Cosmopolitan* magazine.

This young lady was believed to have been about twelve years of age at the time and would now be about forty-five or fifty. Her name was Mary Murtha and her address in 1937-38 was 8 Allen place, North Plainfield, New Jersey. Matt Warner also sent this young lady a Navajo Indian blanket and several other items for her collection on the West.

Mary Murtha, if you read this, the family of Matt Warner would like very much to hear from you.—Kerry Ross Boren, P. O. Box 292, Manila, Utah 84046

Leigh-Howerton-Easterdale-Chestnut

George Washington Leigh, born about 1774, Virginia, married Willmarthe (Wilmurth) Howerton, daughter of Grief and (?) Howerton, in Campbell County, Virginia, October 1798. His parents' names are unknown, but his father was from England. The Leighs were in Rutherford County in 1802 where son William was born. A daughter, name unknown, is said to have married an Easterdale and moved to California in the 1840s, as did sister Nancy, who was born in 1806 and married Samuel Crockett Young. Washington was born in 1809 and Jonathan in 1817. Jonathan was a pioneer physician of Missouri and Kansas where he died at Hiawatha in 1917. I want to contact descendants of his son, Dr. Abraham Leigh, whose children were Warren Bryant, student of Hiawatha, Kansas Academy, 1901; and Bessie Leigh Chestnut, professor of elocution and modern history in Troy, Missouri, early 1900s. Mrs. Charles C. Pace, 2105 Laurelei Avenue, San Jose, California 95128

Van Dyke-Simpson-Smith-Lyon-Morgan-Warner

I am looking for anyone related to or knowing anything of these people: Moses Van Dyke, Elizabeth Van Dyke and their children, Steve, Moses, Jr., Zechariah, with birthdates from the 1820s to the 1840s. Alexander Simpson was born in 1790, in Rhode Island. His wife Eliza was born in Illinois around 1815. Their children, Steve, Moses, Elizabeth, Esther, Ann, Zechariah, and Alexander, were born in Darlington and Riverside, Wisconsin between 1834 and 1849. Eliza's maiden name was Van Dyke.

Richard and Susan Smith from Erie County, New York had one known child, William, who married Elizabeth Simpson April 11, 1861 in Wiote, Lafayette County, Wisconsin. Their children were Hannah Elvira Sarah, Ann Moses, Elsworth, Richard and Zechariah.

Maranda Lyon was married twice before marrying Wililam Morgan. Their children were William, Jr. and Fred. William, Jr. married Hannah Elvira Smith, and their children were Bertha M., Maud, Hugh, Edith and Howard. Fred Morgan had a son named George.

Huson Warner and Maria Langford, his wife, both passed away in Lexington, Nebraska; she, about 1922. Their children were Earnest, Archie, Frank, Fred, Arthur, Millie and Grace.—Edna Garr, 405 2nd Street W., Kalispell, Montana 59901

Booth-Dowell

I have very little information on either of my grandparents, George Edward Booth and Lulu Ruth Dowell, who married in 1913 at Sedgwick County, Kansas. They also had two daughters, Louise Lois and Georgia Ruth. I think that Lulu Ruth may have lived in Butler County, Kansas for a while before she married, and that her father, Alvan Dowell, came from Illinois; her mother, Rebecca Rimer came from Missouri.

In 1919 Lulu died at Wichita, Kansas, but we do not know what happened to George. We heard that he had gone to Las Vegas or Reno.—Jean Morgan, 8948 E. Oklahoma Place, Tulsa, Oklahoma 74115

Robinson-Turner-Chambless-Sanders

John and Francis Nobles had a daughter, Mary, who married Gabriel Calliott, born October 23, 1823 and died November 10, 1868. Mary was born April 23, 1825 and died October 9, 1864. Their daughter, Mary Francis, was born April 23, 1847 and married Peter C. Donahue, born 1839. They had two daughters. Margaret Anna married David Robinson McGinnis in Arkansas in 1888. She was born November 24, 1869 and David was born October 14, 1862 in Beeville, Bee County, Texas. The second daughter, Sallie Rosie Donahue, married a Patterson. Peter Donahue died and Mary Francis married D. J. L. Sanders December 31, 1872, and I'd like to know where. They had one daughter and a son who killed himself in 1914, and I'd like to know more about that and where it happened. I've heard that my relatives, the Robinson and Turner families of Beeville, Texas "grow wild down there—the county is full of them" and I'd surely like to hear from some of them.

I'd also like to hear from any reader who has ever heard of Ford's Mountain in Fayette County, Alabama. My mother was born there and hunted game on that mountain when she was growing up. She was Hannah Roseanna Chambless; and my father, James Thomis Collins. Mother was born February 13, 1870, Fayette County, Alabama. Father was born in Talladega County, Alabama January 3, 1872. Mother's father, John T. Chambless was a Missionary Baptist Minister. By 1891 they had moved to Winston County, Alabama near Double Springs. I think John T. was killed there in a buggy accident. The son, W. Pomeroy Chambless, went into the Spanish-American War in 1898. They lived there about ten years as Mother was married there in 1891. W. Pomeroy married Alice Hayes of Iron City, Tennessee and both died at Sherman, Texas.

I would like to know the burial places of my grandparents, John T. and Mary Ann Chambless. In the early 1900s the family was living at Wayland Springs, Tennessee, just over the line of Alabama.—Mrs. R. V. McGinnis, Route 4, Box 179, Sapulpa, Oklahoma 74066

Jack Palaski Farr

Joseph Palaski Farr was a famous peace officer in his day in Caldwell, Burleson County, Texas, in 1890 and before. He was involved in quite a feud, well known to the whittlers and story-tellers of the area. Farr was shot in the back by a man named Ben Hunt, a saloonkeeper, who had been let out of jail to attend to his Saturday afternoon business. This was in July or August of 1890, and I believe Farr was buried in Caldwell. I wonder if anyone knows his grave's location.

I'd also like to know where Farr came from, his relatives, and any story about the outlaws, etc. of the Caldwell area. I do know that Farr's wife's name was Minna and that they had one son, Joseph Anthony.—Jack A. Farr, 4601 Creekbend Drive, Houston, Texas 77035

Pike-Watkins

I am trying to locate members of the James Tilford Pike family of Tishamingo County, Mississippi. His son, James, Jr., was born there in 1859. He moved to Bandera County, Texas, and served as a Ranger for a while before marriage to Sallie Bell Watkins in 1895. Who and where are our Mississippi relatives?—Dottie Hughes Rowland, 304 Fairfax, Brownsville, Texas 78520

Barnes

Erving (Erven) W. Barnes was born February 24, 1876 in Platsmouth, Nebraska and orphaned at the age of ten on the shores of the Mississippi River in Tennessee. He was raised by a Mr. Walker, whose sons were grown. Barnes served in the Spanish American War and was discharged at the Presidio in San Francisco, date unknown. His father, John E. Barnes, was born February 9, 1840 in Illinois. His mother, Mary A. Wilson Barnes, was born July 21, 1853 in England. She died July, 1877 in Nebraska.

We have information on Barnes' sister, Mary Anna, who came West when she was twelve. We would like to hear from descendants or anyone who has information on Erving. I am Mary A.'s grandson's wife.—Mrs. Everett (Doris) Moser, Rt. 1, Box 200, Okanogen, Washington 98840

Phenes-Lewis

We would like to hear from anyone named Phenes. Samuel Phenes was my husband's grandfather. My husband, Bob, located his mother, Frances Lewis Phenes, living in Rome, New York. He was thirty when he found her, and she is unable to provide much information on relatives. Bob's father, also named Bob; his sister Grace; a brother, Allen; and a relative named Hattie Lewis, are the people about whom we would appreciate any information. Hattie may be living in Rome, Corning, McGraw, Cincinnatus, Cortland or Elmira, New York.—Mrs. Robert Phenes, Northcliffe Court, Pendleton St. Ex., Cortland, New York 13045

Horton

My grandfather's younger brother, Jonathan Alanson "Lant" Horton, was born 1851 and died April 20, 1929 at El Paso, Texas. He was buried at Las Cruces, New Mexico, which may have been his home. Probate records listed heirs as a son, James A., and a daughter, Helen.

Lant Horton went to New Mexico Territory sometime in the 1890s or earlier. He learned the trade of photographer in his early days and is believed to have followed the profession of traveling photographer. He may have operated a "picture gallery" in Las Cruces at one time. It is possible that he may have taken some pictures that could be very enlightening for Western researchers of that area's history. Any information on his New Mexico career, or what may have happened to his negatives will be appreciated.—Harvey R. Horton, 4601 West 27th Avenue, Denver, Colorado 80212

Jacob Rogers

I am looking for descendants of my grandfather's brothers and sisters. His name was Jacob Rogers; his father was William Rogers and they came from New Jersey to Amoret, Missouri in the mid-1800s and lived there until their deaths in the early 1900s. The names of the brothers and sisters are Rachel Worley; Margret Martin; Martha Malone; Amendia Walker; John, George and Wesley Rogers. Any information would be appreciated.—Mrs. John McBride, Box 82, Iliff, Colorado 80736

Baney

I would like to hear from anyone who knows or can give me information on the following names of the Baney family: Eli, age 52, who lived in Montgomery Township in Wright County, Missouri, in the 1880s and according to the census, was born in North Carolina; Berry, age 55-65, lived in Morris Township of Texas County, Missouri in the 1870 to 1880 period, born in North Carolina; George, who was listed in the 1790 census of Fredrich County, Maryland; and Lyon, who volunteered to serve in the Army of the Revolution in 1772 from North Carolina. I will gladly answer all letters I receive on the subject.—Mrs. Mary K. Baney Grimes, 3114 Dora, Wichita, Kansas 67213

Sayer

I am looking for a trace of Henry Sayer who was a miner in California in the 1860s and Thomas Sayer who came into the Northwest (Washington, Oregon and Idaho) in the last century. I'm also interested in information on George Sayer who settled in Nebraska in the last century, and any other Sayer in the western part of the United States at that time.—Edmund D. Sayer, 6702 13 St. N.E., Puyallup, Washington 98371

A Woman Who Needed No One

(Continued from page 58)

from flour sacks. She was a sunburned, rough-skinned, awkward creature compared with these dainty visions that stared curiously and with laughter, not always unkindly subdued, when she passed them by.

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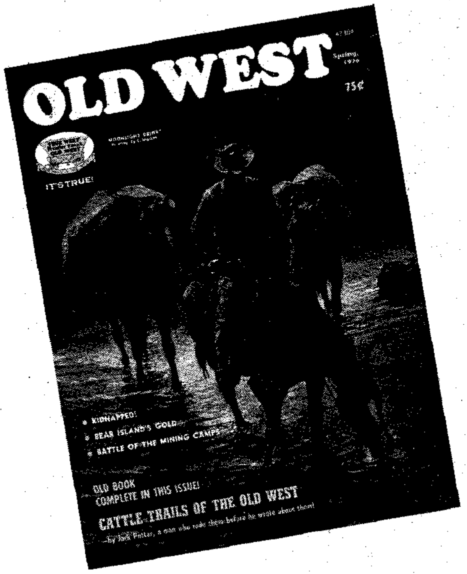
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And so one day, without saying a word about it to anybody, Frances Rupert saddled a horse and went to Lakeport. It was her first and last visit to a town. She went there to file a homestead on a 140-acre tract of land that she had taken a fancy to up the mountains, three miles from the nearest neighbor.

Then she became a miser, spending not a penny that it was possible to save, wearing at her work a man's hat that she had found in the road and a short-skirted costume cut queerly from old bed ticking.

After a while the woman hermit secured 260 acres of adjoining skyland. To clear this of indebtedness she will have to toil and economize painfully for years. She saves money in all sorts of ways, doing her own cobbling, the leather for which she sends for to an Oakland tannery, and buying as few groceries as ever went into any hermitage. She reads neither books nor papers. Her instruction has been such as her mother was able to give her.

In the winter this ranch is white with snow. Last winter Miss Rupert had a milk customer, four miles away. Through all the storms of the season she drove her horse and two-wheeler cart to deliver that pint of milk—an eight-mile trip for a nickel; 240 miles a month for $1.50.

Three years ago James J. Corbett was a guest at Bartlett Springs. The fame of his fists reached the ears of Frances. Here was a man worthy of attention, for his muscles were even mightier than hers.

She longed to lay something at his shrine. So she journeyed to the hotel with a pitcher of purest cream and sought the champion on the piazza, where he was surrounded with muslin and organdies and picture hats. When the odd-looking figure approached him and mutely extended the lacteal offering, there was a small sensation.

Each day during her hero's stay Frances brought him cream. But Corbett was coy, and could not stand the jokes made at his expense. He used to dodge his admirer, and when he went away sent her a gold piece in payment for her trouble. This she wears in a little buckskin bag around her neck.

A FIERCE forest fire, started by careless hunters, swept up the mountains one night last year. It crackled and leaped on its way toward the band-box house and the shack barn. It would make brief sport wiping out the woman hermit's home.

Frances awoke in sudden terror. She saw the black smoke rolling sullenly upward and veiling the twinkling stars; she felt the furnace heat upon her cheek; she knew that the young grain she had planted was wilting on its stalks. Rushing like a crazed thing to the spring by the wayside she filled a bucket, ran with it up the knoll to the barn, then up the ladder to the barn's roof, where she emptied the water.

Back and forth between the spring and the barn in frantic haste went the woman and the bucket, while the night grew red and the roar of the advancing flames came nearer, nearer. If the barn must go, perhaps the house could be saved.

She drove the wandering cattle in front of the dwelling and harnessed the horse to the plow. Around and around the house she urged the frightened but obedient animal. Her determination to save her home grew to a frenzy as the cruel tongues of fire reached the barn, enveloped it, burned it like a match box, crept to the ten cords of wood that she had chopped and stacked neatly, played for a while with the five hundred pine posts that she had made ready for the fence to circle her improved ground— — and then that brave, breathless, exhausted woman who had fought fire until after midnight alone on a mountain top, sank, with smoke-filled lungs and blackened face, upon the soft earth and knew no more.

All night the terrified cattle huddled together where their mistress had bade them stay. The dog's howls followed the flames as they leaped the plowed ground and descended the mountain, but they could not rouse the almost lifeless form beside him. It was well on in the morning before Frances Rupert awakened from her stupor.

The barn and the fences are rebuilt, but the lungs of the woman who built them are permanently injured. For weeks afterward she could not speak louder than a whisper, but she would not part with her hard-earned dollars in the buying of medical aid. With sullen, silent persistency she toiled at the work of reconstruction.

Weeks afterwards, two men traveling toward the springs, overtook a familiar two-wheeled cart and horse. They recognized the woman who held the reins, noticed that she was huddled in the bottom of the cart, and that she did not acknowledge their presence as they bowed and passed her. But, then, she was considered a "crank" and an unsocial one, who had always disdained the etiquette of the road.

They did not know that she was ill almost unto death with those scorched lungs of hers which had breathed flame that night on the fiery mountain.

Down in the valley Frances Rupert found refuge and kindly care during the fever that very nearly burned her life out. In her delirium she fancied that the forest was again ablaze; that the work of weary months was being lost in a surging sea of fire.

The woman hermit is back again upon the mountain. Her dark, beady eyes, that look at you distrustfully, shine beneath black brows. Her mouth is set in a firmer, harsher line than ever. She seldom talks and she never smiles.

I did not poach upon the Rupert preserves, but I trespassed upon them. I knew that I could not gain consent to photograph the haunts of this strange hermit, and so when she and her double-barreled, deadly gun and her bowlegged, stub-tailed dog went into the woods for game, the artist, the camera and I, without leave or license, took photographic impressions of the landscape.

It was in the stillness of a June afternoon. The softest of breezes stirred among the firs, sighed through pine and

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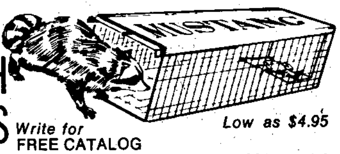

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laurel, and wafted the scent of sweet peas and wild roses. A bird lit on a nearby tree stump and cocked its head inquisitively. The mountains repeated themselves in purple perspective as far as the eye could follow them.

Here at least was perfect peace; and nature is ever a congenial comrade. But domesticity on the Rupert plan is not commendable and Miss Rupert's views of matrimony are all askew. Marriage is not the worst of all mistakes. It is merely a lottery, in which some women are unlucky enough to draw 10-cent prizes.

Henry Record Was Muy Hombre!

(Continued from page 17)

farm and ranch near Strawn, Texas. When I come to the Cowdens' there was no Lamesa, no Seminole, and no Brownwood, Clovis, or Artesia. Odessa had just started. There was a railroad to Midland. The 84 was where Eunice is now. Billy, George, and John M. Cowden owned the JAL. Then two of the brothers sold out to the third. I worked for them five years. I didn't want any land—it was all over out-of-doors. What I wanted was water, but it was hard to find. I'd been gettin' twenty-five a month and buyin' heifers with it. Some little nester would get discouraged and quit, and I'd buy his cattle. All together I had about 150 in my brand [REC].

"In them days when people worked they worked. None of this eight-hour business. We worked eighteen, and sometimes more. Odom and Cummings was working on a tank till late one night; they went to the house to get some supper. They squatted on their heels outside against a well while they ate, and they both went to sleep. When they waked up it was almost daylight and they was still settin' on their heels, lent up against the house, expectin' to work all night.

"IN 1898 I went back to Palo Pinto County and married Miss Nettie Harris. Blonnie was A. C. Harris' oldest child.

"After I went to ranchin' for myself, I still kept in touch with the Cowdens. Mrs. Cowden was a Moore; Aunt Kitty Moore was her mother. She married Bill Cowden after his first wife died and helped raise the children. Jeff Cowden sure was a good 'un. Back in Palo Pinto County the first train that came through Jeff's ranch, he roped it! He was ridin' a little gray pony. He dropped a loop over the smokestack and tried to pull it off the track. He was dragged and I reckon if the rope hadn't broke he'd a been run over and killed. Jeff was a cousin to the other Cowdens.

"Miss Nettie and I lived on this place seven years before we proved up on it. Had to hold the water rights. As settlers moved off I brought 'em out, so I've got a nice little ranch. How much land? Oh, 'bout fifty sections; takes care of a thousand head of cattle all right. We got more'n that now, since it pays to feed 'em. It will support a thousand without feed. I'm feeding a bunch now I aim to fatten. Don't feed 'em long—sell 'em. Get rid of the undesirables at each end, the old ones that don't pay and the younger ones not so good. You've got to cut at both ends.

"I've been in some tight places. Once I was comin' across from Pecos City to the Turkey Track ranch between Carlsbad and Roswell. John Hart was runnin' the wagon. We had cut a steer belonging to the Johnsons at Pecos City; their ranch was about a hundred miles on each side of the river (Pecos). Cut a Lazy Y steer the Johnsons owned. Put him in their herd and they was beddin' down—'bout two thousand. Me and Will Gates meant to rope that steer. It was seven or eight years old and we thought we'd heel him so they could find him. Eased him outa the herd and started to rope him. My horse fell and broke my ankle. My foot was turned back on the inside of my leg.

"Will Gates rode up and said, 'You hurt?'

" 'Not much,' I says.

" 'Still want that steer?'

" 'Sure do.'

"The other boys come along and picked me up. Will Gates had never been known to let anything get away, once he started after it. But he was worried about me for I was knocked out. The boys pulled my boot off and put me in my bedroll. I pulled that foot around straight with my hands and put a weight on it to hold it straight. The next day they put me on the wagon on top of the bed rolls. I rode ten miles with bloody water running from my ankle. When Will Gates took a gander at it, he got a mule from the Turkey Track, hitched it and my horse to a hack, and took me to town.

"Uncle Bill and Aunt Kitty Cowden were there, and he said, 'Henry, there's nothin' to do for that foot. You've already got it straight.' There wasn't no doctor, anyway.

"I decided to return to the Turkey Track but Buck Cowden, one of Uncle Billy's boys, heard me tell Will Gates I was goin' back. I was twenty-three and had charge of a hundred head of cattle belonging to the Cowdens. When Buck told his parents, they come bustin' into my room and Aunt Kitty said, 'You're not goin' near them cattle; if you go anywheres you're goin' home to your mother!'

"I never wrote my folks. I took the train to Palo Pinto County at Carlsbad and went to Pecos to Strawn. I'd borrowed crutches in Pecos from a man who'd had his leg broke. I couldn't get my boot on, and when I got to Strawn it was late at night. I hated to wake the folks, with that leg a-draggin'.

"There wasn't nothing open. I went on my crutches along the depot platform and fell. I was a quarter-mile from home. I sat down on the steps of the schoolhouse and rested awhile. I had tied my suitcase to my belt, and it sort of hobbled me. But I dragged it and myself to the house.

"When they saw who I was my sisters started to pile on me. I grabbed my crutches and yelled, 'Stay offa me!' And they backed up. I stayed two months before I went back to work. I still got a big lump on my ankle, on the outside, but it's a plumb good foot yet."

BLONNIE MARTIN called through the open door for her uncle to tell me of his having the measles. "Shucks, Blonnie," he said, "you shouldn't have started that one!

"I was workin' for the JAL and old Tom Barnes, nephew of Bronson, come from Midland and took down with the measles. Gran'pa and Gran'ma McKelvey was a-visitin' there and she nursed him through.

"At the roundup at Pecos I felt tough. Tom had rode up and slept with me. On herd one evening long about the first of April—it was still cold—I got off my horse and somebody asked if I was sick.

" 'No. Just feel tough.'

"But I kept working for four days. I wasn't much good, couldn't even flank a calf for the roper, but I did stand guard. Spence Jowell come up and said, 'Henry. you've got the measles; you've got to do something.' I don't know what it would a' been for I couldn't even catch my horse and I couldn't eat.

" 'I'll take you up the river to Malaga and put you on the train for Midland,' said Spence. He got me some whiskey. 'Now, damn you, drink this!'

"I didn't drink, never have drunk much, but when the train stopped at Pecos I took some more, and I felt better. Old Tom Barnes happened to be there and he said, 'You'd better see a doctor—walkin' around and givin' everybody measles!'

"Tom got Dr. Woolridge and he told me, 'You've got to go to bed or they'll kill you yet.' He said he'd have to sweat me to make 'em break out. He piled blankets on me till sweat just poured off me. I threw the soogans off and Tom brought me some dry clothes. Doc would come two or three times a day; must have been worried about me but you couldn't kill one of us boys them days.

" 'Doc,' I asked, 'how long am I going to have to stay here?'

" 'Oh, just a day or two.'

"Three or four days later I got tired of it and I went down to John M. Cowden's, got me a horse and saddle, and I pulled out. I stayed all night at Hence Pegues', north of Odessa, and next morning eveything was going like this. (Mr. Record waved his hands before his face). But I left and rode seventy miles that day to JAL."

BLONNIE came to the door and announced that dinner was ready. I hastily gathered up my tablet, crammed it and some pencils into my purse and apologized for my long call. I hadn't realized that I'd been there more than three hours.

"You're not goin' without your chuck," protested Henry Record, and his niece assured me she'd "put my name in the pot." They were both so insistent that I followed them into the big kitchen where four or five cowboys were already seated at the table. And what a meal it was! Sourdough biscuits that were so light it was unbelievable. Everybody broke his open and poured gravy over it, and I followed suit. And what steaks! Fourteen inches from tip to tip and incredibly tender. Mr. Record admonished me to go easy on "the lick" because they

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were almost out, but if there was any molasses on the table, I didn't see it.

The cowboys ate in silence except when asked a question, and then they replied in monosyllables. There was little conversation, but during the meal I heard several times a dull thud on what was apparently a back porch. It sounded as though someone were pounding on boards with a heavy maul, but since everybody else ignored it, I did not indicate that I heard anything.

When we had finished eating, Mr. P cord went to an old-fashioned corner cupboard and took out a loaf of sliced bread. He picked up a molasses jug, poured a liberal amount of lick on it, and then opened the back door.

"Come in, Trusty," he said. And a cow-pony stalked into the kitchen to eat from his hand. After he had fed Trusty several slices of bread and molasses, he said, "Now, Trusty, that's enough. Go back to the corral."

The Umpqua Indians' Narrow Escape

(Continued from page 28)

were coming to slaughter Chief Tyee's band. It didn't take Nick long to pull on his homespun trousers and open the door. When the brothers explained the night's events, he could see that the situation was critical.

Day and the Claytons had no time to go for help. The soldiers were already crossing the creek ford and climbing the bank toward the house. When the soldiers saw three white men standing in their path, they cocked their muskets and advanced, recognizing the Clayton brothers who had argued with them back in Oakland.

Nick Day called out to them and cautioned them not to shoot. He asked them what they intended to do. The spokesman for the troops said they planned to attack the Indians. Day explained the Umpquas were officially in his charge. He insisted that they weren't hostile or dangerous. The trooper said his men were under orders and they were going to carry them out. When Day tried to argue with him, he called Nick a "damned renegade" and tried to push by him.

To gain time, Nick Day asked who their leader was. Kern, he was told. Then Nick began to address Kern personally, although the man never came forward to identify himself. Finally, Nick abused them all soundly and when he had their full attention, he told them that the Indians were almost unarmed, were wards of the government, and that he would defend them at any cost.

While Nick Day made his earnest plea for the lives of the Umpqua Indians, Jesse and Ashford Clayton towered silently beside him, their long Kentucky squirrel rifles in their hands. The Clayton men clearly showed their British heritage in keen blue eyes, aquiline noses and lean, broad-shouldered stance. Jesse, a true frontiersman, was such a good marksman that he was only allowed one shot in any shooting match in the Territory.

In telling of the incident afterwards, Day said he didn't know whether to credit his eloquence or the Clayton reputation for marksmanship for their victory. Whatever the reason, the troops under the leadership of the elusive Kern did listen and a compromise was worked out. Day would be the personal hostage of the platoon until the matter could be put before Colonel Martin in Roseburg. Also, the Indians would turn in their weapons.

Courtesy Minter Collection, Douglas County Museum

Mary Ellen, daughter of Ashford Clayton, was born on her parents' Donation Land Claim.

WHEN full daylight came, Nick Day went to the Indian camp and explained to Chief Tyee that he and twelve of his braves must ride to Roseburg. They must gather up all of their rifles, most of which would not shoot anyway, and surrender the guns to Colonel Martin. Chief Tyee immediately realized that Hoy Flournoy had misunderstood his actions the day before. Since the whole affair was his fault, the Chief agreed to help Day straighten it out.

The unusual caravan started for Roseburg. In the lead, a dozen Indians cantered along bareback on small ponies, followed by Day and the Claytons on saddle horses. The troops marched raggedly in the rear, out of uniform and carrying an assortment of weapons collected in the Willamette Valley. In the middle, Nick Day felt he could control either group if some hot-head started trouble.

Then, unfortunately, up rode Reason Reed in great alarm. Reed, an elderly man, nervously suggested that the Indians might decide to make a run for it, forcing the soldiers to shoot them. Day and the Claytons would be caught in the cross-fire.

Reed wanted to go back to the troops, tell them what might happen, and beg them not to shoot. Day knew the volunteers were looking for just such an opportunity, so he forced Reed to ride beside him and threatened him with personal violence if he said one word to either the Indians or the soldiers.

When this strange entourage reached the volunteer headquarters in Roseburg, Colonel Martin greeted all of them coolly. Day, who expected Martin to congratulate him for his actions and to reprimand the instigators of the trouble, was puzzled by the senior officer's lack of enthusiasm.

Chief Tyee and his men stacked their guns on the rough plank porch and rode off toward their camp. The soldiers, still under the watchful eyes of the Clayton brothers with their squirrel rifles, lounged against the building and pretended indifference over the loss of their quarry.

Colonel Martin was an old hand at fighting Indians. He had served in the 1848 Cayuse War, was with Lane at Table Rock, and had assumed command of the volunteers in the current Indian War. Nick Day had a private meeting later with the colonel and reminded him of the peaceful nature of the Umpqua tribe. The old soldier told him the reason he wanted the young troops to think all the Indians in the area were hostile was because "we've got to do something to hold our jobs!" Day later credited Colonel Martin with the infamous Indian War order to "take no prisoners."

THANKS to Nick Day and the Claytons, Chief Tyee's band spent the rest of 1855 in safety. Years later, Day recalled the final removal of Chief Tyee and his tribe from the valley:

"The Indians were moved away to the Grand Ronde reservation the following spring (1856), notwithstanding their grief at being taken from their native haunts. That they felt great grief I know, for they told me with tears in their eyes that they would rather be buried where they were than leave the country of their childhood. It was indeed a beautiful country then, with grass overtopping a horse's back and fish and game in abundance."

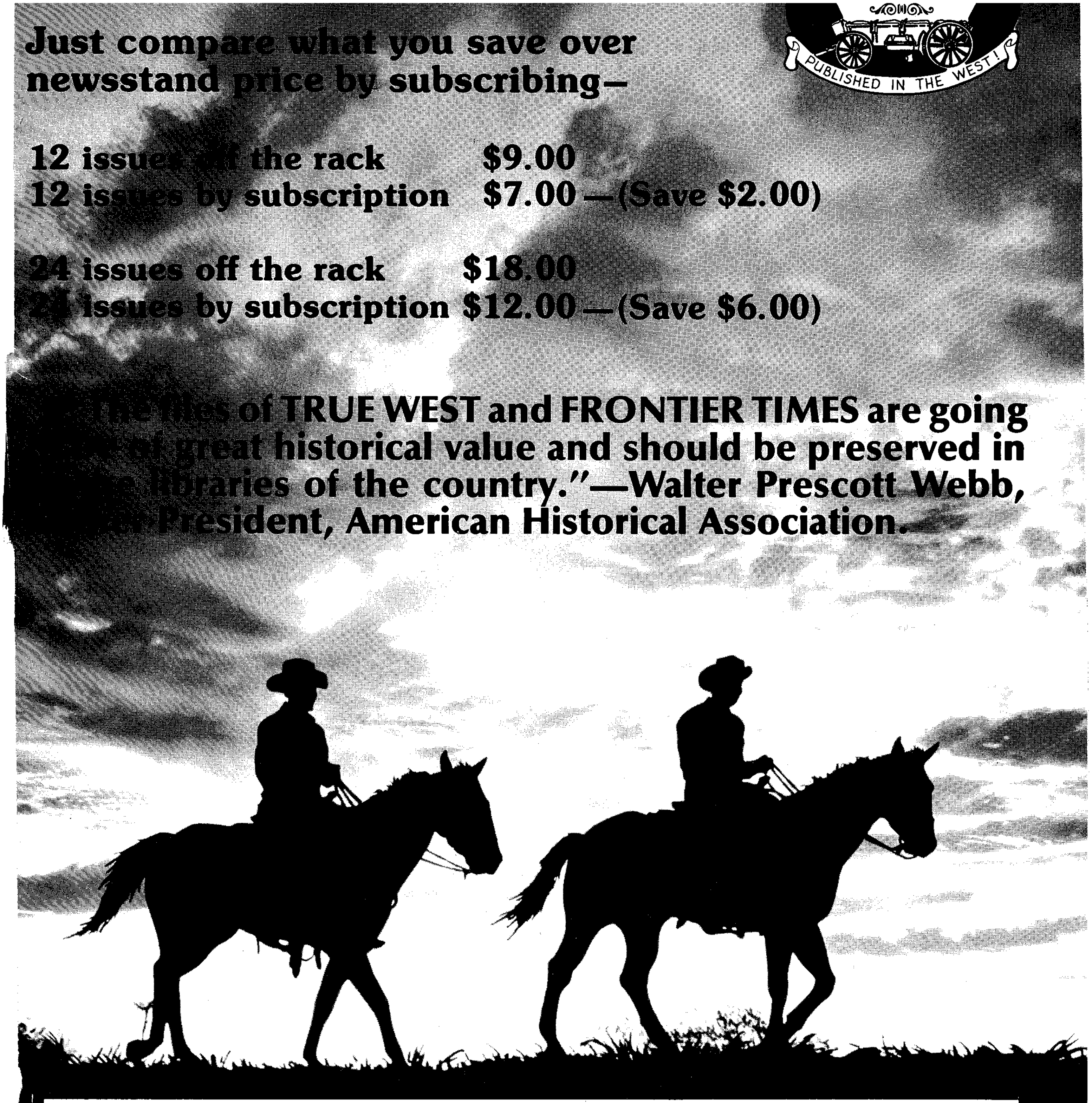
Nicholas T. Day married Martha Ann Forrest of Yamhill County in 1859. Martha cried when she left her family to come to Douglas County and marry "that old man," as she called her bridegroom, but she and Nick raised a family of eight children.

When he was eighty years old, Nick set down an account of this Indian War incident. He died in 1908.

Ashford Clayton married prior to the Indian Wars. In 1869, Jesse Clayton went east and took a wife. He and his bride rode horseback across the Plains to Oregon. Descendants of the Ohio-born Claytons still live in the Umpqua valley.

Hoy Flournoy and his family continued to occupy the double-walled log stockade. Hoy Flournoy fattened wild bears in a pen for table meat, kept a tame elk in his barnyard, and lived a frontier life in the best Daniel Boone style.

As for Chief Tyee, his last days were spent on a reservation in western Oregon. A mountain near the stirring scenes of 1855 bears the name of Mt. Tyee in his memory.



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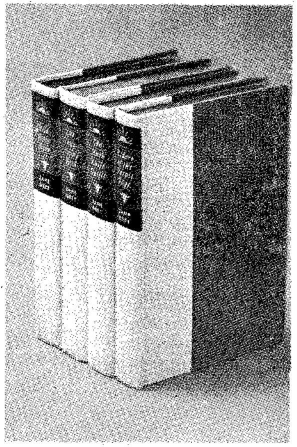

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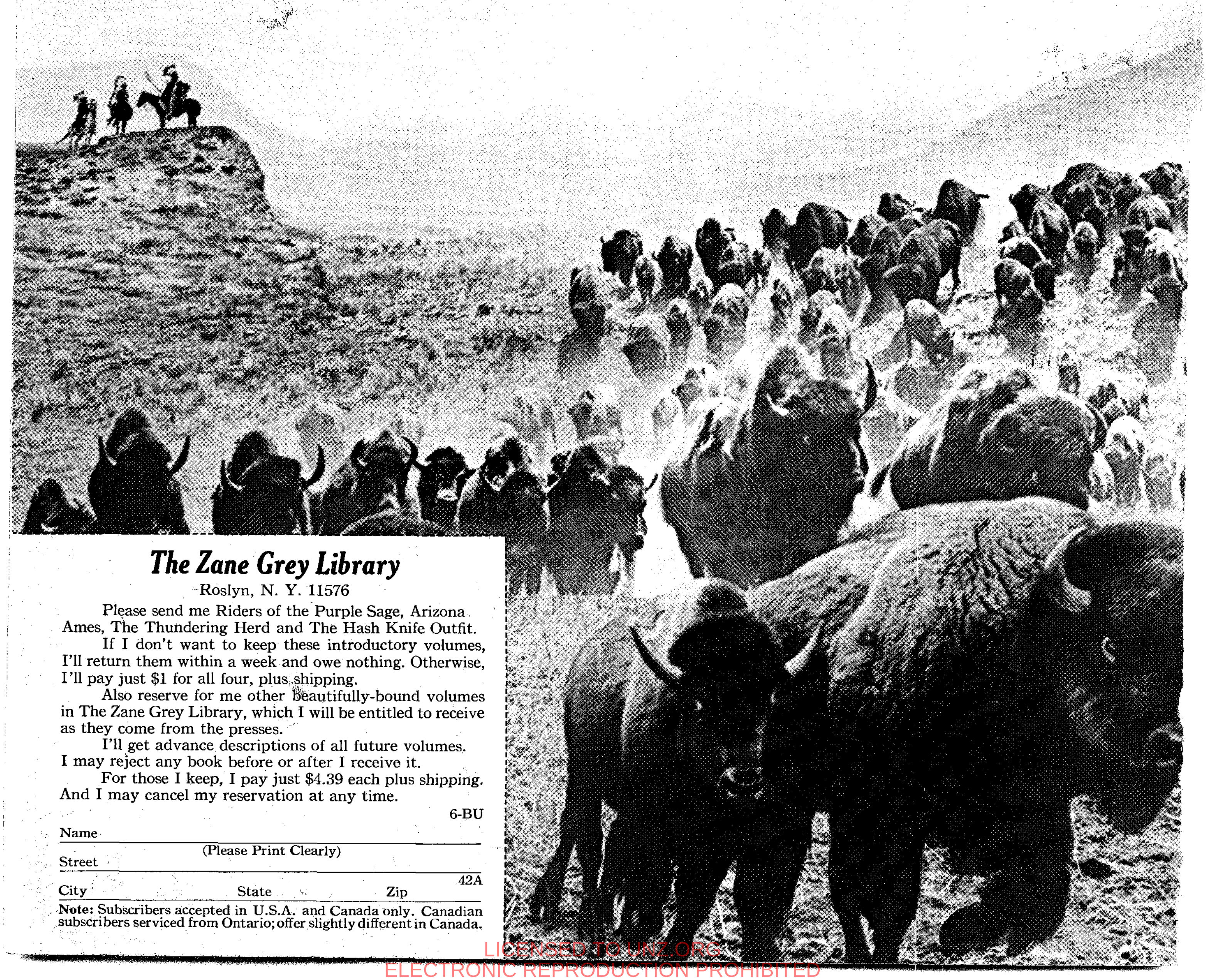

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